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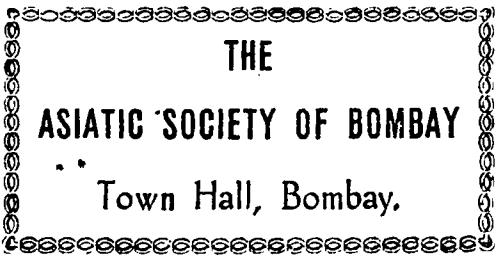

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With the kind wishes

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WHITE CONQUEST

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WHITE CONQUEST

BY

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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1876

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TO

MARIAN

THESE PICTURES

OF

THE GREAT CONFLICT OF RACES

ON THE AMERICAN SOIL

AS SEEN IN

1875

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

St. James's Terrace

Aug. 25, 1875

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THE FIRST VOLUME.

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WHITE CONQUEST.

CHAPTER I.

SAN CARLOS.

Ruins! A pile of stone, standing in a country of mud-tracks, adobe ranches, and timber-sheds? Yes, broken dome, projecting rafter, crumbling wall, and empty chancel, open to the wind and rain, poetic wrecks of what, in days gone by, have been a cloister and a church.

A wide and ragged field, enclosed within a fence of sun-dried bricks, surrounds the fane, marking the sacred precincts with a dark and perishing line. No human form is seen, no human voice is heard. An owl, disturbed in her siesta, lifts her brow and hoots; a lizard hisses through the weeds; a catamount, unused to tramp of horse and bark of dog, deserts her hole and darts into the bush. Near by, the ocean laps in measured tones along

a sandy beach. A cry of gulls and cormorants, rising from a rock below the cliff, is answered by a yell of sea-lions, fighting for their mates; but these mysterious voices from the depths of nature seem to feed the silence, and make the solitude complete.

Rein up, and scan the scene; a dip in the Pacific coast, between the heights of Monte Toro and the Pinal Grande; a scene to soothe the eye with physical beauty and surprise the ear with sacred and familiar names.

A spur runs out from the sierra towards the ocean, covered with pines and oaks, until the ridge breaks over the waters in a frown of rocks. Some Spanish pilgrim called that spur Carmelo Range, the sheltered nook below the bluff Carmelo Bay. The peak in front of Pinal Grande is Monte Carmelo, and the foremost headland on the coast Carmelo Point.

North of this sacred spur, but running side by side, a tamer spur drops down from Monte Toro; falling with a gentler slope and clothed in softer woods; a spur on which laurel and madrone take the place of pine and oak.

A glen divides these spurs, through which descends a stream, answering to the Kishon in Galilee, and called by the old pilgrim Rio Carmelo. Lovely as a painter's vision is this glen; here, hollow ground and dripping well; there, ledge of rock and slope of sward; and here again, garden-like copse and musical cascade; each nook commanding a view over cypress knoll, bright stream, green down, and blue illimitable sea.

Nestling in a hollow at our feet, half hidden by the forest growths, yet with an out-look over ridge and ocean, lie the broken stones and falling rafters of San Carlos, a Franciscan church, built by Red men, natives of the country, acting under a company of Spanish friars. These friars, heralds of the first White Conquest of the Slope, brought into this corner of the earth the torch of Gospel light, hoping to convert and save some remnants of a savage and neglected tribe.

Hitching our mustangs to a pine, and bidding our dogs keep watch, we vault the fence of sun-dried bricks, and feel our feet within the sacred courts; as sacred in this hour of ruin, as when cross and pyx were carried round these walls by holy men,

and angelus and vesper swelled from the choir. The soil is black, the odour aromatic; for at every step, you tread on thyme and sage. Sweet herbs and grasses make their home along these shores. Not long ago, the site now covered by the banks and wharves of San Francisco, was known as Yerba Buena, otherwise Good Herb, the Spanish name for mint; and yet these court-yards of San Carlos are deserted wastes, choked up with briars, and scratched by catamounts into deep and treacherous holes. Along the outer fence stand wrecks of school and bastion, hut and hospital, as desolate as a heap of ruins on the Sea of Galilee. Blocks in which the Red-skins lodged and the Christian fathers prayed, stand open to the sky, hedged in by weeds, and overgrown with grass. Some hundreds of natives lived within this fence, yet nothing but these heaps of dust and earth remain. Adobe walls soon melt away. The summer sun is frying them to dust; the winter rain is washing them to earth. Each zephyr steals some grains of loam and drops them over wood and field. Ere long, lovers of the past will seek for them in vain.

The stone pile may stand a few years longer than

the earthen fence. San Carlos is a church of poor materials, put together in the crude though showy Mexican style. No beauty feeds the eye. No magic clothes a gateway; no enchantment lurks in shaft and skyline; yet a sacred edifice is always solemn, and a broken arch affects our feelings like the epitaph on a friend. The pathos of San Carlos lies in the fact of its being the ruin of an Indian's church.

No door impedes our entrance to the nave, no rail prevents our passage to the altar-steps. A portion of the roof still rests on solid beams; the rest has fallen in, and helped to choke up nave and chancel. No one seems to care. Starting the squirrels from their holes, the night birds from their nests, we pick our way from stone to stone. A chapel stands near the gate, and a door within the chancel opens into a sacristy. Some mural paintings still remain on wall and vault; such painted scrolls and pious messages as you read in village churches of Castille.

A door, now rotting into dust, conceals the sacristy. Closed by a wooden peg, this door suggests that some poor soul still cares for the old place. Yes, some one cares. A Rumsen chief, old Capitan Carlos, comes in once a year, to smooth the falling stones and keep his memory of the church alive.

On pushing the door ajar, a ray of light, a rush of air, go with us into the sacristy. The floor is mud. A broken table leans against the wall. Above this table hang some poor oil pictures, in the Spanish school of sacred art; a faded Señora of Carmelo, and by way of balance, a yet more faded Jesu Christo. Covered by dust and grime lie votive offerings of the village sort; among the heaps, a bunch of forest leaves, and a chaplet of paper flowers.

All sorts of creeping things defile the floor and wall. The room smells moist and mouldy; so we turn our faces towards the chancel, leaving our Lady of Carmelo in the gloom, and shutting the door on spiders, centipedes, forest leaves, and artificial flowers.

This chancel has a purer interest than the sa-

cristy. Here stood the shrine, and here the sacred lamps were lit. Some scraps of monkish art still light the walls; poor chequers, lozenges, and flaming hearts. Like other savages, the Rumsen of Carmelo had to learn religion through the sense of sight.

The Cross has fallen down.

Inside the church, but near the door, some stakes are driven into the ground. These stakes are stems of pines. One stake has just been driven into the earth; a second has been snapt by falling stones. Who plants these stems of pine in holy soil?

Here lies the mystery of that aged chief. Each stake betrays an Indian grave, and tells the story of a lost cause and vanishing race.

CHAPTER II.

MISSION INDIANS.

THOUGH friar and priest have left the altars of San Carlos to the owls and lizards, some of the converts whom these fathers gathered into grace are staunch.

A squad of Mexicans, armed with writs and rifles, drove out Fray Jose Maria, chief of the Carmelo friars; but neither writs nor rifles have been able to drive off 'Capitan' Carlos, patriarch of the Carmelo camp. In dealing with Fray Jose Maria, the liberators had no more to do than close his church, disperse his brethren, seize his fields and orchards; but on turning to the native chief, they could neither free his tribe, undo the teaching of his priests, nor push him from the sanctuary of his patron saint. Yielding to force, Fray Jose Maria went to Mexico, where he has learned to serve another altar, and ceased to think of his mission on Carmelo Bay. Holding to his new creed with all

a convert's ardour, Capitan Carlos hovers round his ancient home, knowing no second fane, and clinging to the saint whose name he bears. To him, and to such rags and tatters of his tribe as yet remain alive, San Carlos is a mighty chief, his porch an entrance to the land of souls.

This Indian patriarch claims to be a hundred and twenty-five years old. Such claims are not uncommon in this zone. In every ranch you hear of centenarians, and in many convent registers you read of folk having lived to six-score years. Such tales and records are not always false. The air is mild, the eating good, the life unvexed. No burning summers parch the skin, no freezing winters chill the blood. From month to month the seasons come and go in one soft round of spring. In winter it is May, in summer it is only June.

A native piques himself on length of days; a big chief wearing his crown of age like one of the big trees. From his appearance, no one could pretend to guess the patriarch's age; for though his eye is quick, his scalp is bare and black, his cheeks are hollowed into cups, his skin hangs down his face in flaps. Life seems to hold him only by a thread.

In summer time he dawdles in the woods; in winter time he hangs about the farms. Being known to every settler, he is sure of bite and sup. His hands can bait a snare and throw a hatchet; yet the poor old fellow is so much a savage, he would rather beg than steal, and rather steal than work. Aged, but not venerable, he loafs in front of whisky bars, and fawns on strangers for a drink; his thirst for ardent waters being the only appetite that seems to have outlived his six-score years and five.

You take the Indian as he is—a wreck and waste of nature, even as this altar of San Carlos is a wreck and waste of art. For twenty cents, laid out in whisky, you may hear the story of his life, and in that tale the romance of his tribe.

A youth when the first Spaniards came to Monterey, Capitan Carlos saw Fray Junipero Serra land his company of friars, Don Jose Rivera land his regiment of troops. The Spaniards had already built a Mission house at San Diego, and were creeping upward towards the Golden Gate; but no Carmelo Indian had as yet beheld a White man's face. The fathers raised a cross; the troops unfurled a flag. A psalm was sung, a cannon fired; rites, as they said,

which gave the people to God, the country to the King of Spain.

These strangers built a castle on the hill, above the spot on which they had raised their cross. They fenced that castle round about with walls, on which they mounted guns, and set a watch by day and night.

Like all their brethren of the Slope, the Red men were a tame and feeble folk; munching acorns as they fell, grubbing in the soil for roots, and wading in the pools for fish. Some bolder spirits chased the fox and trapped the catamount. The bucks were fond of skins, but skins were only to be got by daring deeds. No man, unless a chief, had other clothing than a wrap about his loins, a feather in his hair. Not one in twenty had so much. The squaws were all but naked; their summer suit being an apron made of tule grass, their winter suit a wrap of half-dried skin. Papooses, whether male or female, wore no dress at all. A sense of shame was no more present in a native lodge than in a colony of seals.

These timid savages lived in hutches built of straw. Herding in the woods like deer, they seldom washed,

and never combed. A little paint was all the unguent they desired. A squaw tattooed her chin, her neck, her breast; a buck put on his face a dab of paint. They fed on grubs and worms, on roots and berries, living from hand to mouth, not caring for the morrow's meal. All things were held by them in common, like the grass and water in a sheep-run, but the sweetest morsels and the warmest skins were taken by the seers and chiefs. They saved no roots, they dug no wells. Old legends told them of a time when their fathers lived in towns, and they had still a village system, with a show of ancient rule and right. They chose a chief and made him pope and king. This chief had a first choice of squaws; and took as many as his hutch would hold. Catching them when he liked, he flung them from him when he liked. An Indian female had no rights. Poor souls, they knew no better in those pagan days, before San Carlos sent his message to their tribe!

Capitan Carlos saw a band of friars come over the ridge from Monterey, and plant a cross in ground belonging to his tribe.

A cross appeared to be the White man's totem; for beside a great cross borne aloft, each father wore

a small cross at his belt; which he raised and pressed to his lips whenever he either stopped to sing or knelt to pray. The fathers built an altar, spread a cloth, and, though the sun was burning, lit some candles. They unfurled the banner of a beautiful white squaw, whom they described as the mother of a mighty prince; a prince, who, in a land beyond the sea, had suffered on the cross and thereby saved the souls of men. They sang a psalm which sounded to these children of the forest like a strain of music from the spirit land.

At first the Indians held aloof. These strangers came across the sea, like birds, no one knew whence. Why had they come, unless to steal the squaws, to cut the grass, and take away the elk and antelope? Yet, when the fathers raised the image of that lovely squaw, and sang that music from the spirit land, the Red men crept beneath the fence of sun-dried bricks, in order to behold that face and hear that psalm. In time their fears were calmed. By offering food to the hungry, clothes to the naked, and potions to the sick, the good fathers won their way into these savage and suspicious hearts. They told the natives they had brought to them a message

from beyond the clouds. The Great Spirit, opening a new and nearer path into the land of souls, had given them San Carlos, one of the princes sitting in his presence, as their guide and saint.

Who could repel such teachers? The Franciscan fathers were smooth of speech and grave of life. No lie escaped their lips. No theft was traced to them. They took no squaw by force, and drove no native from his hutch. In all their actions they appeared to be the Indian's friends.

These strangers gave new names to things. They called the river Rio Carmelo, and the range Monte Carmelo. That lovely squaw was named the Lady of Carmelo. Savage, yet soft and curious, the natives watched those friars. All secrets of the land and sea were known to them. If roots were scarce, these fathers walked into a copse and dug up more. If fish ran short, they threw nets into the bay and filled their creels. They knew all qualities of bark and leaf, of herb and grass. They called the stars by name, and understood the winds and tides.

By bit and bit they taught the Indian how to till his soil, to net his stream, to snare his wood. Instead of grubs and worms, the Indian soon began

to feed on hare and snipe, on duck and trout. The fathers taught him how to cook his food; so that in place of gobbling up his roots and reptiles, like a beast, he learnt to dry his seed on stones and bake his water-fowl in stoves.

The fathers built a church where they had fixed the cross, and in this church they hung their image of Our Lady of Carmelo. Fields were cleared and sown with corn. Adobe bricks were dried, and cedar trees were felled. Between the church and glen a slope was trimmed for vines. Pears, apples, nuts were planted in an orchard; and an olive ground was laid out, in memory of the Syrian Mount.

What said the Indians? While the bucks looked on, their squaws, more sensitive, brought children to the friars, who gave them lessons in the White man's creed, and marked their foreheads with the White man's sign. A convert died; the music of the spirit land was sung above his grave. What buck had ever seen and heard such funeral rites? The bucks came in, and asked to be baptised.

Fray Jose Maria lost no time in teaching creeds and articles. An Indian crept into the church, and asked to be adopted by the White man's saint.

'Kneel down,' replied the smiling friar; 'now, listen to my words, and say them after me:'

SANTISSIMA TRINIDADA!
DIOS,
JESU CHRISTO,
ESPERITU SANTO!

Hardly another word was spoken by the priest. Crossing his convert, the father gave him a saintly name, and sent him home a new man; a member of the Catholic Church, a subject of the King of Spain.

Year after year the fathers ploughed and garnered in this virgin soil. A street arose outside the fence, in which the converts dwelt: poor bucks in dug-outs roofed with logs; chiefs and seers in cabins of poles, roofed and clothed with mats. They lived in peace. No hostile bands came on them in the night; their hutches were no longer burnt in war. Even in their private feuds, no squaws were stolen, no papooses killed. Their neighbours, the Tularenos, were converted like themselves, and owned a patron saint. Snug in their huts, they learned to wash their skins, and put on shirt and shawl. In time they picked up various arts, learning how to

tan hides, to press grapes, to boil soap, to shell and pot peas. In terror of San Carlos, some of these converts sold their extra squaws.

So things remained on the Carmelo for thirty years. Fed, clothed, and taught, the natives lodged beside the Mission-house; neither increasing much, nor mending fast; yet clinging to the soil, and shedding bit by bit their savage ways. The friars were tender towards Indian customs, especially in regard to land and squaws. Yet, doing their best, according to the field in which they worked, these fathers were content to rake and sow, and leave the vintage for a distant time.

At length two parties rose among the Whites, a clerical party and a secular party, who differed as to what was best for these poor bucks and squaws. The clerical party said the Indians were savages, and should be governed by pastors and masters, monks and priests. The secular party said the natives were members of a free commonwealth, and should be left to rule themselves. These parties came to blows, and after cutting each other's throats for several years, the secular party got the upper hand. The fathers were expelled, the converts

liberated from their rule. To the surprise of Alvaredo and his secular friends, the Indians began to perish from the soil the moment they were free.

So long as Fray Jose Maria lingered at San Carlos, his converts clung to him; when he was gone, they scattered to the woods. All efforts to recall them fail. Yet these poor converts have not lost all traces of a better time. San Carlos is their patron saint. Once a year they come to see the Lady of Carmelo, and to celebrate their patron's day. Poor things! They roast an ox—a stolen ox by choice. They gorge all day, and dance all night. Mixing up old and new, they keep the vigil of San Carlos, not with fast and prayer, but feast and revel; ending in such orgies as might better suit an Indian circle than a Christian church.

These rituals will not long survive. Each season the converts drop in number. Long before these sun-dried bricks have sunk into the earth, all those who helped to build them will have passed into the land of souls.

CHAPTER III.

STRANGERS IN THE LAND.

THE ground is almost cleared; cleared of the original and the second growths. What crops will occupy the soil?

On strolling to the orchard, we find a Portuguese squatter living in a mud hut, under a fruit wall, and in the midst of apple trees.

'Fine apples, Señor,' smirks the Portuguese. 'Just try the flavour of our fruit.'

Though thin and cold, the acid has a grateful taste; but these Spanish apples cannot be compared with the American variety, a fruit which is at once meat and drink, food and medicine; one of the most gracious products of American soil and sunshine.

'These trees seem old?'

'Hundreds of years,' rejoins the squatter, with

Iberian fondness for antiquity and Indian ignorance of dates. Yet they are old enough; having outlived the friars who planted them, and the natives for whose benefit they were trained.

'You have a lovely country here about; why is Carmelo left a desert?'

'Ah!' the squatter laughs, 'you see the good fathers have been driven away, and these poor devils, whether Redskins or Half-breeds, have now no friends to tell them what to do.'

'Tell them what to do! The soil has not been sent away, nor have the sunshine and the rain been sent away. They have the wood, the river, and the sea. Yon hills are full of ore, yon waters full of fish.'

'Yes, Señor, that is true; but who will find that ore and catch that fish?'

'All those who want to eat. Cannot the Redskin scale these heights, cannot the Half-breed plough those seas?'

'No Señor,' sneers the Portuguese; 'no Indian ever wrought a mine, no mixed-blood ever speared a whale. Strangers may hunt for coal and gold, and bring in whale and seal. You'll find some

English miners in that range, some Portuguese whalers in that bay; but you will see no Mexicans, either red or mixed, engaged in hardy work and daring deed.'

'Bad roads down here?' we ask, on gathering up the reins.

'Bad roads! Ah, never mind, Señor. Go on —you'll find them worse—good bye!'

Tearing through scrub and grass, we rattle down the slope in search of a ford; now startling a hawk-owl from his perch, anon drawing up to bang at snipe or teal. We reach the stream that ought to be the Kishon, here a broad and shallow river, rippling over beds of sand, and whispering to an angler of abundant trout. When Capitan Carlos was a buck of sixty, Rio Carmelo fed the mission and the tribe; but now no line is dropped into the flood for trout, no snare is drawn across the ford for duck. All nature at Carmelo runs to waste.

Crossing the ford and climbing up the slopes towards Monte Carmelo, we crash our way through trough and tangle, swarm up ridge and rock, each moment getting deeper in the wood and higher on the range, until we catch, some height above our

heads, an opening in the mountain side. There lie the lodes; there run the seams of coal. Yon cleft, to which no native climbs, conceals a future town, just as this acorn hides a future oak.

Two foreign artists come into these parts. For what? To grow their beards, to bronze their cheeks, to shake the dust of Paris from their feet. A gay Bohemian circle welcomes them to San Francisco; where a man may smoke and laugh, sitting over his cakes and ale, into those mystic hours. which brush away the bloom from youthful cheeks. This circle gives them Mont Parnasse; but they are born for higher flights than Mont Parnasse. Donning their Indian pants and jackets, Monsieur Tavernier grasps his sketch-book, Signor Franzeny loads his gun. Each has an eye for nature, and observes her moods with care; noting how sunlight plays with colour in the sea, and how metallic veins add lustre to the earth. Seeking for beauty, they find a seam of coal.

These young adventurers are tapping at the mountain side, assisted by some friends from San Francisco, trusting that the seams will float into their trucks and sheds. If so, a street will

ramble down this slope, with city-halls, hotels, and banks. A school may occupy that copse, a jail adorn this rising ground. New comers will be welcome to the Carmelo mountains, and the White family will have gained another stronghold on the Slope.

A steep and winding track leads down from the ridges of Mount Carmelo to Carmelo Bay.

On crossing San Jose Creek, we catch the cry of birds and seals, now and then broken by the bark of sea-lions. A cove with curious port lies in our front. No ships are in the road; no docks, no piers, no landing stairs are visible; yet the place must be a port. Five or six boats are bobbing on the tide; strong six-oared boats, not built for gliding over lakes and pools. Still larger craft are beached in crevices of sand and rock. Half-naked men are toiling on the shore. Some sheds lie in the shadow of a granite wall, with piles of casks, as in a brewer's yard. In several places jets of flame lap out, and burning smoke is vomited on the air. Cormorants fight among the rocks; and here the carcase of a whale, his fat peeled off, is floating on the tide.

Pushing into this tiny port, we come to these half-naked men, and hear the story of Carmelo Bay.

Some Portuguese sailors found the deserted quarries, where the monks had taught the Indians how to cut stone, and fancying they could work them for their profit, squatted on the spot. They failed. A quarry man requires a builder, and the men who built in stone were gone. Our mariners had fallen on an age of logs. Unable to live by stone, they thought of fish. There flowed the sea, alive with smelts and seals. Below the headland they could see the whales go sweeping by. Why not put off in chase? It was a dangerous trade; but when they plied it eagerly, they found it pay.

Six or eight men, they say, go out in each boat, according to the number of oars. Two watch; the others pull. On darting his harpoon into a whale, the leader pays out rope, and lets his victim writhe and plunge. The fight is often long, and sometimes fatal to the men. When hooked, the whale is towed to port, where he is sliced and boiled.

'You have no natives living in your port?'

'No, Señor, the natives are no good in a whaling craft.'

Noticing some foreign faces in the boats and near the fires, Chinese and even Sandwich Islanders, we ask the leading man whether he can employ such fellows in his trade.

'Not the Chinese,' he answers; 'they are only good for catching cuttle-fish and drying aballones. Like the natives, they are skunks and cowards. The Sandwich Islanders are a better lot; but they are hard to teach, and scarcely worth their salt. We should be better off if we were left alone.'

'Have you Portuguese wives and families with you?'

'No, Señor; we have to take such squaws as we can get. Our lasses live at home, in Cascaes Bay and other ports near Lisbon; but we cannot fetch them over half the globe. Santa Maria! what are men to do? We have to buy our wives.'

To buy their wives! Yes, buy their wives. It is a custom of the country. The habit of buying and selling young women has existed on this spot time out of mind. If young women are not bought they are always stolen, and the man is thought a decent wooer who comes with money in his pocket to an Indian lodge. No Rumsen or Tularenos ever

gave away his squaw for love. He sold her as he sold a buffalo hide or catamount skin.

Fray Junipero tried to stop this sale of girls, but his successors winked at customs which they had no means of putting down. Castro and Alvaredo hoped to crush this traffic, but their secular energies were worsted in the vain attempt. Neither Liberal Mexico nor Independent California was equal to the task of wrestling with this evil. Indians sold their children to Spanish dons and Mexican caballeros, just as Georgians and Circassians sold their girls to Greek skippers and Turkish pashas.

Even under the Stars and Stripes, and in a region governed by American law, the trade goes on; less openly and briskly than in olden times; but still the Red man's daughters are bought and sold, even in the neighbourhood of American courts. It is a custom of the country, which, like other maladies, attacks the stranger when he lands. You catch a local custom very much as you catch a local disease. There is a fight between your constitution and the malady. If you can compromise—you live; if not —you die.

'Yes, Señor!' says the Portuguese sailor, 'we

buy our wives for money, and are punished for the sin. Our boys are only girls. They cannot lift a weight or turn a wheel. When we drop off, the whaling at Carmelo Bay will go into the hands of bolder men.'

CHAPTER IV.

A LOST CAPITAL.

LAPPING round Pinos Point, nine or ten miles from the Old Quarries, the water races on a pale and sandy beach, of bow-like form, ending in two green and picturesque bluffs. One bluff is Santa Cruz, the other Monterey. The arc is twenty miles across; a sweep of sunny water, over which flocks of gulls and pelicans dart and flash. A slip of sand, dotted along the line with ribs and tusks of whales, so many that they look like drifts of snow, divides the dark blue sea from amber dunes and light green woods. A plain rolls inward into mounds and ridges, covered to the top by oak and pine; beyond which forests rise the peaks and shoulders of the Galivano range.

Not thirty minutes since, the sun laughed out in front of us, peeping over Monte Toro with a face of burning gold; yet early in the day as it may seem,

we are already bathed in summer heat. Our craft heaves idly on the waters, waiting for a sign to land. Some boats, with men asleep, are swaying to and fro, stirred only by the long and lazy swell of a Pacific tide. Who cares to hoist a flag? Who cares to move? Señoras twist their cigarettes; tall, thin, serpentine brunettes, with eyes as dark as night, and cheeks as brown as walnut juice, their rich red colour blushing through the skin. Lolling on deck, these giddy and coquettish damsels fan their cheeks, and puff their curls of smoke, and let their eyelids droop in languor.

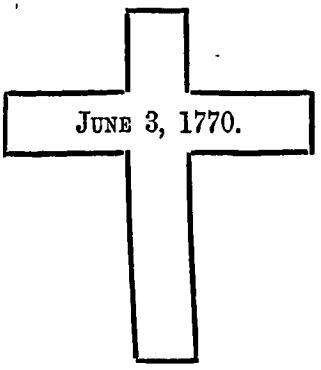
Ah di me Alhama!

Light of heart and glib of tongue, the dons and caballeros match their female folk.

'Let me propose to you a task,' lisps Juan, addressing two picturesque coquettes: 'Pepita, you shall twist me a cigarette, and you, Josepha, smoke it for me!'

Leaning on the vessel's side, we watch a shoal of smelts at play. A pelican settles on our mast. The air is still; the silence broken only by the snapping of an unseen dog. A line of surf breaks white and

fresh along the rocks of Santa Cruz, but on this stretch of amber sands the waters lap and lie, gently as the fancies float about the eyelids of a sleeping child. Like waiting in a Syrian road, is waiting at a Mexican port. Who cares for time? Beyond the rickety old Mexican pier, a tiny creek winds in between two grassy banks, with uplands clothed in oak and cypress. In the hollow you can see a wooden cross:



That cross is Fray Junipero's cross; that ancient oak beside it, is the tree under which Don Jose Rivera massed his troops. Right of the gully, on a bare hill-top, stand the ruins of Rivera's castle; left of it, under a fringe of pines, and in the midst of fig-trees and peach gardens, rise the sheds and water-wheels of Monterey.

We land—the town is won. Received by Don Mariano de Vallejo, one of the great men in the Lost Capital, we are guests in every house. Priests salute us in their walks; barbers and bakers doff their caps; and billiard-players offer us their cues. Señoras beg for visiting cards. The dogs which doze in every gutter seem to know that we are persons not to be annoyed by snap and snarl.

Monterey, a town all gables, walls, and balustrades—in which everyone owns a corner lot—is peopled by folk as quaint and singular as the streets and sheds. A native builds his house to please himself. Why not? Is he not don and caballero? Who shall thwart his whim? No mayor insults a Montereyano with rules and plans. No level lines of road offend your eyes. Main street, if such a passage can be called a street, winds in and out among a group of villas, dancing-booths, barbers' shops and billiard rooms. No side walk interferes with man and horse. An open sewer runs through the town, a cesspool poisons every yard. Two nieces of Don Mariano live in a villa with an open drain in front. Nobody dreams of covering up that drain. The plaza is as shapeless as the street;

a scatter of white houses, built of earth and plank, mostly one story high; these people living in a constant fear of earthquakes happening in the night. Here juts a gable-end, there turns a water-fan. Beyond them runs a length of front, all wash and paint, the residence of a don; then come a forge, a whisky shop, a Chinese laundry, and an open pit.

A pretty house stands here and there among the cypresses and limes, with balconies, giving on an inner court, and jalousies from which a dame, herself unseen, may note who passes in the street below. This lady's game of hide and peep, which in Monterey takes the place of work and thought, is highly popular. One public pile adorns the plaza; that Calaboose (prison, court, and whipping post) in which the caide used to sit, and sentence mixed blood rascals to a tale of stripes. New times bring in new men. M. Simoneau, a merry French cook, now keeps his chickens in the prisoners' yard, and serves up soup and fish in the justice-room. A group of bearded fellows smoke within the shadow of a wall. A priest creeps timidly across the square. Girls in black veils and scarlet skirts are hurrying home from noontide mass. A child is playing with

a goat. Some geese are wabbling in the drain, some curs sleeping in the sun. Are we not idling through an unknown city in the south of Spain?

In Monterey, folks affect high pedigrees, and give themselves Castilian airs. Here birth and blood are choicer things than house and land. Is not the country overrun by Hybrids, sons of savages, daughters of nobody, yet holding up their heads and putting in their claims?

The lower ranks of people admit some taint of blood; but in the church, the plaza, and the barber's shop, no man is less than don and caballero, with a pedigree long enough to amaze a Gael and satisfy a Basque.

No house in Monterey is fifty years old. Fifty-six years ago, the city built by Don Jose Rivera and the Spanish friars, was levelled to the earth. Captain Buchard, a French pirate or privateer, ran into the port with two small frigates, flying the flag of Spain. Governor Sola, acting for his royal master, masked a battery near the water's edge, and having placed this battery in charge of Don Jesus de Vallejo, waited the piratical attack. Next day, on Buchard laying one of his ships athwart the

castle, Don Jesus opened fire and forced him to withdraw. Enraged by this repulse, Buchard lowered his boats, and sent his men ashore. Don Jesus left his guns, and bolted for the woods, firing a powder train, which blew the castle into dust. Buchard gave the town to pillage, and his crews, a riff-raff of all nations, Spanish, French, and Algerine, spared neither age nor sex. Fire swept the lanes and alleys, so that nothing but the church, an edifice of stone, remained to mark the site of royal Monterey.

Five years elapsed before a soul returned. A Scot, named David Spence, a man dealing in skins and hides, came first. Then don and caballero ventured back, and raised their shanties from the dust. Poorer than ever, they built of sand and logs, but gave their sheds poetic names. A hut was called a house, a shed a hall. No house in Monterey is bigger than an English cottage, and the public rooms are often low and mean. Entering one of the pretentious villas, you find the gate unhinged, the balcony rotten, the garden heaped and messed. Nature does something to redeem the waste. What laurels glitter in the sun! This

cypress sets you thinking of Seraglio Point, this cactus of the upper Nile, this prickly pear of Ramleh in the Sands. What artist would not like to sketch this mouldering wall and overhanging fruit? But while you make your sketch, the owner smokes and smirks, convinced that you admire his wall and fruit trees, not because they make a picture, but because they are *his* wall and fruit trees.

'A saintly and a regal city,' says Don Mariano with a flush of pride; 'San Carlos is our patron saint, Don Carlos is our founder king. A regal name is Monterey; rey de los montes—king of the mountains.'

Dons and caballeros sneer at San Francisco as an upstart city, built by nobody, not even by a viceroy, and peopled by the scum of New York, Sydney, and Hong-Kong. At Monterey they have a line of governors, and a second line of bishops, with the ruins of a castle and a gaudy Mexican church, as visible evidence of their temporal and spiritual sway. At Monterey, too, a gentleman has rights; not only those of a Spanish knight, but those of an Indian chief. He may be sharp of tongue and light of love. Nobody thinks of counting the number of his

squaws, or asking him whether those dames are red or white. Living near savages, he has caught, as stronger men might catch, no little of their savage morals.

Yet the Mexican don is no longer safe in his retreat at Monterey. Strangers poke their noses through his gates, enquire about his harem, and insist on showing him how to develop his estate. How he dislikes their chatter about making roads and opening schools! His fathers neither paved a road, nor built a school. They kept a priest, who ruled their squaws and took their girls to mass. That good old system suits him. What has he to do with roads and schools? A rider, he prefers a grassy trail; a gentleman, what need has he for the accomplishments of a clerk? Will science help him to throw sixes, and will letters kindle fire for him in female eyes?

CHAPTER V.

DON MARIANO.

No one can say whether the Vallejo family—of which Don Mariano is the head—derive their line from Hercules or only from Cæsar. Nothing in the way of long descent would be surprising in Don Mariano; even though his race ran up to Adam, like the pedigree made out by heralds for his countryman Charles the Fifth. 'You ask about the history of California,' he remarks; 'my biography is the history of California.'

In one sense he is right. Don Mariano's story is that of nearly every Mexican of rank. In olden times (now thirty years ago!) he was the largest holder of land in California. Besides his place at Monterey, the family-seat, he owned a sheep-run on San Benito River, an estate sixty miles long in San Joaquin Valley, a whole county on San Pablo Bay, and many smaller tracts in other parts. High

mountain ranges stood within the boundaries of his estate. With an exception here and there, these tracts have passed into the stranger's hands.

Springing from an ancient root, claiming an ancestry all knights and nobles, Mariano took to arms as soon as he could ride a horse and wield a sword. Joining a troop of rangers, he was soon a man of note. Like all his neighbours who have lived near Indian wigwams, he was light of love, and hardly cared whether his divinity was dark or fair; but he was made for better things than dawdling after squaws and señoritas. Fond of work, he spent the time in study which his brethren spent in gaming-booths and tavern dens. He grew to be a famous rider and a still more famous shot. At twenty he has won his captain's grade, from which time he has his part in every row, and got a grade by every change. One year he helped the radicals to harass Spain; next year he helped the Jesuits to upset those radicals. When the bishop of Monterey denounced the new republic, Mariano, Catholic first, Mexican afterwards, followed his pastor into civil war. Captured by the enemy, who put him into handcuffs, he was so indignant that he

shaved his beard, renounced his title of a Spanish don, and swore that in future he would shave his face like an English marquis.

Acting with Alvaredo in founding a new government, he found the hour of his success the most critical of his life. What should he do with California? She could not stand alone. Four countries had some claim to her—Spain, England, Russia, the United States. Spain had been her nominal owner for a hundred years. England had the right of Drake's discovery, when the coast was called New Albion, and annexed to the domain of Queen Elizabeth. Russia had long possessed some points on the coast, notably the hills commanding the Golden Gate. America had the claims of neighbourhood, and a cession from the government of Mexico. What part was he to play? His bishops were in favour of submitting to the Spanish crown, Spain being their country and the bulwark of their Church. The other powers are all heretical. A Catholic seemed to have no choice; but Don Mariano, though a Catholic before he is a Mexican, is a Vallejo even before he is a Catholic. An active man, he kept his eyes open while his pastors were

asleep. Learning a little English, he read the journals of London and New York with a forecasting eye. Spain had no ships at sea. An English fleet was off the coast, an American army on the land. To one or other of these powers he saw that his young republic must incline. To which? Don Mariano, shaving like an English marquis, turned his friendly face towards London, though he took good care not to offend his neighbours of New York. A secret memoir, laid before President Polk, describes him as 'a man of high family, of good education (for a Mexican), who seems to be retiring from his military charge, though keeping a squad of soldiers at his country-house. In old days proud and stiff, he is now smooth and sweet, yet with the lordly air of a man stooping from a height. His gates are always open to the stranger, but he keeps an eye on every guest, and only yields his heart to men of character and rank. His power is felt in every part of California, and Solano county, where he chiefly lives, is safer both for property and life than any other part of the Pacific slope. He asks for nothing. Money will not tempt him. No one knows his mind; perhaps he would like a title

or an office.' Such, in substance, is the picture of Don Mariano, presented thirty years ago, to President Polk.

Unable to make him a marquis, Polk made him a general; then, in spite of his priests and bishops, Don Mariano staked his fortunes on the Stars and Stripes.

In punishment for his sin, he has been badly used by the United States. Wishing to see the capital of California built on his estate, he founded a new city on San Pablo Bay, which he called Vallejo, and offered not only to give the State his finest sites, but to defray the cost of building a court-house and laying out a public square. These offers were accepted by the State; yet after he had spent three hundred thousand dollars on public works in Vallejo, the capital was removed to Sacramento, and Don Mariano was left a ruined man.

Since then he has been swimming up a stream, in which the floods are high and swift. 'No Mexican of note,' he says to me in one of our drives, 'has been able to keep his lands. My case is hard, but not so hard as that of others; twenty years hence no Spanish don will be a citizen of the United States.'

'You mean the Spaniards will retire?'

'They will remove to Mexico, where they may hope to keep their own.'

Don Mariano's lands have slipped from him by many avenues of escape. His daughter chose an English mate; his sister chose an English mate. Much of his land is fenced and planted for the benefit of children with such English names as Frisby and Leese, who in the coming years will smile in their solid prosperity at the empty show and pretentious poverty of their Mexican ancestors.

'You will attend our ball to-night?' asks Don Mariano.

'Ball! What ball?'

'Our cascarone ball.'

'What is a cascarone ball?'

'Ah, yes; you are non-Catholic, and have another legend in your Church. A cascarone ball is an eggshell ball — cascaron,' eggshell, you see. It is a festival of our people, kept by all good Catholics and Mexicans.'

Don Mariano shows me a printed notice of this festival; a grand affair, to be given in a noble hall, with a fine orchestra, and a splendid supper. We accept his invitation to the egg-shell dance.

On going to our rooms, we hear the carpenters at work, and see the florists bringing in their wares. The dancing-room being next to my apartment, I can see the finery from my door. A wooden shed, about the length of a country barn, with bare benches set against white-washed walls, is brightened here and there by a bunch of ribbon, a wreath of paper flowers, and something like a score of lights. One fiddle and one concertina make the orchestra. On the other side, there are girls in brilliant colours, in the ripple of whose laughter you catch the music which a young man prefers to any sight or sound below the spheres.

As I am passing down the room, conducting two señoras to their seats, a young girl, slipping behind me, smashes an eggshell on my pate; an eggshell from which the meat has been drawn, and the inside filled with tinsel and coloured paper, cut so fine as to fall like snow. A peal of laughter greets the girl's success. It is a challenge. When a shell is broken on your head, you have the right to claim a dance, during which you may crush your cascaron among the damsel's curls. A romp ensues. If señorita slips away, señor follows in pursuit. A

game of hide and seek is played, and shells get broken on balconies. As night comes on, the ladies press the fun, not only for the laughter, but because the tinsel adds a beauty to their dull black curls and lustrous eyes. By supper-time the riot runs so high that dons and caballeros can hardly keep their pride of port.

The supper is a thing to match the ball. We march in grandly, to a feast of thin soup, stale cakes, pork sandwiches, and cold tea. Yet caballeros and señoras drink and smile, and try to make believe that all this shabby finery is a grand affair. For is it not their cascarone ball?

Let no man jest at these bare walls, these paper flowers, these guttering candles, and this banquet of cakes and nuts, washed down with tea; for after supper, the dons and caballeros steal away to whisky bars, where three or four doses of their fire-water serve to wake the demons that sleep in every Mexican eye. Each don and caballero wears a poignard in his vest.

'Good Catholics, true caballeros,' whispers Don Mariano, as he bows adieu; 'you see we keep the festivals of our faith!'

'Good Catholic first, true caballero second, eh Don Mariano?'

'Yes, Señor; a mixed blood may be Mexican first, Catholic afterwards; a Spanish gentleman will always put his religion first. You know our saying: 'la religion es la creencia, la creencia pertenece al espíritu, y al espíritu nadie lo manda.'

Living like a big chief, in the fashion of his country, Don Mariano has squandered not a little of his vast estate on what are called his pleasures. He has a lust for building towns. Besides his city of Vallejo, he has built the port and city of Benecia, named in honour of a lovely and neglected wife. His ranches sink in piles, his sheep-runs melt into public squares; but more than all, his property slips away from him in courts of law. A stranger challenges his title, and a judge reviews his grant. All Mexicans are fond of law, and Don Mariano never goes into some court except to lose some part of his estate. Don Mariano is a type, not only of the Lost Capital, but the Retiring Race.

CHAPTER VI.

WHITE CONQUERORS.

'GUESS you'll say here's a place,' whispers Colonel Brown, a settler in these parts. 'If this valley had a little more rain, a little more soil, and a little less sun and wind, it would be a place! You bet?'

Leaving the open sewers and pretty balconies of Monterey behind, we cross the amber dunes, and twenty miles from the sea we strike the Rio Salinas, near the base of Monte Toro, and a few steps farther, on a creek called Sanjon del Alisal, we find a new city, called Salinas, rising from the earth.

Nine years ago the Rio Salinas flowed through a desert, over which wild deer and yet wilder herdsmen roved in search of grass and pools. The soil was dry, the herbage scant. Bears, foxes, and coyotes disputed every ravine with the hunters. Ducks and widgeons covered the lagunes and creeks. A trapper's gun was rarely heard among these hills,

and save the ruins of an old Mission-house at Soledad, no trace of civil life was found between the heights of Monte Toro and the summits of Gavilano range.

To-day, a pretty English town, with banks, hotels, and churches, greets you on the bridge of Sanjon del Alisal. A main street, broad, well-paved and neatly built, runs out for nearly half a mile. Unlike the timber-sheds of Monterey, the stores and banks of this new town are built of brick, striking, as one may say, their roots into the earth. A fine hotel adorns the principal street, every shop in which is stocked with new and useful things, just like a shop in Broadway or the Strand. You buy the latest patterns in hats and coats, in steam-ploughs and grass-rollers, in pump-handles and waterwheels. Salinas has her journals, her lending-libraries, her public schools. A jail has just been opened, for the herdsmen of the district are unruly, and the prison of San Jose is a long way off. Pigeons flutter in the roadways, lending to the town an air of poetry and peace. Some offshoots flow from Main Street into open fields, in which Swiss-like châlets nestle in the midst of peaches, grapes, and figs. One church

stands on the left, a second on the right of Main Street, and folks step in and out of these churches as neatly dressed as visitors at Shanklin and Torquay.

'Now here's a place to open your eyes like a cocktail, eh, Colonel?' cries the settler.

'I am not a colonel. So far as I have anything to do with arms, I serve Queen Victoria as a private in the Inns of Court Volunteers.'

'Then you are equal to a colonel! Sir, a man must have a title if he wishes to escape notice, as a gentleman in this country would like to do. Once I was crossing Firebaugh ferry, on San Joaquin River over here, beyond the range, when the old boatman stopped in the middle of his passage, and enquired my name. "Mister Brown," said I. "Mister Brown?" said he, resting on his oars, evidently puzzled in his head. "What name, stranger?" he inquired once more. "Mister Brown." He looked distressed, but said no more until I stepped on shore and offered him his fare. "Excuse me, sir," he cut in quickly, "I cannot take your money. Keep it in memory of this remarkable day. Boy and man, I have kept this ferry on the San Joaquin River for twenty-two

years, and you are positively the first person named Mister, whom I have had the pleasure to put across." On that date I commissioned myself as Colonel Brown. Come, Colonel, bet you don't beat this place in the old country, nohow?'

Yet Salinas is an English town.

Captain Sherwood, an officer in the English army, who had served in the Crimea, came to California with a sum of money to be spent in buying real estate. He bought a cattle-run in Salinas Valley, getting the title from one of the unthrifty natives for a song. Major Bucknall, tempted by a chance of shooting bear and snaring snipe and duck, came down to see his comrade. Sport being good, the Major stayed. One day, while musing at the water-side, a notion flashed into the sportsman's brain. Wanting a hut, in which to keep his gun and cook his bird, the Major said to himself: 'Why not myself build a house? A few logs, a hammer, a bag of nails, and the thing is done. Nothing easier. But let me see. A house—why not a town?' At night he spoke to Sherwood—'Let us build a city on the lake.' Thinking of his cattle-run, the Captain smiled. A city for whom? What wretch would

live in such a desert as Salinas Valley, except a wretch who wanted to herd cattle and shoot widgeon?

All the drovers and herdsmen who then strayed into Salinas Valley were of Bedouin type, half-naked savages, tawny of skin and black of eye, with curly beards and golden earrings; nomads as wild and reckless as the bulls they chased and slew. Pitching their cabins in the hills, or dropping to the river beds, according to the time of year, these herdsmen lead a lonely and nomadic life; faring from day to day, feeding from hand to mouth, much as their cattle fared and fed. The country being unfenced, they were free to wander at their will. Untouched by human arts, these herdsmen had no pleasures, save in dancing the fandango, gambling for their last dollar, drinking away their senses, and ripping at each other's sides. If they had any other passion, it was the love of roaming as they pleased, driving their herds afield, unchecked by any fence, unscared by any gun. Such fellows seemed to Sherwood far from pleasant neighbours, and by no means likely settlers in a town.

Yet Major Bucknall meant to try his luck—

'Come, let us build a city.' He believed White men would come in, and occupy the Salinas pastures. Sherwood gave him a scrap of ground, on which he reared a log shanty. Six weeks after he began to build his hut, a fellow with an eye for coming customers, opened a grog shop. Then the drovers and herdsmen came this way for drams. A third man, seeing these drovers hang about, threw up a booth for dancing. Only six months after Bucknall had first thought of building a shanty in which he might keep his gun and cook his game, twenty-five houses were clustered round his hearth. Twenty-five houses means a hundred persons, more or less; a force of forty or fifty guns in case of need. All fear of a surprise by savages was laid aside.

English settlers came into the valley, looking out for sheep-runs, followed by Americans with a scent for corner lots. In less than seven years, the Major's cabin on the lake has grown into a city of three thousand souls! Already Salinas is a more important place than Monterey.

A White colonist has three main ways of taking possession of Californian soil.

The first plan is to marry an estate, like David

Spence. Dark women like fair men, and if a half-breed girl is taken from her people young, she may be trained in English ways, until she learns to be a decent wife. If there are brothers in the house, the fields and runs must be divided; but the lads will go to the dogs in time; the faster for a little help; and then the lots may all come back. An English hunter after an estate is seldom foiled by an inferior race.

The second plan is for a thrifty stranger, having ready money in his purse, to lend small sums to any reckless native, known to have good sheep-runs and extensive water-rights. Your mixed breed, whether brown or sallow, has an empty pocket and a dozen wants. He wants to buy a horse, to give a dance, to bribe a sheriff, or to play seven-up. Tempted by the sight of gold, he borrows where he has no hope of paying back. Loan follows loan, each spent as fast as got, until the lender closes the account, and presses for his debt. The hybrid has no coin. What will the lender take instead of gold? A league or so of pasture land—a ranch with mill and water-wheel—a bit of hill-side like an English park? His debt being paid, the stranger has a

footing on the soil, which in a few years more will be his own.

The third plan is for three or four squatters, strong in thews and sinews, handy with bowie knives and rifles, to form a league or club (a White league, an Anglo-Saxon club), of which the members swear to stand by each other, shoulder to shoulder, rifle to rifle, in their march to fortune. Having sworn their oaths, they drive their herds afield, not caring on whose land they stray, if grass and water suit them. Throwing up a fence and cabin, they challenge any one who chooses to dispute their claim. The owner has a choice of evils. He may try to drive them off by either force or law. If force is used, blood will be shed; his blood or that of others; and the native, though alert and reckless, has a wholesome dread of English guns. If he appeals to law, his title must be proved, and hardly any Mexican deed will bear the scrutiny of an American judge. The owner yields, and his submission to one act of violence brings a swarm of squatters on his land.

In one of the big ranches lives a young Scotch settler, the story of whose life, as told me by himself, might stand for that of many a neighbour.

'I was rather wild,' he says, 'in my young days, and my father, a Scotch minister, with a large family and a small stipend, was bothered what to do with me. I liked to tear about on ponies, and we had no ponies at the grange. Ha! ha! the dear old dad! He put me on board a ship for Sydney, paid my passage in the steerage, and sent me with a sixpence out into the world. Landing in Australia without a penny in my pouch, I had to take service, anything that offered. A sheep farmer hired me, and I went up country to the runs. A wild life suited me, and after a spell at the diggings, I returned to the runs as partner with my late master, and remained with him three or four years. A man from California gave me the notion of settling here, and I came over with some money and more experience. I stayed in San Francisco five or six weeks, looking round, and feeling for an opening, but the sharpers of that city would have peeled and picked me to the bone. I came down south, and finding two or three ranches in this valley built by English fellows, I thought the place would suit me, and I stayed.'

'How long ago?'

'Five or six years or so; just when Salinas was a sprinkle of log huts.'

'And you have now a good run?'

'My run extends from the Salinas River right across the Galivano range, to San Benito River.'

'Why, that is an estate as big as a Scotch county?'

'Yes, the dear old dad will stare when I go home some day, and tell him what his scapegrace son has been doing for the last twelve years. Ha! ha! the dear old dad will stare when I tell him he sent me out with sixpence, and I ask him to come and see what I have bought with his sixpence—a little place in California, about the size of County Linlithgow!'

The lands all round Salinas are in English and American hands. Jackson, one of the first arrivals in San Francisco; Hebbron, lately a detective, practising his art in London; Beasley, one of three brothers living in the place; Spence, the first English colonist in Monterey; Johnson, a sheep-herder, who has given his name to a high peak; Leese, the gentleman who wedded Vallejo's sister; Beveridge, a young and thriving Scot; these are the

chief owners of land around Salinas. They are all of British birth.

On taking possession of the land, such strangers fence the fields, and drive intruders from the cattle-runs. Worse still, they go into the female market and raise the price of squaws. By offering more money than a Mestizo can afford to give, they have their choice of 'helps,' and pay in honest money where a native is disposed to steal. In every ranch we see these Indian girls; at every agency we hear of loud complaints. Young men, not of full blood but only mixed, assert that these English and American strangers take their prettiest damsels, leaving them only the old women and the cast-off squaws.

'You seem to like my girls,' laughs one of the English settlers; 'well, you look at them a good deal. Ha, ha! you think me a monstrous wicked fellow: Lovelace, Lothario, Don Juan all in one! Bless you, it's a fearful bore. Don't pray for a country in which there are no White women, that's my advice! Do you suppose I prefer a dirty squaw who only speaks ten words of English, to a rosy lassie out of Kent? All fiddlesticks. Our proper helps are parted from us by an ocean and a conti-

nent. What can a fellow do? This country yields us squaws, just as it gives us fruit and herbs; and till you send me that rosy lassie out of Kent, I must put up with squaws from San Pascual.'

Seeing his fields invaded, and his women carried off, the herdsman's blood boils up. Are not these woods and fields his feeding-ground? Are not these girls his natural mates? No one can deny that these pastures were the properties of his mother's tribe. Is he not the proper heir of these hunting-grounds, the natural husband of these Indian squaws?

CHAPTER VII.

HYBRIDS.

'We cannot now undo what has been done,' Don Mariano sighs, when we are talking of the bad blood in his province. 'The Franciscan fathers tried to check this evil by keeping White men and Red women apart. They failed; the customs of the country were too strong for them. No one has yet succeeded in arresting an evil which baffled the Franciscan fathers. Too well we know the mischief, for this mixture of White with savage blood is giving us a vicious and unstable race.'

White female faces are not often seen in the southern parts of California; thirty years since they were never seen outside a military post. The Spaniards are not planters of Free States. They came to take possession of the country for their king, the people for their Church. To find new

homes for men desirous of a wider field and freer atmosphere, was not an object of their voyage. Sailing in search of gold and spices, they left the coast when they had found these articles and filled their ships. A company of friars remained to teach the natives, and a company of soldiers to secure the soil. The rest returned to Spain. No women, as a rule, came out. The men were either soldiers, friars, or trappers, and in every case were single men. The soldiers and the friars were not allowed to marry. A trapper was of course at liberty to woo and wed; but in a land with no White women he could only woo a squaw. If the stranger made a home, he took such females as an Indian lodge supplies.

A governor of Monterey might bring his family from Mexico, but such a luxury as the companionship of wife and children was reserved for persons of exalted family and official rank.

'When I first came into these parts,' says David Spence, 'the only White people near Monterey were the fathers at San Carlos, and the soldiers in the citadel. No other White men had a right to dwell in Monterey. We bought our licences to live and

trade, but after paying our money, we held these licences at the governor's will. On any whimsey, he could put us on board the fleet, or drive us into the mountains. No civil rights were known. At gunshot, soldiers drove us into camp, and when the curfew tolled these soldiers compelled us to put out light and fire. The life we led was not a thing for women of our kin to share.'

'You were encamped, not settled in the country?'

'You are right. No man among us thought of staying over nine or ten years; just long enough to make a pot of money out of hides and skins. Nobody cared to get the land; nobody thought of Monterey as home. Home! There was not one English woman, and not a dozen Spanish women in the province. Fair faces were as rare as gold; and never to be seen, except in some great officer's ranch. Not one man in fifty, even among the rich, could hope to get a European wife.'

'You were a lucky one?'

'Ha, yes! My wife, a doña and señora, was the daughter of an officer. She fell in love with my blue eye and yellow locks. Most of my rivals in that

day took up with squaws, and left a progeny of half-breeds in their homesteads.'

'Custom of the country?'

'Yes, an Indian custom; but the Whites fell into it very soon, and keep it up with an amazing spirit.'

'Still keep it up?'

'Yes, keep it up. The practice of selling young Indian girls to White men is still so common, that in some adjoining counties a Red man cannot get a squaw.'

From Santa Barbara to San Juan, from Santa Clara to San Francisco, things were much the same as in the mountains; like causes producing everywhere like effects.

Living in a savage waste, surrounded by native tribes, the Franciscan fathers were obliged to lodge some soldiers at each Mission-house, as a protection to their persons and properties. These men were fair of face and strong of limb. The squaws looked kindly on them; and the lax moralities of an Indian lodge, where wedlock is unknown, permitted freedoms and alliances which ended in a new race of Hybrids being brought into the world. This cross

between White blood and Red was called Mestizo, and the females of this family, called Mestizas, are often very handsome. The men are savage, the women licentious; inheriting the worst vices of their parent stocks.

No power on earth could stop this intercourse, or check this growth of Hybrid offspring. If a native growled, the soldiers kicked him from their post. If he presumed to strike, they broke his bones and set his thatch on fire. What holy men could do to stay such outrages was done, but the Franciscans had to deal, not only with an Indian custom, but with officers as lax in morals as their men. No legal injury was done. A native never urged that his daughter was disgraced by being carried to a White man's hut. He only grumbled that he was not paid her price. Generals and captains all kept squaws. As chiefs, these officers had rights which they were quick enough to seize, laughing away reproof of their confessors with the old campaigner's answer, 'Holy Father, soldiers are not monks.' How could the Franciscan fathers get such captains to restrain their men?

By taking Indian mates, and rearing offspring

round the camps, these Spanish soldiers struck their roots into the soil; so deep, that when their time of service came to an end, they were unable to remove. Their families could not be carried into Spain, or even into Mexico. A viceroy had a puzzling question to resolve. The policy of his Church had been to exclude White settlers from the soil: a policy of prudence if the natives were to be converted and preserved. Except the friars, no man had a right to hold land in California. Except the soldiers, sent to guard these friars and execute their orders, no man had a right of domicile in California. Civil laws and civil magistrates were unknown. California was treated as a Holy State, a paradise of monks, a patrimony of the Church. This clerical policy had always been supported by the king and council in Madrid. A pope had given California to Spain, and Spain was eager to restore it to the church. Yet how were veterans, grown grey in service on a distant shore, to leave their children, dear though dusky, to the chances of a savage life? Fear, as well as pity, held the clerical policy in check. If left behind, they must remain a progeny of shame, an evidence of moral failure, in the neighbourhood of every

mission in the land. Holding no place in any Indian tribe, these Hybrids would have to live as outcasts. Every hand would be against them. Rapine and murder might become their trade.

Taking a middle course, which seemed to him the lesser of two evils, the viceroy formed three camps of refuge, which he called Free Towns; a first camp at Los Angeles in the South, a second camp near Santa Cruz in the Centre, and a third camp at San Jose in the North. These camps were ruled by martial law, and wholly separated from the great Franciscan Commonwealth. About Los Angeles he gathered in the refuse from San Diego and Santa Barbara; about Santa Cruz he gathered in the refuse of San Carlos, San Juan, and Soledad; about San Jose he gathered in the refuse of Santa Clara and San Francisco. Within these camps the veterans and their savage progeny were to dwell, but they were not to wander from their limits, under penalty of stripes, imprisonment and death.

Some strangers joined the settlers in these Free Town; few, and of an evil sort; quacks, gamblers, girl-buyers, whiskey sellers; all the abominable

riffraff of a Spanish camp. From these vile sources, nearly all the present Hybrids of the country spring.

In time, these mixed breeds grew too strong for either priest or captain to control. From Los Angeles they have roamed into the plains of San Fernando; from Santa Cruz they have crept up the Pajaro and Salinas; from San Jose they have spread along both shores of San Francisco Bay. Not many of this mongrel crew can read and write. Not one in ten is born in wedlock, for the custom of their country fills the hut with squaws, whom the sons of White men disdain to marry. Gross and sickening superstitions cloud such brains as they possess. Aware that they are neither red nor white, and have no place among the Indian tribes, they loath their mother's kith as fiercely as they hate their father's kin. The vices of two hostile breeds are mixed in them; the pride and cruelty of their Spanish sires, the laziness and licentiousness of their Indian dams.

The land, they say, is theirs. They are not strangers, like the foreign troops, nor savages, like the native tribes. In Mexican days, they fought the soldiers, robbed the friars, and helped them-

selves to squaws. In every riot they are first and last; the first in outrage, and the last to be subdued. When Mexico threw off the yoke, they fought against the crown of Spain, and when that fight was done they turned against their comrades in the camp. Unstable as water, they rallied to the Single Star, and after causing the young republic of California much annoyance, they rallied to the Stars and Stripes.

This treachery brought men into these plains, compared to whom the Mexicans are boys, the Indians girls. Alert and strong, these strangers push the native to the wall. While the Hybrid stock-man is playing at cards or capering through a dance, his fields are fenced, his cattle driven away, his streamlets dammed, by these intruding and unsleeping Whites. What can the Hybrid do? American courts are in these strangers' hands. He cannot meet them in the field. What then? Must he lie down and sprawl at their feet?

Jesu Maria—no! He may take to the woods, become a bandit, and avenge the wrongs he is too feeble to resent in open strife.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRIGANDS.

In California, as in Greece and Italy, brigands are the privateers of public wrongs, or what the peasants call their public wrongs. A brigand is a malcontent, who waits his chance to rise in a more threatening shape.

Los Angeles and San Jose, the Free Towns peopled by disbanded soldiers, squaws, and camp followers, are two great nests of rogues and thieves, gamblers and cut-throats. From these Free Towns, a line of brigand chiefs have drawn their scouts and helps. A mixed blood hates the agents of all rule and order. Years ago his teeth were clenched against the Spanish friars; at present his knife is whetted against the American police. Much of his passion is political, and the conflict in the jungle and on the mountain side is one of race with race.

High reputations have been made by these

Californian brigands. What hybrid peasant has not envied Capitan Soto, and his bold companion, Capitan Procopio? What lonely ranch and noisy drinking ken has not heard of Capitan Senati's deeds, and Capitan Moreno's treachery? What señorita has not sighed over the romantic love and tragic fate of Capitan Vasquez, the Mexican hero? Each of these brigands has excited and disturbed the country, roaming through the valleys, plundering the lonely farms, stopping the public mails, and carrying girls into the woods; each hero, as the hybrids think, combining the best qualities of Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, and Claude du Val.

Soto was the captain of a band of horse-stealers. Driving horses from the herd is ranked by Mexicans as the most lucrative and gallant branch of a brigand's trade. To steal horses, a man must be brave, cool, and hardy; he must know the country like a guide—each hidden jungle, nameless cave, and rocky pass—and he must sit his saddle as he sits a chair. All Mexicans ride well, but even for a Mexican ranger, Capitan Soto was a dasher; going like a gale of wind; yet able, in his rapid flight, to twist himself round his horse's belly, and to

cling unseen about his horse's neck. The charms of an adventurous life drew many riders, not less daring than himself, to Soto's camp. One day they were rioting with señoritas at Los Angeles; another, they were flying for their necks before such hunters as Sheriff Rowland and Sheriff Morse. Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego are the favourite scenes of brigand warfare, as the frontier offers them a ready market and a safe retreat. From Soto to Vasquez, every brigand in California has found his base of operations in Mexico.

Los Angeles county is a mountain region, with a dozen trackless cañons, opening into fertile plains. The soil was owned by half-breeds, children of the disbanded soldiers and their stolen squaws; but from the moment when the first British settlers fastened on the land, a fight for the estate began. The first Britons who came to Los Angeles were the Mormon soldiers serving under Colonel Cooke. These troops remained at Los Angeles a year, and were disbanded in the town. Some of these Mormons settled in the place; others rode up into the hills; and many more squatted on the plains. A reign of order and prosperity set in. The Red

skins liked these Mormons, regarding them as honest men, who wanted squaws and paid for them in skins and cows. A lovely climate, a prolific soil, drew other settlers from the North.

If California is the garden of America, Los Angeles county is the paradise of California. Woods and pastures have been sold by the unthrifty natives; woods uncut, pastures ungrazed; and the purchase money of these woods and pastures has been spent on cards and drink. The district is becoming white. Banks, stores, hotels are being opened in the town, while round the suburbs, in and out of glen and water-way, white farms and villas are beginning to dot the country side. All sorts of wealth abounds, so that the robber's greed is tempted by variety of spoil. All hands are ready to help him in carrying on his trade. A brigand is always welcome to the people in an old Free Town.

Capitan Soto led a rattling life. One day he fled to Mexico, where the customers for his stolen horses lived; another day he smoked his cigarette in San Quentin, the Newgate of California. Once he broke that prison; a daring and successful feat, one of the many legends of that place of demons. But

the White man's justice followed him to his lair. Morse rode him down and shot him in the road.

After killing the chief brigand, Sheriff Morse made tracks for San Francisco, where he hoped to seize the minor criminal, Capitan Procopio. When Soto's band was scattered by the rangers, Procopio, with a younger member of the company, named Vasquez, sought an asylum in Mexico, but after staying in that republic some days the two brigands ventured to take ship for San Francisco, where they meant to hide in the Mexican quarter. Morse got news of them, and made his dash. Young Vasquez slipped the lasso, but Procopio was taken in a den and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Capitan Senati was the leader of a company carrying on the trade of robbing shanties and stealing girls. Moreno was his first lieutenant; Los Angeles the scene of his exploits.

One day, hearing that a ball was to be given in Los Angeles by some ladies from San Francisco, Capitan Senati's company swooped into the streets, surrounded the house, and pillaged every one in the dancing rooms. After eating the supper, and drinking the wine, each brigand took a partner by

the waist, and whirled her round and round till he was tired. Then, at a signal from their chief, they filed out of the saloon, pointing their poignards at the men, and kissing their fingers to the women, as they bowed adieu.

Later in the night they broke into a ranch outside the town, where Capitan Senati outraged a female, and his lieutenant, Moreno, stole a gentleman's watch. A cry was raised in the streets, some rangers of the city mounted their horses, and a city marshal, riding in front of these rangers, followed the retreating brigands to their haunts. Senati shot the marshal dead; and as a challenge to the town, rode back with his company into Los Angeles, where he plundered several houses, and carried off a bevy of Mexican girls.

Fifteen hundred dollars were offered for the person of Capitan Senati, to be paid by the jailer of Los Angeles for his body, whether alive or dead. This money tempted Moreno, a man who had been in trade, and learnt to set more store on gold than others of his gang. With fifteen hundred dollars he might buy the finest horse and give the biggest dance in Los Angeles. That money should be his!

The camp was fixed near Greek George's ranch, ten miles only from the city; and one night, when the scouts were at their posts, and no one but Senati and himself were in the tent, Moreno crept behind his chief and shot him through the head. But they were not so far from listeners as he thought. Before the snap of his pistol died out, he heard a footstep near the tent, on which he hid his weapon and threw a blanket over Senati's face.

'Who fired that shot?' asked Bulvia, one of the brigands, striding in.

'Senati's pistol; gone off by accident,' grumbled Moreno. His companion showed distrust.

'Where is Senati?'

The enquiry could not be evaded, nor the deed concealed. It was a fight for life, and one of them must fall. Moreno was prepared for blood.

'Asleep—there, in the corner!'

Bulvia stooped to lift the rug, and as he bent forward, Moreno plunged a knife into his heart.

Lifting the two bodies into a cart, Moreno drove into Los Angeles, and going straight to the jail, woke up the warder, told his story, showed the two dead bodies, and claimed his price. How had he

captured them? It was a short and brilliant tale he had to tell. Taken by Senati's band, he had been kept a prisoner in their camp, but he had waited for his chance, and last night when all the gang were out, except the Capitan and one of his fellows, he had fought and killed the thieves. No doubt arose; a hundred persons in the city knew Senati's face. For several days Moreno was a hero, living on the spoil of war; till he was fool enough to walk into a shop, and offer the stolen watch for sale.

The jeweller, who knew that watch, sent secretly for the rangers, a dozen of whom were quickly on the spot. Moreno had no chance of an escape. On being convicted of the burglary, he told the truth about his murder of the two brigands near Greek George's ranch. He got fourteen years in San Quentin for stealing the watch, but no notice has yet been taken of his more atrocious crimes.

Yet none of these brigands have acquired the fame of Capitan Vasquez, the young companion of Procopio in his flight to Mexico.

Vasquez is a greater idol in his country than Vallejo. Poets write sonnets to Vasquez, women

swear by Vasquez, lads aspire to rival Vasquez. Every hybrid in California would be Vasquez if he had the talent and the mettle. Lives of Vasquez, Adventures of Vasquez, Captures of Vasquez, are written for the lowest grade of Mexican and Californian readers. Vallejo is but half a hero in the eyes of his countrymen. No one is sure of Vallejo; every one is sure of Vasquez. The general may live to make more treaties, and acquire fresh honours from the stranger; but the brigand's work on earth is done, and he is lying at San Jose in a patriot's cell, waiting for the sentence that will lay him in a patriot's grave.

In Mexican eyes, a brigand is a finer figure than a soldier. Vasquez, moreover, is no common bandit. He began his acts of violence in the name of an invaded country, and committed theft and murder in the cause of an outraged race. He robbed White men, and stripped the government mails. Some people think his schemes as vast in scope as they were bold in plan. By daring much, he sought to win the confidence of all the half-breed drovers, miners, and stockmen. It is said, his bands were companies which might have swollen to regiments.

Some persons think he might have raised an army, and become the Alvaredo of his epoch, had he not been ruined, like so many heroes, by the beauty of a woman and the jealousy of a friend.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPITAN VASQUEZ.

THE story of Tiburcio Vasquez is the legend of his race in light and shade.

Born in Monterey county, thirty-nine years ago, Vasquez is by birth a Mexican, and owes no fealty to the United States. His father, a mixed blood, like his neighbours, lived on a small farm called Los Felix, not far from Monterey. A poor school, kept by a drowsy priest, in Sleepy Hollow, offered him the only teaching he ever got. He learned to read a little, to recite his creed, and curse the heretics who came into his port for trade. Though ignorant of arts and men, he grew apace in animal strength and animal appetite. Like his Indian mothers, he was fleet of foot; like his Mexican fathers, he could catch a wild horse. Early in life, he learned to use the knife, and not one damsel in

a score could tire him in bolero and fandango. The fandango was his favourite dance.

The produce of Los Felix satisfied his father's wants; but the unhappy boy was fretting from a fever in his blood. White men came into Monterey, who took to building jetties, making roads, and opening schools. Such men were devils in his sight; intruders on his soil, and enemies of his Church. A rough and ready lot, with brawny arms and saucy tongues, these strangers pushed and shoved, and put on airs which drove the young hybrid mad with rage and hate. What right had they to come into his town, and edge their way into his drinking bars? A fretful spirit led him into strife; and when he flew at the 'white devils' these white devils cuffed and kicked and hustled him to the wall.

'As I grew up,' he says of himself, 'I went to balls and parties, given by natives, to which Americans came, shoving our men about, and trying to get our women from us. A desire for vengeance seized me like a demon.' The patriot, so jealous of his women, was fifteen years of age!

Next year, being now sixteen, he opened a saloon and killed his first White man. White men

came into his den, who quaffed his liquor, won his coin, and pattered with his girls. Speaking of these days, he says, 'The white men cuffed and kicked me. They took my sweethearts by the waist and kissed them to my face. I fought them in defence of what I felt to be my rights, and those of my companions, natives of the soil. I fled and hid myself. The officers of justice followed me. For what? For wanting to enjoy my own.'

His passion grew with age; a dark and sullen jealousy taking full possession of his soul. 'For some time I went on doggedly, shoving those who shoved me, keeping my sweethearts at my side, and drinking where I liked and as I liked. One night there was a row, and then I left the town.'

A man was killed. Seeing a fight going on, an officer interfered, when Vasquez plunged a knife into his heart. The murderer fled from Monterey.

'Getting a herd of kine,' he says, 'I went to Mendocino county, in the north, three hundred miles from Monterey; but even in the north I was not left alone in peace. White men pursued me to my ranch; but I escaped unhurt and fled into the woods. Then I resolved to change my course. It

was their fault, not mine. They would not let me work—in future I would steal.'

A good Catholic, Vasquez set out for Los Felix, where his mother lived, to tell her of his purpose and invoke her blessing on his plan. 'My mother loves me much, and will not fail me now,' he whispered as he pushed along. Arriving at the ranch, he slipped into her room, and falling on his knees told her his tale. 'I am about to go into the world, and take my chance'—a Mexican way of saying he was going on the roads to rob mails and shoot passengers. His mother, Guadalupe Cantua, was a half-breed woman from the San Benito hills, above Los Angeles. She understood her son. He meant to live on other people, taking what he wanted from them, and she feared her boy might suffer at their hands. Like a true Mexican she blessed him to his task, and placed him under the protection of her saints.

'I got my mother's blessing,' says the brigand, 'and from that day I began to rove and rob.'

Going into the hills of San Benito, where his kindred lived, he first fell in with Capitan Soto, and engaged to serve him in stealing mustangs. He

was soon a master of his craft, a favourite of his chief. With Capitan Soto, he was taken prisoner, and got five years in San Quentin. With Capitan Soto, he broke prison, but in three weeks he was again in jail. Six years of San Quentin failed to cool his blood. When he came out of jail, his cousin Leiva, and some other lads about Los Felix, preferring theft to labour, gathered at his heels and made him captain of their gang. Hating the whites as only the sons of white men and dark women do, these youngsters called themselves patriots, and talked of making California too hot for such 'pale devils' to endure. They stopped a mail and stripped the passengers of watches, rings, and coin. A something new to the settlers in the method of this robbery made the name of Vasquez known in every ranch and mine in California. Dashing at the stage, he bade the passengers alight, sit down in a row some feet apart, and cross their feet and wrists. One fellow made a noise. 'I shot him in the leg,' says Vasquez, 'not to hurt him, but to keep up discipline.' Taking from his belts some leather thongs, Vasquez tied each pair of feet and wrists, and having

robbed his captives, rolled them on their backs and put blankets on their faces while he rifled the stage. He then galloped to the hills, leaving his prisoners tied and writhing on the ground.

It was a new and daring act, more grateful to the Half-breed natives, as they heard that the loss of money was forgotten in the burning sense of shame.

'With seven inside the stage, and two outside, the driver and the guard, how came you to sit down in the mire and let three robbers tie you up?' I ask a man who happened to have been riding with the mail that day.

'The cause is simple,' he explains, 'so simple that it never fails. You know, we English and Americans are strangers in the land. No traveller can trust his fellow. Each of the seven persons inside the coach that day, believed the other six passengers were members of the band. Before we knew the truth, their thongs were on our wrists, their rifles at our heads.'

At twenty-eight, Capitan Vasquez was already the talk of every dancing-room from Santa Clara to Los Angeles. 'I did it all myself, by my own valour; I, the bravest of the brave!' he says. Dark eyes

looked up to him, and dusky arms were clasped about his neck.

Leivâ, his cousin, followed him like a dog. Soto implored him to rejoin the band, horse-lifting for the Mexican markets being a profitable trade. By turns he played each game; now stealing horses from the herd, now robbing store and stage; but always squandering his ill-gotten gains on dice and drink. No scruple as to shedding blood arrested him. If any one stood out, he shot him through the heart. Among his deeds of blood was the murder of a poor Italian, whom he robbed and slew at the Enriquita mines.

For four years this brigand kept his country in alarm. As fleet of foot as other men are in the saddle, and as much at home in the saddle as other men are in easy chairs, he mocked at city rangers and defied the hue and cry. At length he fell into a snare; the charge was stealing horses; a third time he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment in San Quentin. At the end of three years, a legislature, not too hard on robbers, passed an act of clemency which set him free once more. When he came out, more like a savage than ever,

a band was gathered about him and reduced to order. Vasquez took the chief command, with Leiva as his first lieutenant. Chavez was his second lieutenant, Castro and Morena were his principal scouts. Leiva had a young and pretty wife, Rosalia, who rode with them into the woods, and shared the pleasures and privations of their camp.

Señora Rosalia was a niece by marriage of Señora Cantua, and a gossip of the whole Vasquez family at Los Felix. Love led her into sin and crime. Fidelity to wedded vows is not a virtue of her race, and Vasquez was a hero in all female eyes. A fearless rider, an untiring dancer, a deadly shot, and a successful brigand, her cousin had nearly all the qualities most admired by Mexicans, whether male or female. Everybody talked of him, everybody feared him. Living by plunder, he had always men, and nearly always money, at his command. What Half-breed female could resist a man so gifted and so great?

'Capitan Vasquez never sighed in vain,' he says, 'to either señora or señorita.' A story, current since his capture, implies that he was

driven into his evil courses through the seduction of his young wife by a White man. This story is untrue. Though boasting of as long a list of amours as Don Juan, the Capitan smiles with scorn and pity when you ask him about his wife and child.

'A child, but not a wife,' he says; 'I love my girls like a man; but never could be tied to any one female skirt.'

'Then it is false that your wife was taken from you by an English settler?'

'False; yes, false. I never had a wife.'

His scorn of married love is said to be one great element in his success with women.

Rosalia loved him as a brigand chief, and her attachment helped to keep him in the field. He wished to please her eye and gratify her pride. On leaving San Quentin with a pardon, given to him on a promise of good behaviour, his jailers believed that he intended to redeem his pledge. By staying at home, he might have put Los Felix into order; but the presence of his mistress in the neighbourhood unstrung his mind. Rosalia loved him for his daring deeds; and how, whilst drudging on a

farm, could he approve himself a hero in Rosalia's sight? To hold her, he must fly into the hills.

Choice led him to the heights above Los Angeles, in the vicinity of that San Benito peak from which his mother sprang, among the ins and outs of which Leiva and Rosalia were at home.

Some rival bands were in the district, led by Capitan Soto. On hearing that the rangers of Los Angeles were out, Vasquez joined his old leader, when a brush took place, in which the banditti were severely mauled. Vasquez fled across the frontier into Mexico, leaving Rosalia to her husband's care. On his return, after the death of Soto, and the capture of Procopio, Vasquez rejoined Rosalia at Rock Creek, the caves and woods of which became his camp, proposing to avenge his slaughtered chief and captured friend. His plan was to announce his presence in the district by a sudden blow; a blow that should be echoed through the land. He had to rouse his people, and to show them they had still a leader in their front. A great crime, swiftly planned and promptly done, would tell his race what kind of man he

was, and raise up friends for him in every wayside hut and every mountain pass.

Rosalia and her husband were consulted on his scheme of robbery and murder, and they both assented to the deed which made the name of Tres Pinos roll and echo through the land.

CHAPTER X.

BRIGAND LIFE.

TRES PINOS, a white hamlet on the Rio San Benito, was selected for the scene of his revenge. A mail passes through Tres Pinos every night. The place consists of a post office, a tavern, a stable, a drinking bar, a smithy, and a barn. Leandro Davidson kept the hotel, Andrew Snyder owned a store. Snyder was rich. If all went well with him, Vasquez could reckon on adding the profit of money and horses, to the pleasure of revenge.

Starting from Rock Creek, but leaving Rosalia at San Embro, the brigands rode down the San Benito Valley till they came within easy distance of Tres Pinos. Here they changed hats and cloaks, and gave a last look at their arms. Leiva and Gonzalez went up to the hamlet, with orders to lounge into the bar-room one by one, to call for drink, to count

how many men were near, to note how many of those men would fight, and learn whre Snyder kept his gold. Moreno followed them. Vasquez and Chavez lay out of sight. On coming to Tres Pinos, Leiva saluted Snyder, asking him to have a drink. Snyder complied. A dozen loafers hung about the store. Two of these men were pals of Leiva, ready to assist him with their knives. Gonzalez hitched his horse, and took his post. A team belonging to a man named Haley drove up, on which Snyder left his store, and most of his neighbours followed him out into the road. Five or six loafers stayed behind. Moreno entered by a side-door with his pistol cocked. 'Lie down!' he hissed between his teeth. 'Down, down!' repeated Leiva. As the loafers dropped, Leiva held Moreno's weapon, while that brigand rolled them over, tied their hands and feet, and turned their faces to the wall. A rag was thrown on each, so that he could see nothing; and Leiva told them, with a string of oaths, that any one who either moved a limb or raised a murmur should be blown to pieces. Snyder was still chatting with Haley in the road, when Chavez came up, and asked him to go in, and find

a letter in the post bag. On entering he was seized. 'Lie down!' roared Leiva. Snyder glanced around, but five or six revolvers met his gaze. 'Lie down,' exclaimed Moreno, 'or we'll blow the top of your poll off!' Snyder was tied and covered like the rest. The rifling then began. Goods, clothes, and even meats, were put into sacks and tied up, ready to be flung across the mules. Gonzalez attended to the stable and the barn.

A shot was heard, and then a cry of pain, but no one knew on whom the bolt had fallen. No man dared to rise. A second shot was heard, followed by a piteous wail, and every one knew that blood was being shed. A moan came through the door; but not a soul could lift the cover from his face.

Vasquez had shot one man named Hill, a second man named Radford. They were strangers, but the colour of their skin was an offence. Davidson was trying to close the door of his hotel, when Vasquez, noticing his movement, raised his gun, and brought the poor innkeeper to the ground. Davidson never spoke again. Then turning to the teamster Haley, Vasquez said to him, 'Lie down!'

'What for?' asked Haley. Vasquez kicked him in the ribs, and knocked him on the skull. 'Lie still,' he snarled, while tying him in a rope, emptying his pockets, and pitching him under the horses' feet.

'All done there?' the Capitan now cried to those inside. Yes: all was done; a stock of goods and clothes, eight horses, and two gold watches were secured. But they had found no money in the till. No money! Jesu Maria, all this blood, and not a dollar for our pains! Striding into the room, Vasquez took hold of Snyder, and with pistol pointed at his temples, pulled him to the porch. 'I want your money; if you bring it out I spare your life, if not you are a dead man.' Snyder led him to the door of his wife's apartment.

'Any one with arms in there?' asked Vasquez, pausing at the door. A woman came out. 'They want my money, dear,' said Snyder. 'They shall have it if they do no harm,' she answered, and she brought out all her coin. Snyder was taken back, and tied once more; after which the brigands packed their spoil, mounted their horses, and decamped.

On quitting Tres Pinos, the band separated; Leiva's pals going off at once, Moreno and Gonzalez afterwards. Pursuit was certain to be hot; and Vasquez thought that for a few weeks to come every man had better look to himself. Leiva and Chavez rode all night with their Capitan, hardly slackening speed until they reached San Embro, where Rosalia waited for her hero, and received him with the raptures due to his great deed.

Rosalia's rapture was the ruin of his gang.

Tipsy with love and joy, the brigand's mistress was so indiscreet in her caresses that her husband's eyes were opened. Leiva began to watch his cousin and his wife. In going from San Embro to Rock Creek, he saw enough to satisfy him that his wife was false. He spake no word, but, like a hybrid cur, skulked about Rock Creek, living with his false wife and false friend, until he heard that Adams, sheriff of Santa Clara, and Rowland, sheriff of Los Angeles, were in the field, scouring the country in pursuit of the assassins. Then he slipped away unseen, riding from point to point, ready to give himself up, and, on a promise of

blood-money, to lead the rangers straight into the robber's lair.

On finding his lieutenant gone, Vasquez put Rosalia on a mule, and bore her to a place of safety near Elizabeth Lake. Thence he rode back to Rock Creek, the camp where he had stalled his horses and concealed his goods. One day the rangers ran him down, but after some sharp fighting he escaped into the copse. At El Monte he had a second scrimmage with the rangers, and the chase became so hot that he feared Rosalia might be stolen from his arms. Riding down to the lake, and lifting her to his crupper, he set out for Rock Creek, as being the safest place he knew. No ranger had as yet been near the creek, for Leiva had not fallen in with Rowland; and even after his flight, the brigand hardly thought his lieutenant would betray him for a woman's sake. They watched and waited; hoping the hue and cry would turn some other way. Before Rosalia had been many days in her lover's camp, scouts brought in news that the rangers of Los Angeles were coming up the creek, riding in fiery haste and overpowering strength.

Vasquez and Rosalia were alone. 'I hear their

hoofs,' said Vasquez, stepping out of his cave into the road. His mistress followed at his heels. 'We may as well go on and meet them,' he said jauntily, but when the rangers came in sight, Vasquez beckoned to Rosalia, who slipped after him silently into the wood and let them pass. His cave was found, his camp captured; thirty-six horses being retaken and restored to their several owners, as well as much of the property stolen from Tres Pinos.

Leiva, who was still lurking in the neighbourhood watching the White rangers, now came in, and Rowland, after listening to his tale, engaged his services as scout and guide. At length the Sheriff saw a chance of hunting the assassin down.

Aware of what was now going on, Vasquez took Rosalia to a shepherd's ranch, where she lay in hiding three or four months, her lover going to see her now and then by stealth. Here they began to flout and quarrel. Vasquez had a dozen favourites whom he liked to see, and when Rosalia moped at being left so long, he told her he was weary, and must send her home. Not to let her go empty, he rode over the ridge to that Firebaugh ferry, on the San Joaquin river, where the passengers are all

Judges and Colonels, and having tied and robbed ten White men and one Yellow man, he brought their clothes and money to Rosalia, put her on a mule, and sent her under escort to her father's house.

Believing he had now done everything that a lover should do for a woman who has ceased to please him, Vasquez put Rosalia from his mind, except so far as his lieutenant Leiva was concerned in her affairs. Wanting to see no more of Leiva's wife, he hoped his cousin would take her back, forget his fit of jealousy, and rejoin the band. But Leiva's savage blood was stirred. The perfidy of his friend and the desertion of his wife had driven him mad. Instead of coming to the camp, he hung on Vasquez's footsteps like a Cuban bloodhound on the scent, not daring to attack him face to face, but hiding in his path, spying out his comings and goings, and crying to the bolder hunters, till he found his opportunity of dragging him to a felon's cell.

Guided by Leiva's messages, Rowland was often in his track and always on his trail. Not once but many times, the brigand had to crouch in the bush, and let the fierce pursuit sweep on. Nimble as a cantamount, Vasquez could climb into a tree or creep

into a hole. One day, while he was flying up a hill near San Gabriel, followed by Rowland and a dozen rangers, he met John Osborne, Charley Miles, and two other citizens of Los Angeles driving in a stylish team. 'Halt there!' cried Vasquez. Osborne, not knowing who the man was, began to laugh, and shaking his rein, drove his horses on three of the gang who happened to be riding behind their chief. Vasquez put up his rifle.

'Out with your money; quick! A dozen men are coming up.'

Osborne declared that he had no money.

'Then I'll take a watch,' said the impatient Vasquez. Miles and Osborne eyed each other. Miles had a hunting lever, Osborne a gold repeater. 'Come, come,' cried the robber, looking down the road, and seeing the cloud of mounted men not more than a thousand yards behind, 'I'll take them both. Good-bye!'

Unable to ride the brigand down, Rowland, acting on Leiva's hints, affected to renounce the chase. Vasquez believed the storm gone by. His scouts were near the sheriff of Los Angeles day and night, and finding that he sat in his office, carelessly smoking his

cigar, and chatting lazily with anyone who called, the scouts imagined that Sheriff Rowland had given up the game, and that the mystery of Tres Pinos, like so many other mysteries of crime in California, was a thing of the past.

Ten miles from Los Angeles, at the foot of a ridge of hills, stands the lonely ranch belonging to Greek George—Jorge el Griego—which Vasquez made his lair. Windows command the two approaches to his house. A look-out sweeps his line of road. A dozen trails, unknown to strangers, lead into the hills, in which are many clumps and caves. It is a station to defy surprise. Greek George was in Los Angeles, watching the Sheriff's movements, and reporting to his chief that everything looked well.

One night a little after twelve o'clock, Undersheriff Johnson rode out of Los Angeles, with seven companions at his side. At dawn they drew up, under cover of a knoll, and held a long palaver. Some members of the party clomb a height, from which a field glass showed them every part of Greek George's house and grounds. A horse, often ridden by the brigand chief, was hitched to a tree;

and Vasquez himself was observed standing near the house. A white horse belonging to Chavez was bolting, and a mounted man was giving chase.

No doubt the under-sheriff and his rangers had their game in front, but how were they to seize it in the snare? The battery was masked, the garrison unknown. If any one were at the look-out in the hills, Vasquez would be warned of their approach, and with a start of ten minutes he could defy them to run him down. Even from his window, their approach would be observed a mile off, giving the murderers time to run for shelter to the woods.

Chance brought assistance to the rangers, for a Mexican team drove up from the direction of Greek George's ranch. Johnson seized this waggon, bade his men picket their steeds, crawl into the wagon, and lie flat down. Each ranger had his rifle ready for the fray. Putting a pistol to the driver's ear, Johnson told him to shut his mouth, and drive back towards Greek George's ranch. In a few minutes they were at the fence. The team stopped, the rangers leaped out. Two of the party ran to the west side, four made for the front. A

female, opening the door, and seeing so many armed men, raised a scream, and tried to close the door in their faces; but the rangers were too quick for her, and, tearing in, some of them caught sight of Vasquez leaping through a slit in the adobe wall. A bullet grazed him as he sprang. 'There he goes through the window,' cried the ranger who had fired. Lighting on his feet in the garden, Vasquez looked around, as if in doubt. There stood his horse, if he had only time to mount. There grew the copse, if he had only time to hide. A second bullet struck him, and he reeled and fell. Bounding to his feet, like a wild cat, he glared from ranch to road, from horse to copse. A third shot smote him. Blood was flowing from his face and from his side. The game was over; he threw up his hands.

'Señor, you have done well,' he said to the under-sheriff, who arrested him; 'I have been fooled, but it is all my fault.' He spake no more.

The rangers laid him on a pallet in the court yard, believing he was near his end. A tress of black hair and photographs of two children were found in his vest. The lock of hair was tied in a bit of blue ribbon. The photographs, he said, were

pictures of his children. Of the tress he would say nothing; but he gave the lock to Johnson, as a brave man; 'a brave man like myself—a brave man like myself,' he added more than once; begging the under-sheriff to preserve it with the care of a gentleman till he asked for it again. Then he lay down on his pallet, fainting from loss of blood.

Adon Leiva was avenged.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE AND DEATH.

THOUGH Capitan Vasquez never sighed in vain to señorita, he nursed a great contempt for women.

'Do you think a woman had to do with your arrest?'

'No, surely not,' replies the brigand with a sneer: 'I never trusted women in my life.'

'Not with the secret of your hiding-places in the hills?'

'No, Señor; I never put myself in any woman's power, by telling her a secret that could do me injury.'

Yet men may be betrayed who never give their trust, even to the women they profess to love. His wounds being dressed, the brigand has been brought to San Jose, where he is nearer to the white settlements, than at Los Angeles. At San Jose, he is overshadowed by the power of San Francisco.

San Jose, one of the Free Towns, has, like Los Angeles, a lower class of mongrel breed and vicious life; one of the great sinks from which such chiefs as Soto and Vasquez draw their bands. But these bad elements in the town, though rough and noisy, quail before the steady courage of the upper class —White men of British race, who having grown rich as advocates and physicians, bankers and merchants, have built their country houses on Coyote Creek; converting a camp of troops and squaws, with their unruly progeny, into a paradise of villas, colleges, and schools. These new comers are enrolled as vigilants, and are masters of the town.

While waiting trial, Vasquez is behaving like a true half-breed, lying in the faces of his friends, boasting of his noble deeds, and acting basely towards the woman who has wrecked her soul for him. He tells all those who go to see him, that he never killed a man in his life—not even Davidson. Leiva, he says, shot all the three men who were butchered at Tres Pinos. Having won Rosalia's love, in fair rivalry against her husband, he asserts that Leiva, like a jealous cur, betrayed him to the sheriffs out of envy at the preference of his wife.

Sometimes he prattles of a second mistress, but he never breathes her name, and does not mark this woman, as either the mother of his child or the female of his cherished lock.

When ladies come to see him in his cell, he takes a tone of gallantry, yet with an air and distance flattering to their sex.

'I am distressed,' a lady says, 'to see so brave a man as you in such a place.'

'Señora,' smirks the brigand, 'if I were as brave as you believe me, I should never have been here at all.'

'Well,' sighs his visitor, touching his bandaged fingers, 'I am grieved to think they caught you in the ranch.' He looks into her eyes, and lifting up his wounded hands, exclaims, 'Que las bendiciones de Dias sean siempre contigo!'—(may the blessings of God be showered on you for ever more).

His cell is full of gifts—food, clothes, and money; sent by his admiring countrymen and more admiring countrywomen. A purse is being raised for his defence, and every one expects a stormy trial, a timid jury, and a doubtful sentence.

'No one dares convict him,' says a Mexican, who is sitting next to me at table.

'Not if he is guilty of three murders?'

'Not if he is guilty of a hundred murders—as they say he is. Whether right or wrong, our people think him an injured man, who loves his country and his religion, and is persecuted for the love which thousands share with him. They make his cause their own. No jury in San Jose will dare to find Tiburcio Vasquez guilty of a capital crime.'

An English settler listens to this talk, and when the Mexican stops, he says quietly, 'In that case, Tiburcio Vasquez will be lynched.'

'Lynched—by a White mob?'

'Yes, if you like the word, by a White mob. I know the temper of our people well; their blood is up this time; and whether the jury find him guilty or not guilty, Vasquez will be hung at San Jose.'

This settler speaks the truth. The British race is master in these valleys; and the British race demands the brigand's blood.

Postscript.

Capitan Vasquez has been tried, found guilty, and executed. As all the twelve jurors on the panel are English in name, we need not wonder that they agreed to hang the murderer. Rosalia figures largely in the evidence; the theory set up in favour of Vasquez being rather Indian than Spanish in character. Vasquez and Leiva were pictured to the jury as rivals in love with the same woman; Vasquez having advantages of person, Leiva advantages of position. Any reference to Leiva's rights as Rosalia's husband was thought superfluous. Rosalia was represented as fair game for any lover to run down and capture. Vasquez ran her down; on which his rival, stung by jealousy, sold his secret to the sheriff. Mexicans would side with the bold wooer and the false wife, not with the deceived and outraged husband. Leiva admitted he was jealous, and that his jealousy drove him to betray his chief; but he denied that any of the facts which he had stated under oath were false.

Judge Belden told the jury that a man's oath is not to be rejected on the ground that his wife has

violated her marriage vow. This rule of law, so simple to an English ear, is inconceivable to a Mexican. If a wife is false, the Mexican thinks her husband is sure to go, in his revenge, beyond all legal and moral bounds. He will do any deed, swear any lie. The fact that he is wronged in his honour makes him a criminal, not to be credited on his oath. An English jury, having no difficulty in accepting Leiva's evidence, found a verdict of guilty against the brigand.

Belden deferred his sentence till an appeal for a new trial was heard and dismissed. Then he addressed the bandit, in words which burn with all the passion of the White Conquest, when the White conquerors have been provoked by deeds of blood:

'Tiburcio Vasquez—Aided by the situation of the country, you eluded for a time the officers who were in your pursuit, and at last seemed to have fancied that your offences were forgotten and your safety assured. Unfortunate man! Vain delusion! The blood of your murdered victims cried unceasingly for vengeance, and there could be for your crime no forgetfulness, for you no refuge. Justice might be for a time delayed—she would not be

baffled. The State whose laws you set at defiance, whose citizens you had ruthlessly murdered, aroused herself for retributive justice. The Commonwealth, with all her resources of men and treasure, was upon your track with tireless purpose and exhaustless means. She followed you in all your wanderings, and made of your vicious associates her most efficient instruments. In every camp that gave you shelter, her officers bartered for your surrender. In the confederates you trusted, she found the man ready to betray you. From such a pursuit there could be no escape, and you are here—here with the record of your lawless life well nigh ended, without one act of generosity or deed of even courage to relieve its utter depravity. The appeals you have made to your countrymen for aid in your present distress have met a response becoming them and befitting you. Shocked at your atrocities, they have neither aided you to escape the punishment merited nor pretended the sympathy you have sought to invoke. They have left you to answer alone at the bar of justice. With the memory of your many victims before you, and the dark shadow of an approaching gloom about you, indulge no

illusive hope that the fate can be averted or long delayed. Every appeal that zeal could suggest or eloquence urge was pressed upon your jury in the hope that they might be persuaded to leave for you the pitiful boon of life; but the jury heard the story of your crimes from yourself; they accepted the responsibility of adjudging the penalty merited; and in their deliberations they determined and in their verdict declared you unworthy to live. Of that verdict there can be but one opinion—that of unqualified approval. Upon this verdict the law declares the judgment, and speaking through the Court, awards the doom—a penalty commensurate with the crime of which you stand convicted, and therein merited by the threefold murder that stains your hands. The judgment is—death. That you be taken hence and securely kept by the sheriff of Santa Clara county until Friday, the 19th day of March, 1875. That upon that day, between the hours of nine o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon, you be by him hanged by the neck until you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul.'

He was taken out and hung accordingly. An

attempt at rescue was expected; but the White citizens were ready; the lower classes saw that the case was desperate; and on Friday, March 19, Capitan Vasquez, the most famous brigand in California, dangled from a tree in San Jose.

CHAPTER XII.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

'With fifty thousand dollars,' the bandit said at San Jose, 'I could have raised an army, driven out the English settlers, and cleared the southern counties of California from Santa Clara to San Diego.'

Men less heated than the prisoner think that if Vasquez had been cursed with as much genius for affairs as Castro and Alvaredo, he might have caused a civil war and cost the State much blood and coin.

These persons judge by what is going on in Mexico, a country very much like California, being occupied by half-breeds, with a sprinkle here and there of such dons and caballeros as we find in the streets and billiard-rooms of Monterey. Over the border, nothing is easier than for a man like Vasquez to provoke a riot, desecrate a church, expel a governor; but a rise of rustics, at the call of men devoid of

character and position, is not easy in a land of settled farms, wedded by railway lines and telegraph wires to strong and populous towns. In California such rustics would be trampled in the dust and scattered to the winds. A fire will lick up straw hutches that would hardly leave a mark on granite walls.

No rising of these Half-breeds, as they now begin to see, can shake the solid structure of American rule. If the Mexicans, either pure or mixed, are to keep alive their name and faith in presence of the British races, they must seek support in Catholic colleges like Santa Clara, not in brigand camps near San Benito Peak.

Two miles north of San Jose peep out the capulas and spires of Santa Clara; once a seat of the Franciscan friars, a centre of the Catholic missions; now, according to the change of times, the site of a Jesuit college, and a source of Catholic teaching for the whole Pacific slope.

Lying in the midst of oak and cedar, glancing over sparkling waves, sheltered in the arms of lofty hills, Santa Clara has a charm of scenery and situation to attract the eyes of any one who, having made

his fortune, wants to build himself a poetic home. A hundred villas nestle in the woods, a hundred châlets climb the hills. A railway belts the town. Schools, churches, banks, hotels, and hospitals abound. Here stands a court-house, there a university. Santa Clara is an English town, alive with English fire and hope; and yet, one turns from all these signs of a new order to the old Franciscan cloister, in the cells of which the city of Santa Clara had her birth.

Slouching at the college gate, stands an old Indian, called Marcello, dressed in tags and beads, like a Mexican. He is waiting for his daily dole.

Marcello is a double of the patriarch of Carmelo Bay. A child when Fray Tomas de la Peña built this cloister, and laid out these walks, the old chief has lived through many histories. Within his five-score years the Spaniards have come and gone, the Mexicans have risen and fallen. Living under many flags, he has been a thrall of Spain, a citizen of Mexico, a vassal of California, an outcast of the United States. To him these changes have been like an evil dream, of which the sense escaped his mind, while the pang remained in his flesh.

One day his neck was under foot of king and friar, next day under that of judge and general; and of these four tyrants, he found the judge and general far less mindful of his rights than priest and king. As one of the converts of St. Francis, he was lodged and fed; but since his year of freedom, he has been a beggar and an outcast in the land of which he was once a prince.

At Santa Clara lay the camp and refuge of a band of brethren, who in pious zeal, without an eye to their own profit, lived among a herd of savages for more than sixty years, making the one great effort that has ever yet been made to save the natives of this coast. Ten or twelve missions were engaged in carrying on the work; missions at San Diego and Santa Barbara, at San Luis Obisco and San Carlos, at Soledad and San Juan, at San Jose and San Francisco; but the heart and brain, the rule and method, of this great Christian experiment, were at Santa Clara. Here the provincial had his seat. Here strangers in the country were received. Hither came every one who wished to make a fortune, or to thrive at court. Reports were sent from other missions to Santa Clara; every

rescript and command was issued from Santa Clara. Santa Clara was the court and capital of this Franciscan Commonwealth.

The brethren of St. Francis failed to establish a sacred Commonwealth in Upper California, and their work has passed into other and stronger hands. They failed, as the English church failed in Ireland, as the Sept-Insular Republic failed in Greece, from lack of nationality. Even at the best their rule was alien, and supported from without. They had no root in the soil. Yet who can say, with justice, of the Franciscan brethren, that they failed so signally as to deserve no record of their work, no pity in their fall. Some of the brethren may have been imperfect in their lives. Being flesh and blood, they must have caught some virus from the soil. They were not always meek. A bad friar may have loved strong waters, and indulged in pleasures contrary to his vows. Too many were puffed out with pride. At times their rule was so heavy as to lead a stranger, like Vancouver, to declare that he could see no difference between the treatment of a Franciscan's convert and a planter's slave.

No doubt, again, their method laid them open to

some censures of a general kind. They took possession of the soil, and held their prize with an unyielding hand. They woke no sense of property in the Indian mind. They were inclined to keep all tribal usages and customs. Caring little for freedom, they retained in thrall a people who had always lived in thrall. They seldom interfered with family life. They let the sale of girls go on; and visited hutches where the bucks had several squaws. They left the ancient superstitions in the lodge, content with giving them new names.

Yet, be their errors small or great, these brethren kept the tribes alive. A race of savages was drawn by them into a semblance of Christian order, and endowed with some slight knowledge of domestic arts. A prospect of improvement for the children yet unborn was opened out. Who says the fathers left no fruits? Why, thirty years after landing on these coasts, they had cleared and settled the choicest spots from San Diego to San Francisco. They owned sixty-seven thousand horned cattle, a hundred and seven thousand sheep, three thousand horses and mules. When the Mexicans broke in, they had a colony of eighteen hundred converts in this valley of

Santa Clara, living on the soil, more or less settled, earning their bread by labour, with the males and females taking on themselves an equal share. They owned twelve hundred horses, thirteen thousand horned cattle, fifteen thousand sheep, hogs, and goats. The other missions were like Santa Clara; each had her colony of converts, and her wealth of kine and sheep.

Where are these converts now? Too many of them are scattered to the woods, or laid beneath the grass.

What other order or society has ever put out hand to help these people? Mexico dispersed their teachers, and divided the common lands. In five or six years those lands were gone. A free man, holding an estate, can sell it; and the only use ever made by these Indians of their freedom was to sell their lands and purchase drink.

When the United States came in, these tribes were overlooked, and down to this moment they are virtually overlooked. Within the districts covered by the old Catholic Missions, there is only one small agency; a mere farm on Tule River. The Indians have neither lands nor cows; the flocks

and herds which they reared under the friars have disappeared.

In northern California, beyond the mission limits, there are two more agencies; one agency in Hoopa Valley, a second in Round Valley; but from Trinidad to Carmelo, on a line three hundred miles in length, till lately peopled by a gentle though a savage race, the native tribes and families are abandoned to disease and death. Even in the two agencies, little has been done. Five years ago a trapper and a trooper were employed to rule and guard these savages. The trapper failed to mend their morals, the soldier to restrain their vagabond ways. Neither trapper nor trooper could prevent them from perishing in a country full of wild game, and in a climate favourable to length of days.

If the Franciscans failed, they only failed where everybody fails. At Eureka, in the Humboldt Valley, American soldiers are stationed, as Spanish soldiers used to be stationed at San Carlos and Santa Clara. What is the result? American officers and soldiers take to Red women, much as Spanish officers and soldiers took to Red women. Knight, a Califor-

nian advocate, was sent to Humboldt Valley to report, and these are some of his unflattering words:

'There have been in this valley from one to two hundred soldiers, and I think at least half of their pay goes in that way. There have been about ten employés, averaging sixty dollars per month each, and I believe half of this went the same way. The commissioned officers made large outlays in the same direction. This, taken altogether, more than doubled the government bounty. Its effect on the Indians has been terrible. Half breed children, disease, loss of self-respect, are only a part of the evils. It has dethroned the chief, set aside the influence of the father, husband, and head of family, and brought to the front, in all things, the good-looking and profligate young women. They flaunt round in gaudy finery, while their elders are naked or clothed in rags.'

No fiscal from Santa Clara ever told a truer and a darker story of what he found in Santa Barbara and Soledad.

Aware how much had been done by the Franciscans under great and ever-growing difficulties, the Americans have lately paid those fathers the compli-

ment of restoring their system—so far as a Protestant people and a secular government can restore their system—by placing these agencies under the control of religious bodies, chiefly Methodists and Quakers. But these purer agents have not stopped the progress of decline, and hardly raised, as yet, the tone of such few stragglers as survive. Old bucks go naked; young bucks get drunk. Fathers still sell their daughters to the Whites. A slave trade more revolting and atrocious than the sale of Negroes is conducted under the eyes of Christian judges, as it used to be conducted under the eyes of Franciscan priors. No native either gives a vote or exercises public trust. The tribes are tied to certain spots, cooped in like kine, from which they may not stir, under penalty of being hunted down, tied up with thongs, and lashed to their old posts. Compelled to work for the White farmers, they are lucky if the master is kind enough to lend them a gun to kill their food. They can be sent from master to master, and removed from one agency to another against their wish.

A man like Vancouver would find it hard to see in what respect their freedom under the Stars and

Stripes differs from their slavery under the red and yellow flag.

Yet the tribes and families which fell under the Franciscan Commonwealth are more advanced and better off than any other Red tribes and families. An Indian commissioner, who has no clerical bearings to betray his judgment, writes:—'The mission Indians, having been for the past century under the Catholic missions established on the Californian coast, are tolerably well advanced in agriculture, and compare favourably with the most highly civilised tribes of the East.' He adds, in detail, that these civilised Indians 'support themselves by working for White settlers, or by hunting, fishing, begging, and stealing, except a few, who go to the military post for assistance in the way of food.'

These waifs in the agencies have some support; the other waifs and strays have none. Since they lost the friars, these converts have been perishing in their tens, their fifties, nay their hundreds; yet the State does nothing for them, and the sturdy settler, in his hurry to be safe, is brushing them from his path as roughly as he stamps out wolves and bears.

What wonder, then, that old Marcello should re-

gard each step of progress as a loss? Whatever flag is up, his people perish from the soil. The chief has lived too long, having lived to see his tribe converted, liberated, and destroyed.

No government or society has known so well as the Franciscans how to rule this savage and pacific race.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JESUITS.

'THEIR task is done, and they are gone,' says Padre Varsi, Principal of the Jesuit College in Santa Clara, and an eminent member of his company.

A tall, dark figure, with a face of antique mould, in which the natural force seems tamed by fasting, prayer, and self-control, the reverend Father has lived in many cloisters, travelled in many countries, and is well acquainted with the world. He seems to live in his retreat, taking no thought of the world beyond his college gates; yet he is quick with news, and has a perfect knowledge of what is passing in the courts of London and Berlin, Paris and Rome.

He need to have his eyes and ears alive. A great and arduous labour lies before him and the other Jesuits in California, for their Church has lost her ancient empire on the coast, and they are

charged with a commission to restore that empire to the Papal chair.

'When I first came to Monterey,' said Spence to me the other day, 'every man in this country was a Catholic, every woman a devout Catholic. The Roman sentiment was in the air. You could no more avoid going to mass in the morning than you could escape sleeping in the fort at night. No other rites but those of Rome were tolerated in the place. Whether you liked or not, you were obliged to keep the customary rules, and call yourself a subject of the Pope.'

'You were not a Catholic?'

'No, I was a Presbyterian, like my father, but a Presbyterian could not stay in Monterey, so I was forced to seem a Catholic, in order to stay and carry on my trade.'

When Spence proposed to marry, he had to go further still. Not for his blue eyes and yellow locks would his señorita wed a heretic. Her priest forbade such wickedness, and Spence, in order to secure his prize, was forced to ask admission to the Catholic fold. But things are changed. Though Catholic feeling still runs high, and some old ladies use big

words, nobody dreams of asking an American suitor to renounce his creed in order to obtain a woman's hand. An upper class now reigns in Monterey county, over which the priests and Jesuits have no control. Young ladies look for English mates, aware that English husbands will draw them to another Church. In other counties, Rome is weaker than she is in Monterey. Stockton and Sacramento are as strictly Evangelical as Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Oakland and San Francisco rival Brooklyn and New York. Even Santa Clara has ceased to be a Catholic town. Where Rome was lately all in all, she shows to-day no more than a broken sceptre and a scattered power.

At most the Roman Church retains a foothold in a section of the country here and there. These sections lie exposed, and she is still without a native army to repel attack. Her posts are garrisoned by foreign troops. Here is her weakness and her misery. Who drove her Orders into exile? Not her enemies, but her sons; the infants she had nursed, the pupils she had taught. Who gave her leave to bring these Orders back? Her enemies, not her sons; the very enemies who resent her policy, and resist her march.

'You must be gone,' scream her children, hating priestcraft more than they love liberty and justice. 'Our ports are open, even to you,' proclaim her enemies, loving liberty and justice more than they fear priestcraft. How, with such poor allies, are the Jesuits to confront such strong adversaries?

They have everything to create and to apply. These hybrids cannot furnish them a decent priest, much less a learned professor. As a rule the priests are foreigners. The bishop of Monterey is a Gaul, the curé is a Swiss. At Santa Clara the professional chairs are held by English, Irish, French, and Italian scholars. Not a single Mexican holds a chair. It is a great misfortune for the fathers, since no people on earth are so touchy on the point of foreign rule as those of Spain. But Padre Varsi cannot help this state of things. A foreigner himself, he sees that foreigners must supply the lack of native learning, loyalty, and faith.

The Church has much to do and much to undo. She has to train her officers to command, to teach her rank and file to obey. In front of her stands an enemy not only armed with physical power, but strong in law and logic, science and the liberal arts.

Such tasks are not for sleepy hollows, and for teachers hardly taught. In such a fight as Rome is waging on this coast, the camp must be a college and the captains must be learned men.

So far the Jesuit fathers see their way. In taking such a line, how far are they returning to the ground on which the brethren of St. Francis staked and lost their cause?

We pace the Franciscan garden, the old fountain still playing, the old olive trees bearing fruit. This garden is an idyl. Note how homely yet pictorial is that bit of wall on which the winter roses blush and burn, how daintily these screens and trellises bear the fruit, how grave and oriental rise yon cypresses and palms! Is there not something in this hush and shade which carries you in fancy to yet holier spots of earth? Glancing from the Spanish fountain to the Syrian palms, I ask the Jesuit father whether it is certain that their work is done.

'Yes; that which they could do best is done.'

'Your company will not try to carry on their work?'

'Not here and now. The time for such a course is past. Lessons in farming and in raising stock

are not the things most wanted by people in these valleys. In Algiers and Paraguay, our Fathers taught the native how to till his soil and gather in his grain. At Santa Clara we have other things to do. The native race, for whom the brethren of St. Francis toiled, is all but gone. Our conflict lies in other fields.'

Varsi is right. His conflict lies in other fields than that in which Fray Tomas the Franciscan laboured. Pausing in the library, the theatre, and the playground, we note with curiosity his instruments of war.

'Our business,' says Padre Varsi, 'is to educate the young. Hoping to do our business well, we have enlarged the old fence, built a new front to the church, and added new halls and bath-rooms to the mission-house.'

'Pray tell me how you got the ground?'

'By bringing peace into the town, and proving that we came as friends. My predecessor, Padre Giovanni Nobili, came to Santa Clara shortly after the gates were opened to our exiles. There was some confusion in the place. The brethren of St. Francis, having just come back, were trying to

oust the settlers from their farm and cattle-runs. Right lay with the brethren, law with the settlers. Most of the intruders were English and Americans, who had bought their farms and cattle-runs from Mexicans, in free possession at the time of sale. The purchasers were armed with rifles, and the courts of law were on their side. What could the brethren do? Nobili counselled peace. The brethren quitted Santa Clara, having lost their means of doing good. Seeking another field elsewhere, they left their church and garden to Padre Nobili, who organised a college, which he hoped to make a rival of Michigan, if not of Yale.'

Padre Varsi has perfected what Nobili began. In Rome, a Jesuit may denounce the modern world, but Varsi has to make this modern world a servant of his Church. 'We pay attention to all improvements in physical science,' he says, and his laboratories seem to prove that he is right. Books, tools, instruments, crucibles are of the newest style. These Jesuit fathers understand their age. At Santa Clara we find a printing-press, a photographic studio, a monthly magazine. The rooms are airy, bright, and clean, for the Jesuits strive

not only to win their pupils but to keep them long; time being required for building up those habits of thought which a Jesuit thinks essential to the Christian life. We have a brass band, a gymnasium, a fencing alley, a playground. We count an Owl Association, a base ball club, a dramatic society, and a junior dramatic society. Acting of plays is one of our great amusements, and our theatre is popular with the young men in our college, and with young and old men beyond our gates. We sing operettas, and trip through farces and conversation pieces. We are fond of picturesque dances, which Father Mallon, one of our French professors, puts on the stage with an artistic eye. Of course, we suffer from the lack of female help, but Father Mallon dresses up his boys in skirt and bodice, so that folks before the curtain think them rather pretty girls. He gets the freshest music from Paris, and we are very rich just now in that of Monsieur Lecocq. But we are capable of higher things than acting Furnished Apartments; we have tried our luck at Hamlet, and have played Macbeth with some applause. Shakspeare is our poet, though we cannot put Othello on the stage so easily as we can Cherry Bounce.

The library is mixed, yet many of the books are new. 'Unlike the Trappists,' says Padre Varsi, smiling, 'we arm ourselves with books instead of relics. We believe in books.'

Twelve thousand volumes weight his shelves; a library which has only three superiors in California; the Odd Fellows library, the Mercantile library, and the State library. Some of these books are rare old tomes, but many of them are lexicons, translations, and the customary cribs. At Santa Clara the path of learning is not paved with spikes.

'Two countrymen of yours,' the Padre adds, 'are on our staff; Professor Dance of Oxford, and Professor Leonard of Cork.' Dance professes English literature. Leonard, an Irish genius, professes mathematics, metallurgy, assaying, and other physical sciences.

'How many Fathers have you in the college?'

'Forty Jesuits, and nineteen lay brothers; fifty-nine in all. But we have branches of the company in other towns; one branch at San Jose, with five Jesuits, and a second branch at San Francisco, where Father Massenata superintends a school.'

The Fathers keep their college gay and winsome,

catching their Hybrid pupils through the sense of sight. It is their wisdom to be popular. A Jesuit planted the first vine in Santa Clara, a Jesuit pressed the first grapes in California. Mission grapes bring high prices in the market, and Mission wine is still a favourite of the table. Jesuits are pleased to hear the merit of these feats ascribed to them in many a pleasant toast and jovial song.

CHAPTER XIV.

JESUITS' PUPILS.

YET gravely gay and soberly festive as the Jesuit College in Santa Clara looks to those who stroll about gardens and playgrounds, the rules of order and the methods of instruction are devised with an austerity that strikes an English eye as almost penal. With elaborate art these rules and methods are designed to bring about one great and uniform result; a habit of deferring to the Church, to the abandonment of personal will and independent thought.

To give the college something of a liberal air, Santa Clara opens her door to lads of every race and creed. A Jew, a Buddhist, or an Anglican may send his son to Santa Clara. As in the case of Spence at Monterey, the lad must go to mass, but 'only for the sake of order and uniformity.' Let him sit through mass and vespers daily, and a boy may

keep his father's creed; but every pupil of the college must attend religious worship, and the only exercises of religion at Santa Clara are those of Rome.

Compared with Christ Church and Trinity, the college is a prison. The scholastic year consists of one session of ten months, lasting from the first week in August to the first week in June. During this long term a pupil hardly ever quits the place. No scholar is received for less than half a year. Ten days are given at Christmas to rest and absence, but the greatest care is taken lest the boy should stray in the wicked world. A lad whose parents live in Santa Clara has a slight advantage; he may go to see those parents once a month; but only for an hour or so in the afternoon, and on the strict condition of coming back before dusk. No pupil of the Jesuits can be trusted in the city after dark.

Day is given up, in equal parts, to passive obedience and active work; these acts being all designed to wean a pupil from the world, and bring him under true relations with his Church. From dawn to dusk, the youth is kept employed. Not only are his prayers, his meals, his exercises, all set down for

him, but even such details as the hour when he may venture to wash his hands. His times for lying down and getting up are fixed. The modes in which he is to fold his coat and put away his socks are solemnly set forth. If he keeps his rules, a pupil has about fifty minutes in the twenty-four hours which he can call his own and spend as he thinks fit.

No student is allowed to pass the college gate unless attended by a prefect or a tutor. Even with a prefect or a tutor he must not be out at night. A student is not allowed to read a newspaper, nor to have a book in his possession, unless such book has been seen and stamped by Padre Varsi. Reading magazines and other publications is forbidden. A student may not correspond with other youths outside his college. Every letter brought in is read by Varsi, with the sole exception of such letters as Varsi knows to have been written by the student's mother. When Varsi has a doubt, he breaks the seal and reads. No other person—even a father—has the right of free communication with a youth at Santa Clara. Smoking is prohibited, in and out of college. No society or club can be formed without Padre Varsi's leave. Two faults are marked so high

that they are punished by expulsion. These grave offences are—first, absence from the college after sunset; second, disobedience to an officer, expressed in either word or act. A student is not allowed to have money in his purse. If he has coppers in his pocket, he must lodge them with the treasurer. The sum a parent may allow his son to spend is practically fixed, since parents are enjoined in no case to permit their sons to have more than twenty-five cents a week. Twenty-five cents make one shilling. Varsi is of opinion that sixpence is enough.

These rules apply to men of legal age!

'How many pupils have you on the books?'

'About two hundred names. The numbers vary with the seasons, but we usually have two hundred names on our list.'

Such numbers are not large. It may console the fathers to know that they have more volumes on their shelves than any other college in California. It may console them more to find that they have a longer list of students than the Methodist University in Santa Clara. But the Evangelical colleges are many, while the Jesuit college is only one. Catholics have

one school at San Jose, a second school at San Francisco, but non-Catholics have fifty schools in these great towns. The Jesuits are training six hundred children in these schools; the rival bodies are training more than twenty thousand children in these towns. Considering how lately the whole population was Catholic and Mexican, and more Catholic than Mexican, the numbers now remaining under Jesuit teaching are assuredly not large.

A greater question still remains: how far have these Jesuits succeeded in their aim of fencing Santa Clara from the world, and raising up an army of their own within her gates?

Enough to lend them hope, but not enough to make them proud. With lads of slow and timid parts, in whom the placid genius of a squaw prevails, they get their way, and hold their own; but youths of quicker pulse and higher heat, in whom the temper of Castille prevails, tear off the withes that bind their weaker brethren, and regain their freedom at a bound. We see examples of the first kind loafing in the play-ground, and an illustration of the second kind in our host, an advocate at San Jose.

Alexander Delmas is a son of Señor Delmas, a shrewd and wealthy Mexican, of better stock than the original denizens of San Jose. A Catholic, he sent his boy to Santa Clara, hoping the fathers would excite his wits, as he meant him to get his living at the Californian bar. Young Delmas stayed some years at Santa Clara, passing through all his stages with applause. At twenty, thinking his education done, he went to San Francisco, meaning to appear in court and enter into active life. A few days in that city opened his eyes. He found, to his alarm, that he knew nothing of men, hardly anything of books. Long lists of mediæval popes, and the succession of Jesuits from Loyola to Beckx, were graven in his memory, but he barely knew the names of President Lincoln's cabinet, and the great lawyers who adorn the chairs of the Supreme Court were all unknown to him.

'Back to my books!' he said to himself. Being fond of Santa Clara, and a favourite of the Jesuits, he returned to his old rooms; hoping the fathers would allow him to read with them, free from the restrictions under which he had lived so long and learnt so little. It was a necessity of his career that

his mind should take a wider sweep and feed on stronger food.

He had no time to carry out this plan. When Señor Delmas heard of his son's return to Santa Clara, he leaped, with all a Mexican's jealousy of priests, to the conclusion that Alexander was falling into a Jesuit snare. Driving to the college, he demanded leave to see his son: rules or no rules, he would see his son; and pushing past the porters, he strode into Alexander's room.

'What are you doing here?'

'Doing here, father? Reading for the bar.'

'You are a scoundrel, sir! You are deceiving me; deceiving me, your father! You are entering into league with scoundrels. But I understand their game. You want to be a Jesuit; yes, my son desires to be a Jesuit!' Give me no answer, Sir. I won't believe one word you speak.'

'No, father, no; a hundred times no!'

'Ugh! They have ensnared you, and corrupted you. Nino! They have made you think it good to be a Jesuit. Look you, boy! A Jesuit—I would rather see you dead—here at my feet—dead in your shroud—than see you in a Jesuit's frock!'

'My father, you are wrong!'

'You will not be a Jesuit? Give me your hand. Let us get out of this hole. My horse is at the door. Hang your books and clothes; let them be sent on after us. Come!'

Pulling his son away, the peppery old gentleman drove him home, and then locking his door, put the case before him briefly and hotly:

'Take your choice, Alexander; go into an attorney's office at San Jose and learn your trade like a clerk; or go to Yale and study it like a gentleman. To which will you go? Speak, Sir; San Jose or Yale.'

'To Yale,' cried Alexander; and to Yale he went.

'It was a new world to me,' he says; 'each man in that great university was free to go his own way, to labour as he pleased, to form a character of his own. At first I was a little timid, feeling the want of guides. In time I learned to trust my powers and be a law to myself; and now that I have tried both systems, I can see that man for man advocates brought up at Santa Clara will not be strong enough to hold their own in American

courts, against lawyers trained in such a school as Yale.'

Such is the little history of a life, as told me in a châlet of Penitentia Creek, where we rest our horses for an hour, and eat some excellent Californian trout.

According to my friend, life is too ardent in these settlements for lads in Padre Varsi's school to have a chance. In Mexico the fathers might do better with their scholars, but the radicals of Mexico will not let them open schools.

'Do many pupils at Santa Clara act as you have done?'

'Yes, more than you would think; though few have gone my length. Some slip the noose—go wild—and turn their freedom to a curse; while others, after tasting liberty awhile, slink back into their chains. A few remain outside, wearing their gifts like men. A good example lends us strength, and we have always good examples in our sight. If I am ever tempted, out of weakness, to fall back, I fix my thoughts on some such point as Yale in New Haven, or the Inner Temple in London. Then my fainting of the heart goes by.'

'Of course the Jesuits have cut you off?'

'Not openly. By entering Yale, I gave them much offence. I suffered too, for I was fond of Santa Clara, and a sort of favourite in the place. What could I do? My father bade me go; my studies were essential to success. My leaving Santa Clara was an act of self-defence: but all the same, my old teachers speak of me as lost.'

'Lost to them?'

'Yes, lost to them. I am a runaway slave, escaped into the freedom of the world. The past is past. The chain is snapped, the pitcher broken at the well. No magic can restore the state of mind in which my youth was spent. I cannot now seek advice, or yield my opinion to a priest because he is a priest. In a republic every one has a right to think and act for himself. For my part, having learnt this lesson, I shall stick by the republic so long as the republic sticks by me.'

'No fear of this republic sticking by her citizens?'

'No, no,' he answers, pulling up his horses on a mountain spur, and gazing on the scene below our eyes with rapture. 'No,' he cries; 'no fear while

Santa Clara stands on such a shore, and while the Jesuit fathers have such rivals as the lay men planting these busy towns along the bay. Defended by the stars and stripes, we shall not fear about our liberty of thought.'

CHAPTER XV.

BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A LONG and narrow inland sea, about the size and volume of Lake Leman, open to the ocean by an avenue called the Golden Gate; a stretch of water locked within the arms of picturesque and sunny hills, with islets sprinkled up and down, as Angel Island, Alcatraz, and Yerba Buena, round the cliffs of which skim flocks of gulls and pelicans; the inner shores all marsh and meadow, falling backward to the feet of mountain chains; shores not only rich in woods, in springs, in pastures, but adorned at every jutting point by villages of saintly name; a group of white frame houses, partly hidden by a fringe of cypresses and gum trees,—such is the Bay of San Francisco, as her lines are swept from Belmont Hill.

The lordship of this inland sea is written on her face, as plainly as the legend on a map. The

villages of saintly names, San Rafael, Santa Clara, San Leandro, and the rest, all nestle near the water's edge, while on the higher grounds, among the creeks and cañons, nearly all the settlements have English names. Searsville, Crystal Springs, and School House Station, cover Santa Clara, San Mateo, and San Bruno on these western heights, while Dublin, Danville, and Lafayette cover San Lorenzo, San Antonio, and San Pablo on those eastern heights. White settlers seize the water edges in all places where a pier is wanted or a factory can be built. They clasp the Bay in railway lines, adorn the tide with sailing ships, pollute the shore with smoking chimneys, bridge the narrows with ferry boats. Where water pays, they hug the shore, defying chills and fevers for the sake of gain; but these White settlers never linger in the swamps, like Mexicans and Half-breeds, merely because the gourds grow quickly and the fish is cheap.

Driven by a stronger spirit than any native knows, they search the hills and ravines, fastening on soils which no Mexican ever dreamt of bringing under rake and plough. They search the passes through and through; here tapping at the rock for

ore, there burrowing in the earth for coal. Unscared by sullen soil and nipping air, the Yankee Boys and Sydney Ducks ascend the loftiest peaks and crown them with their English names. Such names are records. Each peak in front of us—Master's Hill, Mount Hamilton, Mount Day, Mount Lewis, Mount Wallace—tells a story of ascent and ownership. Red Mountain is a British height, Cedar Mountain is a British height. Behind us tower Mine Hill, Mount Bache, and Black Mountain. Nearly all the passes in these alplets have the same great legend written in their names. Between us and the San Joaquin river, three passes cut the range, and these three clefts are known as Corral Hollow Pass, Patterson's Pass, and Livermore Pass. The pass from Clayton down to Black Diamond is called Kirker's Pass.

These citadels and avenues of nature are in Anglo-Saxon hands.

At Belmont we are lodged with William C. Ralston, one of the magnates of this bay; once a carpenter planing deals, then a cook on board a steamer, afterwards a digger at the mines, now the president of a bank, and one of the princes of finance.

'Come to Belmont; give you a rest, and do you good,' cries the magnate. We accept, for not to see Belmont is not to see the Bay of San Francisco.

Ten years since, Belmont was a rocky cañon, cleaving a mountain side, so choked with spectral oaks and cedars that the mixed bloods called it the Devil's Glen. Coyotes and foxes hung about the woods, and Indian hunters, following elk and antelope, lit their fires around the springs. No track led up the ravine, for no civilised man yet dreamt of making it his home. To-day Belmont is like a valley on Lake Zürich. A road sweeps up the glen as smooth as any road in Kent. The forests have been tamed to parks. A pretty châlet peeps out here and there, with lawns and gardens trimmed in English taste. Five or six villas crown the knolls and nestle in the tress. Geraniums are in flower, and roses bloom on arch and wall. Sheep dot the sward, and cattle wander to the creeks. A chapel and a school arrest the eye. On every side there is a sense of home.

Our villa is a frame house, built in showy Californian style; a new order of architecture, with a touch of Moorish taste, and not a little Chinese

fantasy. A portico, too big for the villa, opens into sunny rooms, with inlaid floors and gaily decorated walls. Much wicker-work is used in chairs and ottomans. Bright curtains hang from gilded poles. Pianos, tables, shelves are all of yellow satin wood, veined with crimson streaks, a wood of Californian growth. An open gallery, lighted from above, serves for a public room. A glazed arcade runs round the villa, flooding it with sunshine, which is teased and petted through Venetian blinds. The wealth of colour is enhanced by Roman photographs in broad black frames. Nothing could be lighter than our chambers, nothing could be sweeter than the gardens on which they give. Vineries and conservatories lie in rear, and run on either flank below the limbs of ancient oaks. The lawns and shrubberies are perfect, and the country round the villa wears the aspect of a park.

Our host has made himself an earthly paradise at Belmont, but an earthly paradise in which calmer mortals than himself will bask. I like the man and hope the best fc him; yet noticing his restless eye and paling brow, I cannot help feeling that with all his jollity and briskness William C. Ralston

is the victim of his enterprise, the slave of his success.

All round this inland sea, the life is rich and strong: rich as the native fruit, strong as the native wine.

A Californian, fat and rosy as John Bull, his English ancestor, holds forth a grasp of welcome to his thin and bilious Yankee brother; pointing to a palm tree, heavy with the dates that are to round that stranger out with flesh. If he had only time to eat and sleep, a Californian would be always fat, but where is the Californian who has time to either eat or sleep?

The people living on this sunny sea, are seldom in a state that country curates would describe as wholesome. Too much sun is in the sky, too much wind is on the hill. Warm air expands the lungs and frets the nerves. Men eat too fast, and drink too deep, and work too long. How loud they speak, how hard they drive! At every turn you catch high words and mark the passage of swift feet. Under the shadow of Lone Mountain lies a race-course, where bankers and judges hold trotting matches, and wiry little ponies are excited by

voice and lash into the pace that kills. That race-course lying in the shadow of a grave-yard is a type of California in her ordinary mood.

The towns and villages on this bay not only teem with life, but life in a most strained and febrile state. No one is calm. No man sits down to smoke the pipe of peace; no day seems long enough for the labour to be wrought. All men and women aim at emphasis. An actor rants, a preacher roars, a singer screams. Such talk as suits a London dining-room sounds tame, such colours as beseem a London dancing room look dull. The pulses of society beat too high for ordinary men and ordinary times. A storm seems beating overhead, a battle raging in our front. If we would live, we need to be alert and prompt. A citizen bolts his dinner, gulps his whisky, puffs his cigarettes, and hurries off, as though he heard a bugle call. He sits at table with a loaded pistol in his pocket; he fingers his bowie-knife while asking a friend to drink. Suspicion is a habit of his mind. If quick to see offence, he is no less quick to bury the offence in blood. A man will shoot his brother for a jest. Here is a case not many days old. A luckless wit described his neighbour in one of the

papers as dining at What Cheer House and picking his tooth at the Grand Hotel; about the same thing as saying of a man in London that he boards in Leicester Square and hangs about the door at Long's. The wit was shot next morning in a public road.

A writer has no easy time; his reader craves excitement, and he has to feed this passion for dramatic scenes. Each line he writes must tell a tale. Each wood must be in capitals. If a writer has no news, he must invent a lie. One journal is advertised as bold and spicy, and is true to the device. It deals with all, spares none. Editors are always armed; reporters must be steady shots. A man who cannot shoot and stab had better not indulge himself with pen and ink. A sufferer burns a pinch of powder in the nostrils of these editors now and then, but such a fact is thought too trivial for report, unless, as in a recent case, a journalist shoots some passer-by instead of winging his brother to the land of souls. One afternoon a gentleman was standing near me on a terrace, looking at some birds and seals. Knowing the gentleman by repute, I asked my neighbour:

'Is not that Mr ——?'

'Yes.'

'Then introduce me.'

'Hum!' says my friend, an Oxford man, 'it is a little awkward. We have not seen each other lately; not that we have quarrelled; but the last time we met he fired in my face.'

'Fired in your face?'

'Well, we exchanged shots. No harm was done. So long as we avoid each other, things are smooth; but if we spoke, blood might be shed.'

Men and women in California are hearty and open in the highest sense. You are at home in every house, in every club, in every public place. Your face is an introduction, your colour a credential. California is a land of treats and drives, of drinks and dinners. What a host of clubs we have in every town, and what excellent suppers they provide! Here hospitality is king. Shall we forget our forenoons at a country house, our afternoons on a race-course, our evenings at a club? Never, till we have ceased to claim our share in the untameable vitality of our common race.

These jovial denizens must have their moral as they have their physical stimulants. One day they

go wild about a vein of silver ore; next day they forget their silver in the details of a robbery on the Pacific train. Now they expand their hearts on a trotting match between two famous colts; anon they give up their emotion to a murder in the street. Excitement they must have.

A special man, like Ralston, our host at Belmont, tries to guard himself by a denial of such pleasures as his fortune brings within his reach. He dares not drink a glass of wine. At dinner, a servant puts a pint of milk before him with his fish, and pours some drops of lime-water into his mug. A glass of wine may leave a headache, and a headache means some loss of time. Time is a talent that he dares not waste. His billiard-hall is spacious, but he must not venture on a game. He brings tobacco from Havana, but he fears to soothe his brain with a cigar. His house and park are but an hour's ride from his office, yet he only comes to see them once a week. Dining quickly, and tossing off three pints of milk, he rises early, leaves his guests, and goes to bed. Next morning he is up at four, consulting grooms, trotting through woods, and visiting farms and water-works. At ten we see him for a moment,

as we break our fast; at one he puts us in a drag and sends us out; at three we meet him on a hill above San Mateo, where he is damming a creek and building a town; at five, he jumps into the train, his holiday spent, and hastens to his office in San Francisco, having done a full week's work in four-and-twenty hours—a type of the White conquerors who expend their lives in carrying on the fight!

CHAPTER XVI.

SAN FRANCISCO.

CLOSING the passage by the Golden Gate, a city of white houses, spires, and pinnacles rises from the water-line, and rolling backward over flat and sand rift, strikes a headland on the right, and surging up two hills, creams round their sides, and runs in foam towards yet more distant heights. This city is San Francisco, seen from the ferry-boat; a port and town with ships and steamers, wharves and docks, in which the flags of every nation under heaven, from England to China, flutter on the breeze; a town of banks, hotels, and magazines, of stock exchanges, mining companies, and agricultural shows; a town of learned professors, eminent physicians, able editors, and distinguished advocates; a town of gamblers, harlots, rowdies, thieves; a refuge for all tongues and peoples, from the Saxon to the Dyak, from the Tartar to the Celt.

Lovely the city is; striking in site, brilliant in colour, picturesque in form. The rolling ground throws up a hundred shafts and spires against the sky. A joss-house here, a synagogue there, suggest an oriental town. The houses, mostly white, have balconies adorned with semi-tropical plants, among which flit the witching female shapes. A stream of sunshine lies on painted wall and metalled roof. But one has hardly time to note the details of this outward beauty. You would scarcely have an eye for nice effects in Venice, if you chanced to enter that city while the doge's palace and cathedral were on fire.

This city is in one of her high fevers; her disease a great 'development' in the Comstock lode.

Most persons in San Francisco are votaries of chance. Luck is their god. Credulous as an Indian, reckless as a Mexican, the lower order of San Franciscans puts his trust in men unknown and builds his hope on things unseen. Thousands of persons in this city, otherwise passing for sane, believe in this 'development,' and are sinking all that they have saved by years of thrift in the several Comstock mines.

The Comstock lode lies on Mount Davidson,

in Nevada; though the mines are chiefly owned by San Franciscans. Some of these mines, such as the Ophir and the Mexican, have been worked for twenty years. The silver veins are long; four or five miles in length; but as no one has yet traced them out, their value is an unknown figure. From the stores of Virginia, built around the openings of these mines, the silver veins run up a gulch to Gold Hill, where they strike on beds of still more precious ore. Owned by rival companies, the mines are wrought on different plans. Much ore is found, and till a year ago owners of Ophir, Mexican, and Consolidated Virginia, had every reason to be satisfied with their gains. Of late, the yield of Mount Davidson has fallen off. The veins run deeper in the rock, needing more costly engines and more skilful labour. Prices have been depressed, and thrifty persons have been laying up their dollars in savings banks, instead of sinking them in Comstock mines.

Sharp as a shot has come a change.

'I'll tell you how it came about,' says a banker, sitting next to me at dinner. 'Five or six of our worthy citizens, owning shares in Consolidated Virginia, met in a drinking-bar of Montgomery Street one

afternoon. Reports were in the papers, showing the amount of money in the savings-banks; no less a sum than fifty millions of dollars. Tossing off his whisky, one of our worthy citizens said to another, "Guess we ought to have that money out!" They all agreed with him; and having formed a ring, they are now engaged in operations for getting that money out of the savings-banks.'

These citizens understand the farmers, stockmen, and petty dealers whom they mean to fleece. In San Francisco every one is used to changes in the price of shares, and most of all in that of mining shares. With all the coolness of a Redskin, the White Californian will stake his fortune on a street report, begun by any person, spread abroad for any purpose, hardly caring whether the report be true or false. Like brandy in his veins, he feels the devilry that comes with sudden gain and loss. Here is no old and steady middle class, with decent habits, born in the bone and nurtured on the hearth; people who pay their debts, walk soberly to church, and keep the ten commandments, for the sake of order, if no higher rule prevails. In San Francisco, a few rich men, consisting of the various rings, are

very rich. Lick, Latham, Hayward, Sharon, are marked five million dollars each. Reese, Ralston, Baldwin, Jones, and Lux are marked still more—seven millions, ten millions, twelve millions each. Flood and Fair, Mackey and O'Brien are said to be richer still. The poor are very poor; not in the sense of Seven Dials and Five Points; yet poor in having little and craving much. A pauper wants to get money, and to get this money in the quickest time. Cards, dice, and share-lists serve him, each in turn. He yearns to be Lick or Ralston—owner of a big hotel, conductor of a prosperous bank; but he neither courts the labour nor endures the self-denial which have crowned these speculators with wealth. He thinks all life a game of chance; he looks for dollars in the sink and sewer; and stakes his savings, when he has them, on a rise in stocks.

These worthy citizens, tossing their whisky in Montgomery Street, know the lighter and lower portion of their countrymen; and in that knowledge they proceed to form a ring.

A rumour spreads along the streets, and finds an echo in the evening papers, that a great and wonderful discovery has been made in the Virginia mine.

'What is it?' gasps an eager crowd. With shrugs and smiles, of deep and hidden meaning, the proprietors of that mine affect surprise: 'What is it? What is what? Pooh, pooh, beware of club gossip and newspaper lies!' Some sales take place: a rise is scored. Outsiders sniff a secret, which the ring (ha, ha!—you see!) are trying to conceal.

Next day inquiry quickens. Hints are dropped that the great secret, so far kept by three or four mining firms, is the discovery of a new vein of silver in the Virginia mine; a vein of pure and solid ore, so fine and solid that it may be minted on the spot, exactly as it leaves the mine. 'Bonanza!' cry the listeners to this tale; 'a big bonanza!'

'What is a bonanza?'

'Bonanza is a sailor's term,' the banker tells me, 'meaning a fair wind, a bright day, a prosperous voyage. Our miners use the word for luck, a happy hit, a stroke of fortune. A bonanza is the Californian god, and you will find his temple in California Street.'

In California Street stands the Stock Exchange.

One grain of truth there may be in this rumour of a vein of silver having been found; but in a

week this grain has grown into a mound. A rush for shares takes place, and prices rise from day to day. The betting men come in, and stakes are laid in many of the drinking bars, that shares now selling for seventy or eighty dollars each will sell for five hundred in a month. The journals note these bets, as showing what the knowing ones think of the silver vein. Now every one begins to bet, and every-one who bets believes and buys. Who can resist the golden chance?

Mines only bordering on the big bonanza feel the charm of a good neigbourhood. No one pretends that new discoveries have been made in Ophir, Crown Point, and Yellow Jacket, but who can swear that veins of pure and solid silver do *not* run through all the Comstock mines? A miner of experience has been heard to say that every part of Mount Davidson is equally rich. Then up go Mexican, Ophir, Crown Point, Yellow Jacket. Mines still further off take fire, as one may say, and blaze like burning stars around these central suns. In six weeks everybody in San Francisco is rich and mad.

Eager for money, still more eager for excitement,

people feel a keen enjoyment in a rapid rise, a lurid passion in a rapid fall. Their mouths are full of wondrous tales. Paupers of yesterday are rich men this evening; millionaires of last week are to be sold up on Monday next. Such passages of fortune make the drama of their lives.

Four times within a dozen years, a craze has come on San Francisco, like the phrenzy which consumes her now. Fortunes have been won and lost almost as rapidly as though they had been staked on a throw of dice. A man may have a hundred shares in the Belcher Mine, his only wealth. One day they sell at a dollar each,—the man is worth twenty pounds; another day they sell at five hundred dollars each—the man is worth ten thousand pounds. This record of an actual fact is but a sample of the thousand stories told you at the Union and Pacific Clubs. Two years ago, when prices shot up suddenly, shares in Crown Point advanced in a few weeks from ten shillings a share to ninety-two pounds. A man of my acquaintance in this city held a thousand of these shares. In March they would have brought him five hundred pounds, in October they were sold for ninety-two thousand

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pounds. In seven months the poor man had become a man of means; enriched by one of those strokes of fortune that a gambler loves even more than he loves minted gold.

Such cases are not rare, yet, as a whole, the gainers by these great financial fevers are the citizens who own mines. Five or six magnates of finance in San Francisco are said to have got one-third of those fifty million dollars under lock and key.

'Our fortunes kill us,' says a sage at the Pacific Club. 'A slower rate of growth would suit us better; giving us more time to strike our roots. Not that our progress is what people think—a wonder of the earth. Considering what advantages we boast of soil and climate, mines and harbours, our advance is slow. Yes, slow. We are not overtaking Chicago and St. Louis, still less Philadelphia and New York. Still we have shot ahead beyond our strength,' and suffer from the fevers and languors of a youth who grows too fast. Our railroad gave us fits. You smile! The fact is so. No sooner were the first cars seen in Oakland, than a rage of speculation broke along the Bay. The world, we thought, was coming to our coasts. Where would the people live? Why

not provide them tenements and make a profit by the enterprise? We bought estates, we cut down forests, and we laid out cities, for the millions who were coming to our coasts. At every opening on the Bay, you see these visionary towns, with phantom streets and squares, chapels and theatres, schools and prisons. But the millions never came, and for the last five years each man in San Francisco has been carrying a dead city on his back. This great bonanza is another of our fits. There is a true discovery in the Comstock lode. The world is richer than it was three months ago, but we are poorer than we were five years ago. No Redman ever staked his dog, his lodge, his squaw in a more reckless spirit than that in which the White men of San Francisco are gambling with their wealth.'

CHAPTER XVII.

WHITE WOMEN.

Not even his squaw! White men have learned a good deal from the Indian, but they have not learned to stake their wives, like Utes and Bannocks, on the chances of a throw. White females are still too rare and precious on this coast; some cynics say too rare and precious for their own well-being, not to mention the well-being of the Commonwealth. Nature puts the sexes on the earth in pairs, and man destroys that balance at the cost of his moral death.

In California there are five White men to two White women; in Oregon there are four White men to three White women; in Nevada there are three White men to one White woman; in Washington there are two White men to each White woman. Under social arrangements so abnormal, a White

woman is treated everywhere on the Pacific slopes, not as a man's equal and companion, justly and kindly like a human being, but as a strange and costly creature, which by virtue of its rarity is freed from the restraints and penalties of ordinary law. A man must be sharply pressed by famine ere he eats his bird of paradise.

As with the trappers and traders of Monterey, so with the miners and settlers round San Francisco. There is a brisk demand for wives; a call beyond the markets to supply. A glut of men is everywhere felt, and the domestic relation is everywhere disturbed. Marriage is a career; marriage, divorce, re-marriage, times without end, and changes without shame.

A thousand quips and jokes turn on the relation of man to woman in these provinces, and every quip and jest gives the last word to the lady as mistress of the situation. A young fellow, nerved by a wild impulse, snatches a kiss from a pretty girl, and asks her pardon, on the ground of his being subject to fits of temporary insanity. The damsel puts out her hand in pity, saying, 'Poor boy! whenever you feel one of these fits coming on again, run right away

over here, where your infirmity is known, and we'll take care of you—there!'

A girl goes into a shop in Montgomery Street to buy gloves. 'What size?' asks the young fellow. 'My real size is sixes,' the damsel smiles, 'but you see my hand will bear squeezing,'—and the bashful fellow fetches her a pair of five and a half.

A damsel of San Francisco reads in one of Helen M. Coke's rhapsodies that 'kisses on the brow' make the richest diadem for a woman. 'Guess that sort of kisses is rather *thin*,' sneers the girl, 'and I doubt whether Nellie Coke herself likes them very much.'

So runs the moral to an end. 'Guess my husband's got to look after me, and make himself agreeable to me, if he can,' says a pretty young woman, in a tone of banter, but a tone that carries much meaning, 'if he don't, there's plenty will.'

Divorce is cheap and easily obtained. Some legal firms are known for their alacrity in getting through such troubles. 'Residence not required,' is one of the hints thrown out in circulars and advertisements to parties about to be divorced. The application mostly comes from the woman's side, and any allegation is enough to satisfy her judge.

A husband going into court is generally regarded as a fool. The other day a poor Irishman tried his best to show that he was ill-used, and ought to be divorced. The magistrate frowned. 'Well, then, I won't say anything agin the woman, judge, but I wish you would jist live with her a little while.' The judge relaxed, and gave him his release.

Observers notice on this slope a tendency to hanker after female crime. The motives for this hankering may be various, but the facts are scarcely matters of dispute. Few jokes are more successful in society than such as hint at domestic murder—at the wife of your bosom making you a cup of hemlock tea, or blowing your brains out as you lie asleep. A young Californian lady, just divorced, complains to her friend, a widow of twenty-five, that her late husband tells such cruel things of her.

'And not a word of it true?'

'My dear, how can you ask?'

'Only for form's sake. Now, my dear child, I have had three husbands, no better and no worse than other men, but they are all gone. My dear, dead husbands tell no tales.'

With some persons, the motive of this curiosity

may be nothing but a tribute to the rarity of female crime, compared with male. Male acts of violence are in truth so common, that they fail to stir the general pulse. Nobody cares to hear about a man being killed. Last night an Irish labourer was shot in Broadway, near the county jail. Dick Owen challenged his chum, Jim Burke, to fight. The two men had been drinking with their sluts; the two couples hugging and mugging in the imbecile friendships caused by gin; until the two sluts fell out and scratched each other's eyes. Owen and Burke took part in the affair. 'Come out and fight,' cried Owen, hectoring under his chum's window. 'Coming down, ye skunk!' shouts Burke, pulling out his pistol, and jumping down the stairs. Owen snapped at him twice, and Burke returned the fire. Owen fell dead, a bullet in his heart. This tale is in the morning papers, told in two inches of type.

But female crime, especially when a lady takes to shooting her friends and lovers in the streets, or on the ferries, pays a journal to report the incident at greater length.

A pistoler like Laura Fair is worth a thousand copies to an evening paper. Having a secret

with a married man, and finding that false love run no smoother than true, Laura loaded her revolver, and in presence of his wife and children, pistoled her paramour, coolly and in open day. Laura is a heroine. Tried for murder, and acquitted on the ground of emotional insanity, she lives in style, gives balls, and speculates in stock. Few ladies are so often named at dinner-tables, and the public journals note her doings as the movements of a duchess might be noted in Mayfair.

Laura's torch has lighted many a fair sister on the way to murder; yet, in spite of this increase in female crime, no woman's life has yet been given in California to public justice.

'No, we cannot hang a woman in this country,' says a judge of the Supreme Court; 'it is not easy to hang a man, and when we send a murderer to the gallows, he complains that he is made the victim of his judge, and not his jury. A judge will never get twelve men to find a female guilty of wilful murder in San Francisco; nor in any other city west of the Rocky Mountains. An excuse is always found by the jury; a petticoat being too much for bar and bench!'

One day last week, General Cobb, a lawyer of repute, was shot down in Washington Street by Hannah Smythe. In London, the story of Hannah Smythe would be curious, in San Francisco it is commonplace.

Twelve years ago, according to her story, Hannah came to San Francisco, where she met a sailor named Smythe, and married him—on her side in a match of love. Hannah had saved some money, and the couple went down to Crescent City, in Del Norte county, where she bought a tract of land with her savings, and sent her husband to the Land Office, with instructions to register the purchase in her name. He registered his own. Living in Crescent City, having neither sheep nor cattle, the sailor's wife could turn the land to no account. At length a squatter, one Judge Mason, led his herds into her fields and challenged her to drive them off. She went to law, and lost her cause. Her enemy, she says, was rich, and bribed the local magistrates. When she had lost her savings, Smythe deserted her and the children, leaving her without a cent and with five or six little mouths to feed. On getting a divorce—an easy thing in Crescent City—she left

that place, and brought her family to San Francisco, where she put her younger ones under care of the Ladies' Relief Society, and set about to earn a poor living for herself and baby, by washing for such persons as preferred helping a deserted woman, to having their work done better and cheaper by Chang Hi and Hop Lee, Chinese launderers in Jackson Street.

Mrs. Cobb, one of the relieving ladies, heard her story from the little folk, and being a tender-hearted lady, with a family of her own, she begged her husband, General Cobb, to look into the case. Cobb thought he saw his way, but lawyers like to touch their fees, and Hannah Smythe was poor. Having no choice of means, she made over to Cobb her bit of land in trust, understanding that he was to pay all expenses for her, and to hold the property till she had paid his bill. Five years her suit dragged on; Mason fighting her over every point of law; until the woman's heart, made sore by long delays and hopes destroyed, conceived the notion that her advocate was betraying her to the enemy for lucre.

'He was going to his office to sign my property

away, and I hope I have killed him,' were her first words on being arrested in the street and carried to the city prison. Bail was found for her at once.

Her crime has raised the poor washerwoman into the grade of heroine. Whether Cobb will live or die is not yet known. Kind-hearted Mrs. Cobb may be a widow, and her children fatherless; but whether Cobb survives the deed or not, his client runs no risk. Hannah Smythe is a woman, and a San Francisco jury will not take a woman's life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUCKS AND SQUAWS.

MORE than the White women gain, their Red sisters lose by this unnatural disparity of the male and female sexes. In the Indian lodges, there are more females than males, and in these lodges the females are bought and sold like cows and slaves.

Rounding Cape Horn and passing the summit near Truckee, three or four miles from Donner Lake, the scene of a wild winter legend, we dip into the valley of Humboldt River, a valley rising higher than the top of Snowdon; and are now among the savage mountain tribes—Utes and Shoshones—horse Indians, they are called, in contrast with the tamer savages of the Pacific Slope.

At Winnemucca, called after a stout Pah-Ute war chief, we observe an Indian of another branch of the Ute family, wrapped in a thick blanket, lean-

ing on a brand, and guarding two crouching squaws. The air is sharp, the time being mid-winter, and the plateau higher than Ben Nevis; yet the two young women crouching on the ground are clothed in nothing but cotton rags.

'Pai-Ute?' I ask, having lately met some members of his tribe in Salt Lake City, where the new developments of doctrine are seducing many of his people into joining the church of Latter Day Saints.

'Pai-Ute,' he says.

'Your name?'

'Red Dog.'

'Smoke a cigar?'

Red Dog unslips a corner of his blanket, draws the wool about his throat, and lights the Indian weed; a luxury more tempting to his savage tastes than anything on earth except a drink of fire-water. His squaws look up and smile, though with a shrinking air; an elder and a younger woman; each with flat broad face and dark Mongolian eyes; one eighteen or nineteen, the other hardly fifteen, years of age.

'Your squaws?' we ask, the man, through one of the scouts, who hang about these Indian trails.

'Yes, mine. Old squaw, young squaw—big one, old squaw; little one, young squaw.'

'Are they both your wives?'

'Yes, both; this is old wife, that is young wife; two squaws—me!' and the Red rascal grins with a triumphant air, through all his daubs of paint.

'Are you a Mormon, eh?'

'Plenty of Pai-Utes are Mormon chiefs; Pai-Utes very fond of Enoch,' says Red Dog, evading a direct reply to my enquiry.

Encouraged by the sound of friendly voices, the younger wife, a pretty Indian girl, peeps through her lashes, while the elder wife stares boldly up into your face, and begs. Both women have a strange resemblance to the nomads seen about a Tartar steppe; just as their sisters on Tule River bear a strange resemblance to the Chinese females in San Francisco. But these savage damsels bring their owner a lower price than their sisters from Hong Kong. Two hundred dollars are supposed to be the value of a comely Chinese girl. This Pai-Ute bought his squaw for twenty dollars. Her friends, it seems, were out of luck; the snow is getting deep; elk and antelope are scarce; and they have sold her to a

stranger, as they might have sold him a pony or a dog. The money paid for her will be spent in drink. By law, no whisky can be sold to Indians; but up in these snow-deserts, where is the magistrate to enforce the law?

'Are you taking her home to your own country?'

'Ugh!' he hisses through his teeth, 'the Pai-Utes of our family have no country left. The Whites have taken all our lands and springs. Some Pai-Utes have lands; not many. One day the Great Father will give us back our lands.'

'How do you live?'

'We wait and go about; kill game—not much; sow seed—not much. Pai-Utes very poor. One more cigar?'

'Tell me, Red Dog, about your two squaws. If you are very poor, why have you bought another wife?'

'To work for me. No squaw, much work; plenty squaw, no work. I get more dollar, buy more squaw.'

'You make them work for you?'

The rascal grins, and clutches at his brand. Poor creatures, he will make them grind and toil;

perhaps lend them out as road-menders, possibly drive them to the Humboldt River camps. Among the Mission Indians, who are broken more or less to gentle ways, a buck may beat his squaw, in passion, but he seldom forces her to work. His women, as a rule, are willing slaves, eager to sweat for their ungrateful lord; but if they leave the roots undug, the patch of corn unsown, he only laughs and yawns. He would have done the same, and therefore thinks the negligence a venial sin. An Indian of these mountains snarls at such a buck with scorn, saying, 'he is not brave enough to thrash his squaws!'

Compared with Apaches, Kickapoos, and Kiowas, the Utes are but a sorry lot—root diggers, rat catchers; yet the sorriest Ute alive—a dog not brave enough to scalp a sleeping foe, or to avenge a blood feud—is brave enough to kick and club a girl. Yet he prefers to set his women at each other, trusting that their jealousies will make them tear and scratch enough to save him trouble in his lodge.

'Why have you brought the old squaw with you?' we enquire of the Pai-Ute bridegroom.

'Ugh!' he grunts, 'to break the little one. All

girls are wild. You pinch and slap them for a month or more. When they are taken from the lodge, they mope and cry; you beat them till they stop, then they are good. When you fetch a young squaw, old one likes to come. She makes the young one stumble on stones, and sleep with two eyes open. That ties her tongue.'

Red Dog is not worse than others of his pagan tribe. To him a squaw is nothing but a drudge and beast. He keeps her like a cow, and treats her like a dog. He buys her, sells her, as he likes. Nobody interferes. American law knows nothing of a Red man's lodge. If Red Dog were to beat his bride, while all these White men were about, he would be lynched. But if he kills her in the night, when no White men are near, no sheriff will pursue him for the crime.

While she remains a member of her tribe, a woman has some natural defender, in her father, in her brother, in her son. When drafted into another tribe, her only hope is in the favour and compassion of her lord. In other days such sales of women into other tribes were rare, but as the tribes fall off in numbers, the women pass more

frequently from lodge to lodge. Red Dogs, with money in their belts, are now scouring the land in search of squaws.

'Have you not girls enough in your own camp, without coming up to Winnemucca when you want a wife?'

'No; not enough. White men have taken nearly all our squaws.'

It is a fact; for them, a sad and bitter fact. Some Indian tribelets are so poor in squaws, that many of the hunters have no partners; and the chiefs and medicine men can hardly stock their tents. This is the case on every frontier where the Red men live in contact with the White. A Hybrid steals, a Pale-face buys. Once she has passed into a stranger's ranch, the Indian girl is lost to her tribe for ever.

An Indian convert knows that selling girls is not the White man's custom, but no pagan Indian ever heard a voice against this ancient rule and habit of his tribe. When he obtained his squaw, he paid her price. His mother was bought, her mother bought. A girl, he says, is worth so many skins, so many dollars. If he loses her, he loses so much

wealth. She helps to dig his roots, to groom his horse, to bear his tent; and if the hunter is to sell his child, why may he not accept a White man's gold as quickly as a Red man's skins? The White man, he perceives, is strong. Once she is taken to the settler's ranch, his child will be better off than she would be in the biggest Indian wigwam. If he asks the girl, he will be told that she prefers to be a White man's squaw.

A train rolls in, and Red Dog kicks his wives, who shake their rags, and huddle to their feet. The railway company allows the Utes and Shoshones in these high wastes to fancy that the road is built for them, and lies under their protecting power. All Utes and Shoshones ride on the trains without payment, on the easy condition that they squat outside the carriage door. A winter night is coming on. At six o'clock the cold is thirty-seven degrees below freezing, and the wind is rising to a gale. These women have to squat all night, clinging in their sleep to rail and chain. Poor little bride! Beyond the cuffs and kisses of her savage purchaser, she will have to bear the vials of a rival being emptied on her head. To-morrow, when she quits the train,

she will commence a march of ninety or a hundred miles, through drift and ice, and when she joins her husband's band, she will assume the duties of a slave. When Red Dog grows tired of her, he will sell her to some other Dog.

CHAPTER XIX.

RED MORMONISM.

FROM Winnemucca, an Indian camp in Nevada, to Brigham, a prosperous Mormon town in Salt Lake Valley, we race and wriggle through a mountain district, not more striking in physical aspect than in human interest. Rolling on the level of Ben Nevis, with a score of snowy peaks in front and flank, we climb through woods of stunted pine, ascending by the Pallisades to Pequop, at the height of Mont d'Or, from which we slide by way of Humboldt Wells and the American Desert direct to Brigham in the land of Zion. Ten years ago, this line of country, four hundred miles by road, belonged to independent tribes of Utes and Shoshones, whose pagan ancestors had hunted buffalo, made peace and war, and carried on vendetta, from the frozen sierras to the neighbourhood of Snake River

and Shoshone Falls. To-day these tribes have not a single acre of their ancient hunting grounds.

Many of these Indians are Red Mormons. Every Indian tribe, among whose tents the Mormon preachers have come, are more or less inclined to favour them, but many of these Utes and Shoshones have been actually baptized into the Mormon Church. Red bishops have been consecrated for the government of these mountain tribes.

Nine years ago, while staying in Salt Lake City, studying the system introduced among men of European stock by Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, I wrote these words:

'What have these saints achieved? In the midst of a free people, they have founded a despotic power. In a land which repudiates State religions, they have placed their Church above human laws. Among a society of Anglo-Saxons they have introduced some of the ideas, many of the practices of Utes, Shoshones, or Snakes.'

A wider view of Indian life confirms my first belief that 'some of the ideas' and 'many of the practices,' found among the Mormons living at Salt Lake city, are a growth of the soil, older than the

advent of Brigham Young, older than the revela tion of Joseph Smith.

Apart from the devotional spirit, the sense of order, and the love of work, which are the virtues of New England and of Old England, never yet divorced from men of Anglo-Saxon breed, the Mormons seem to have derived their chief ideas, and adopted their chief practices from the Indian lodge. Glance, for a moment, at the main ideas on which Red men differ from White—from all White men except Latter-day Saints.

1. Red men have a physical god, who can be seen and heard, not only in the cloud and wind, but with the form and voice of man.

2. They have a class of seers and chiefs, endowed with a supernal faculty of seeing this god, of listening to his counsels, and of learning his will.

3. When they meet in counsel, every Red man is supposed to be possessed by the Great Spirit, and divinely guided in his choice of seer and chief.

4. A chief thus chosen by the common inspiration of his people, rules them in the name of heaven, by a divine and patriarchal right, and exercises his authority on body and on soul alike.

5. They exist in orders, divine in origin, which keep them in one nation, and divide them from the outer world by barriers never to be passed excepting through adoption by the tribe.

6. The land, and everything on the land, belong to the Great Spirit, and to the tribe as his children, and the titles vest in the big chief as trustee of the Great Spirit and his tribe. No private member of the tribe has any power to hold and own the land, and what is on the land.

7. An injury to any member of the nation is regarded by the Red man an injury to all, so that this wrong must be atoned before the tribe can rest—a blood atonement being required of the offending tribe.

All these ideas, strange to White men, hardly known in London and Berlin, Paris and New York, have been adopted by the Saints, not only by Brigham Young and Daniel Wells, illiterate presidents of the Church, but by their learned bishops, compeers, and defenders, Delegate George Q. Cannon, and Professor Orson Pratt.

In the camp of Red Cloud, a chief of the Teton Sioux, you hear the same talk of divine help, and

of standing face to face with God, as you hear in the Lion House and Tabernacle at Salt Lake. 'I will consult the Great Spirit,' says Red Cloud, when the Indian Commissioners press a point. In speaking to the Whites, Red Cloud never drops this tone of priest and seer. 'Whatever the Great Spirit tells me to do, that I will do.'

Red Cloud can hardly count the lodges of his tribe. Six years ago he owned the plains and mountains from the Upper Missouri River to the Setting Sun. White men came into his hunting-grounds; trappers, dealers, herdsmen, whom he received with kindness and supplied with squaws. Red Cloud was glad to see men come into his country who could show his young hunters how to work! But he reserved his princely rights. When White men came to make a road, they wanted soldiers to protect their plant; but Red Cloud would not have these armed hands about his lodges. 'No,' he answered the Commissioner, in the tone of a prophet; 'you shall not send a soldier across the North Platte.' Conferences were held, and Red Cloud went to Washington and New York. A pact was signed by him, giving the White men certain

rights; but many of his tribe were vexed by his concessions, and asserted that their chief had been made drunk. A new palaver was arranged at Laramie, when Red Cloud stood on his ancient right, not only as a prince, but priest and seer. Commissioner Brandt asked him to receive a White agent in his country. He refused. 'I have consulted the Great Spirit, and do not want a strange man for agent.'

When pressed to yield the right of garrisoning his hunting-grounds, he rose and spoke:

'I am Red Cloud. The Great Spirit made the Red man and the White. I think he made the Red man first. He raised me in this land, and it is mine. He raised the White men beyond the sea; their land is over there. Since they crossed the sea, I have given them room, and there are pale faces all about me. I have but a small spot of land left. The Great Spirit tells me to keep it.'

Brigham Young might use these words. The Lord has given Salt Lake Valley to Brigham and the Saints, just as the Great Spirit has given Nebraska to Red Cloud and the Sioux. The Lord has told Brigham to keep that valley, and Brigham will hold it so long as the Lord gives him strength to keep the

Gentiles out. 'Whatever I do,' says Red Cloud, in the tone so often heard at Salt Lake City, 'my people will do the same.' Whether asking or refusing, Red Cloud is but carrying out the wishes of his people and the will of God.

Brigham Young has done something to appease the feuds between Utes and Shoshones; but, as some persons allege, he has done so only to turn their wrath against the Whites. Not far from the station called Pai-Ute, a fight took place between some emigrants and natives, which gives the name of Battle Mountain to a ridge with many mounds and spires; and here, as at Mountain Meadow, and in other places, the Mormons are suspected of inspiring, if not conducting the attack. The emigrants were driving stock. Stronger in numbers and in knowledge of the country, the Indians dashed into their corral, overpowered their watch, and drove away their herds. At dawn, the emigrants rallied, armed in haste, and sought the trail. At noon they caught the raiders in a glen, fell on them front and flank, broke, drove, and scattered them from rock to cave. The Indians fought like wolves at bay; but numbers and courage were of no

avail against White strength and discipline. Shot, brained, cut down, they fell on every rock, round every tree. Nothing less than their destruction could appease the White man's rage. The sun went down on a victorious field; a hundred braves lying dead, and all the stolen stock brought back to camp. Nobody ever learned the Indian loss that day. Indians use much care in carrying off their dead, in order to reduce the enemy's tale of scalps; but in the following summer, emigrants found the bones of many warriors who had evidently been sped by White men's bullets to the land of souls. That skirmish cleared the track, and helped to break the Shoshone power.

Smitten by this sudden loss, the tribe reeled to and fro, unable to decide on any course. One party was opposed to fighting any more; a second party was for instant war. They fought each other, and while they were fighting in their camps, the White man built his ranch and made his road. From time to time a ranch is robbed, a woman stolen, a settler scalped; but in an Indian country no one makes a fuss for trifles, and the desolated ranch gets tenanted again. A bolder crime provokes a chase,

and when the White man mounts, his chase is eager and his vengeance black.

We pass a homestead which has lately been the scene of one of these mountain episodes. A daring fellow brought his wife and two daughters up to the great plateau, where by thrift and labour he was making for them a prosperous home. The girls were pretty, and the wifeless miners and shepherds thought them angels. A band of Shoshones scalped the whole family. If the Whiteman's tale is true, these savages not only outraged the women, but slit their noses, broke their joints, and gouged their eyes. If so, the warriors were attended by their dusky wives; such acts of torture being reserved by Indians as a luxury for their squaws, who snatch a fearful pleasure, in their bondage, from the sight of a White woman's shame and death.

Before the Whites could rally in pursuit, the Shoshones made off, retiring to the trackless wastes where White men's feet have never trod. The trail was lost, the chase seemed vain; but frontier men are not easily turned aside, and female blood was crying from the earth for vengeance! A Pai-Ute scout

came in, who offered to find the trail, and guide them to the Shoshone camp. At once they marched; armed, braced, and eager for their work. They caught the trail; they reached the camp; but only to find the braves and warriors flown, the squaws and children left. The White men sulked and swore; their prey was gone, their vengeance baffled. To pursue the flying bands seemed useless; for a Redskin, riding for his life, with nothing but his arms to carry, must leave a Pale-face with his stores and tents behind. A council was convened. What could they do?

'Do?' exclaimed the Pai-Ute scout, 'why, fire on the squaws.'

Fire on the squaws! To hurt a woman is revolting to a White man's sense of honour. Fire on the squaws!

'What is the use in firing on a lot of squaws?' asked one of the number.

'Ugh!' sneered the scout, with Indian scorn for what he calls this Pale-face craze about the value of a woman's life; 'you fire into the camp; you shoot a score of squaws and papooses; then you see the braves

and warriors come to their defence. They are not far away.'

A volley was discharged into the Indian camp. A wild and piercing yell rose up from wounded squaws and children. Soon the paint and feathers showed themselves among stones and trees. Each Indian rushed to the defence of his own lodge, and now the Whites poured in among them, and the hug of hate began. Arms, drill, and science fought for the Whites, and when the firing slackened, a rush was made with knife and bayonet. The camp was carried, and every man, woman, and child still left was sought and killed.

On crossing Bear River, we arrive at Brigham, a city of adobe houses, nestling in the midst of fruit trees. Here we find a body of Red Mormons, led by a Red bishop, on their road to Zion. Finding no comfort in their Gentile neighbours, the Horse Indians are turning more and more towards their pale-faced brethren of the Mormon church.

CHAPTER XX.

WHITE INDIANS.

BEFORE the Mormons came into these mountains, they were known as friends of the Red men, and were called in mockery the White Indians. They professed to have solved the mystery, so puzzling to linguists and ethnologists, of the origin of the Indian tribes. On evidence supplied to them by angels, they asserted that the Red men are sons of Laman, remnants of the lost tribes of Israel, and objects of God's pecular care. Giving the Indians a great place in history, the Mormons stamped them as a people who will rise again and make a glorious figure in the world. They professed to have copies of ancient Indian books. A history of these Indians was their holy scripture, and they preached a religion racy of the Indian soil, in which Redskin chiefs and prophets were to play a part.

Missions had been sent out to these lost tribes

and families; missions of the First Witness and of the First Apostle. A revelation had been published, announcing that Zion would be built in the land of the Lamanites. To seal this family compact with the Indians, another revelation declared that in the great day of the Lord, the Lamanites were to blossom as the rose, Zion to flourish on the hills, and both the ancient tribes and the modern saints were to assemble in an 'appointed place.' What marvel, then, that ever since the Mormons crossed into Big Elk's country, they have been received as friends, that the Pottawattamies gave them the free use of their soil, that the Sioux allowed them to pass the Platte River, that the Shoshones let them cut down timber, that the Utes assisted them to bring water from the mountain creeks?

For good and ill, the hunters and the saints live as neighbours and brethren; leaning on each other for support against a common foe. Utes and Shoshones have been baptised. Others are content with living on Mormon principles. Not a few Mormon missionaries have taken squaws into their tents. In certain deeds of violence, such as the

Mountain Meadow massacre, and the alleged murders by Rockwell and his Danite band, the Red and White Indians have been very closely mixed. Four or five commissions have sat on the Mountain Meadow massacre, yet no one can say whether Kanosh, the Ute chief, or Colonel Dame, the Mormon bishop, was the man most to blame. All witnesses in the case describe the slayers as 'Indians,' or as 'painted like Indians,' or as 'dressed like Indians.' Kanosh was a Mormon elder; and there is something of the Ute in Colonel Dame.

Nine years ago I wrote of these saints:

'Hints for their system of government may have been found nearer home than Hauran, in less respectable quarters than the Bible; the Shoshone wigwam could have supplied the Saints with a nearer model of a plural household than the patriarch's tent. . . . The saints go much beyond Abram; and I for one am inclined to think that they have found their type of domestic life in the Indian wigwam rather than in the patriarch's tent. Like the Ute, a Mormon may have as many wives as he can feed, like the Mandan he may marry

three or four sisters, an aunt and her niece, a mother and her child.'

Big Elk and Pied Riche saw in Brigham Young, what Red Cloud and Black Hawk still see—a White brother, whose big chief and medicine man, Joseph Smith, was shot in Illinois for asserting that the Red-skins are of sacred race, no less than for preaching the Red doctrines of common property and plurality of wives. Brigham Young, on the other side, regards the Red-skins, like his leader Joseph Smith, as a peculiar people, chosen though chastised, and holding in their custody, not knowing what they hold, ancient and celestial traditions. Some of these old and sacred traditions existed among the Indians of Vermont and New York, in which countries Joseph Smith resided in his youth, as well as in the prairies of Illinois, where his system put on its final shape. These Indians held their lands in common, kept as many squaws as they could house, and sought for blood atonements in their feuds. Smith tried to introduce these principles of the 'sacred race,' as well as to diffuse a knowledge of their personal god, their government by seers, their cure of maladies by spells and charms. He failed

on the domestic side. Even in his house, a Gentile feeling burned against the introduction of second wives; and sisters who pretend to have been the sealed spouses of Joseph, own that they had to undergo the rite in secret, and accept their wifehood in a mystic sense. But when the saints arrived in Utah, where, surrounded by the Indian wigwams, they were free to carry out their principles, they proclaimed the Indian doctrine of plurality of wives. Were they not gathered into Zion? Were not the sons of Laman living in the Valley, each with his two or three squaws, according to the ancient and celestial rule?

'That day,' I wrote in New America, 'the Red men and the White men made with each other an unwritten covenant, for the Shoshone had at length found a brother in the Pale-face, and the Pawnee saw the morals of his wigwam carried into the Saxon's ranch.'

Ute incest came to the Saints with Ute polygamy. An Indian likes to buy two or three sisters, finding they work well and hold their tongues, where strangers to each other might shirk their tasks and wrangle in his tent. A Mormon does the same. A

man who dares to marry three or four wives, is not likely to feel scruples about affinities of blood. Sealing to sisters soon became a habit of the Saints, not introduced by revelation like celestial marriage, but adopted here and there by mere contagion from the Indian lodges, till the cases grew in number and the facts became a law. To legalise this system of plurality and incest strains the utmost power of Brigham Young.

'Are plural families increasing in your Church?' I ask Apostle Taylor, as we wander in and out among the Temple shafts and passages, noting how slow and solid is the growth of that edifice which is to be completed, in the strength of prophecy, when the Lamanites shall have come to blossom as a rose!

'Increasing surely, though not fast.'

My evidence of eye and ear is out of harmony with that of the Apostle. Things are changed in Zion; changed in many ways, from dress and manner upwards into modes of thought. In other times, the Church was all in all. Brigham was king and pope; the Twelve were princes of the blood. A bishop was a peer. Not to be an elder was to live outside the court. A Gentile was of less account in Main Street

than a Sioux or Snake, who kept, although in darkness, some traditions of a sacred code.

A railway train has done it all.

The change in Zion, since the railway opened, is like that from Santa Clara under the Franciscan friars to that of Denver under Bob Wilson and the young Norse gods. Much evil pours into the town, as well as good; the sharper and his female partner coming with the teacher and divine; the people who open hells and grogshops treading on the heels of those who open colleges and schools. Everyone is free to come. As yet, the Saints retain possession of the real estate; no less than seven-eighths of the city, nineteen-twentieths of the territory, says Daniel Wells, mayor of the city, still belonging to the Saints. Yet every one must see that a Gentile feeling, hostile to the Mormon theory of domestic life, begins to reign in store and street, in mart and bank. A Gentile banker may not seem so great a personage as a Mormon bishop, yet this bishop's daughters cannot be prevented from turning their eyes in female envy on that banker's wife. The Gentile lady is more richly dight than any other woman at Salt Lake. The Mormon ladies wish to

dress like her. Riches are entering into strife with grace, and fashion is pushing sanctity to the wall.

In other days plurality was a rage. You heard of nothing else. Ladies affected to be smitten by the spell, and boasted of bringing in new Hagars to their lords. To have a plural household was a sign of perfect faith and walking in the highest light. To be a member of the Church, and yet refrain from sealing wife on wife, was a discredit to the priesthood; and an elder so remiss in duty was unable to get on. That rage in favour of plurality is past. Some leaders have renounced the practice, others have denounced the dogma, of polygamy. Elder Jennings is living with a single wife; Stenhouse, Elder no longer, is living with a single wife.

'Why should not plural families increase?' asks Taylor, in a tone which begs the whole question of fact and theory, 'this increase is the will of heaven. We have to live our faith out openly before the world, and all good Saints are striving to obey the will of God.'

'Yet, Elder, I observe that some of my old acquaintance seem falling into Gentile ways. There's Jennings. When I first knew him he had two

wives, and people told me he was likely to seal two more at least. I find him living with a single wife. One lady is dead, but he has not taken a sister into her place.'

We supped last night with Elder Jennings at his new villa, where we saw his wife and daughters. Being a wealthy man, Jennings has been urged to seal a third and fourth sister to himself, according to the will of heaven; but he has held aloof from 'counsel' in this matter, and in face of bishops and pontiffs, anxious for his good, he steadily refuses to add wife on wife. A man of business, dealing with men of every class and creed, Jennings has been carried into something like silent opposition to his Church. He will not bring, he says, another woman to his house. His living partner seems to me the happiest Mormon woman in the town.

'Well, in the city, you may note such cases,' says the Apostle, putting my case aside, with what appears to me a weary shrug. 'A Gentile influence has been creeping in, no doubt; and business people are the first to see things in a worldly light; but on the country farms and in the lonely sheep-runs you will find a pastoral people, eager to fulfil the

law as it is given to us, and to enjoy the blessings offered by God to his obedient Saints.'

Taylor is no doubt right. The system of White polygamy, which droops and fades in presence of the Gentiles, springs and spreads in presence of the Snakes and Utes—a fact of facts: the full significance of which is hardly seen by Taylor and his brother Saints.

No sooner was the railway built, the valley opened, and the stranger admitted, than a change of view set in. Some elders, including Godbe, Walker, Harrison, and Lawrence, began a new movement, favouring liberty of trade and leading up towards liberty of thought. They tried to bring in science, and to found a critical magazine. Stenhouse was of their party, though he had not yet seceded from his Church. Belief in polygamy as a divine institution was the first thing to go down. On turning to the original seer, these critics found good reason to conclude that plurality was one of the additions made by Brigham Young to the gospel taught by Joseph Smith. Smith had only one wife. That lady, still alive, asserts that neither in public nor in private was the prophet ever sealed or

given to any other woman than herself. The prophet's sons denounce the doctrine of polygamy as the spawn of hell. These were no pleasant things for Godbe to discern. This elder, a chemist, lived in a fine house, with three wives, and had a garden full of boys and girls. How, under his new lights, was he to deal with his domestic facts? The women were his wives, the children were his flesh and blood. The past was past, for good and evil. But the future? If polygamy were not divine, he must not seal another wife so long as any of the three women in his household were left alive. The same conclusion has been forced on many others.

'Do you wish me to infer,' I ask Apostle Taylor, 'that the rich and educated Mormons are giving up polygamy, and that the poor and ignorant brethren are taking to it?'

'No,' he answers me with meek reproof, 'we should not like to put the matter so. Some worldly men are weary of obedience to the law; while others, pure in heart and true in faith, are ready to assume their cross.'

CHAPTER XXI.

POLYGAMY.

In Salt Lake Valley, as in Los Angeles, San Jose, and other places, the Red aberrations of White people are in process of correction. White polygamy is perishing in Utah, like Red polygamy, of which it is a bastard offspring, not by force or violence, but by the operation of natural laws. It dies of contact with the higher fashions of domestic life.

'I gather, not from what you tell me only, but from every word I hear, and every man I see, that there is change of practice, if not change of doctrine,' I remark to President Wells and Apostle Taylor.

'That is your impression?' asks the Apostle.

'Yes, my strong impression; I might say my strong conviction. Pardon me for saying that the point is very serious. If you mean to dwell in the United States, you must abate the practice, even if

you retain the principle, of plural wives. Nature, Law, and Accident are all against your theories of domestic life. Nature puts the male and female on the earth in pairs; and thereby sets her face against your theories. The Law of every Christian State declares that one man shall marry one woman, and no more. Accidents, which have left a surplus of females in Europe, have brought a surplus of males to America. In England, where in every thousand persons, five hundred and fourteen are females, four hundred and eighty-six males, you might pretend to find a physical basis for your theory. But in these States and territories, out of every thousand persons, five hundred and five are males, four hundred and ninety-five females. There are not enough women for every man to have one wife. Even in Utah you have fifteen hundred more men than women. In the face of such facts, your "celestial law" of polygamy will be hard to carry out. Man will find his mate, or die for her.'

Gentiles have a right to use all moral arms against plurality and priestcraft in the person of Brigham Young. Young is the enemy of our household science, our ethical system, our religious

faith; but men who love justice and liberty, even more than they hate priestcraft and plurality, will fight him with fact and truth, not shot and shell. A good cause need not ask for special laws and a fanatical judge. The causes which induce polygamy in the Western States are failing, but the end will not be hastened by an exercise of cruel and unreasoning zeal.

Brigham Young, the chief reviver of this Indian legend, is seventy-four years old. His strength is spent. Finding the air of Salt Lake Valley too keen for his enfeebled lungs, he passes his winters at St. George, a village on the frontier of Arizona; living with two favourite nurses, Sister Amelia and Sister Lucy, and leaving his temple and his tabernacle very much to the care of George A. Smith and Daniel Wells, his second and third presidents, the Lion House and Bee-hive to the charge of Eliza Snow, his poetess laureate and proxy wife. Jesters speak of him as lying sick; only just well enough to sit up in bed and be married now and then. But Brigham is not likely to renew his search for wives. The biggest Indian chief is happy in a dozen squaws, and Brigham, though deserted by

his youngest wife, still owns eighteen obedient slaves. Poor man, his last adventure in the way of courtship turned out badly; for his nineteenth bride, Ann Eliza, a young and handsome hussy, after trying him for a year, has left his house, renounced her creed, and under Gentile counsel, has brought an action for divorce. She wanted more of his society and of his money. Finding her charms neglected, Ann Eliza sold his furniture, fled to New York, and opened a course of lectures on the secrets of his harem. She knew his ways, and made the Gentiles merry at his expense.

Such incidents cry out to Brigham Young that, though he holds the keys, and claims all power to bind and loose, he can no longer rule a woman's heart or check the licence of a woman's tongue. This cross is hard to bear. With Lucy by his side, he might forget the lost bride, but female smiles can hardly reconcile the pontiff to his loss of power. One flight from a prophet's household breaks the charm. 'My wife on earth, my queen in heaven,' sighs Brigham Young. 'An old fellow,' snaps the lady, dropping her jargon of celestial laws and everlasting covenants, 'he is forty-five years older

than myself, and he has eighteen other wives to please.' Her intercourse with Gentiles has dispelled the mystic halo which surrounds a prophet's tent. His harem is profaned, the mystery and sanctity of his life are gone.

Other, and more serious losses, have fallen on the polygamous saints. Stenhouse, Godbe, Lawrence, Walker, Harrison, all the most liberal, prosperous, and enlightened members of their church, have either seceded or been expelled.

Stenhouse has not only fallen from the ranks, but with his first wife, Sister Fanny, has taken service in the Gentile camp.

When I was last in Zion, the Stenhouses, man and wife, were strict upholders of polygamy. The Elder had two wives living, Sister Fanny and Sister Belinda; besides his dead queen, Sister Carrie, who had been sealed to him for 'the eternal worlds.' Fanny was of English birth, a clever, handsome woman, who had given Belinda to her husband for his second wife. Belinda came of saintly race, being a daughter of Parley Pratt, the first apostle, called the Archer of Paradise, and of Belinda Pratt, the foremost female advocate of polygamy. She was an

orphan when the Elder took her; Pratt, her father, having been killed in Arkansas by Hector M'Lean, a gentleman whose wife the Mormon apostle had converted and carried off. Not satisfied with these young and comely women, Stenhouse was looking for another wife; and Sister Fanny tried her best to make me think he was doing right in following the 'celestial' law. To-day she puts into my hands a volume written by her pen, in which plurality of wives is pictured from a Gentile point of view.

The fall of these conspicuous advocates of plurality is due to the friction caused by that celestial law.

Clara, one of Sister Fanny's daughters, is the favourite wife of Joseph A. Young, the prophet's eldest son. The Stenhouses were, therefore, very near the throne. To get still nearer, Elder Stenhouse proposed to Zina, one of the prophet's daughters. The position of this girl was passing strange. By birth she was a child of Brigham Young, by grace a child of Joseph Smith. Her mother, Zina Huntingdon, is one of four 'holy women,' who pretend to have been the secret wives of Joseph Smith, and as the prophet's widows live in proxy wife-hood with Brigham Young. Brigham has done his part, but

Zina Huntingdon is not regarded as his wife and queen. Joseph will claim her in the world to come, and Zina, the younger, will be gathered to her mother's kingdom. A lovely and a clever woman, Zina is a favourite with her father, who loves her none the less because his 'celestial law' prevents him from counting her as his child.

Before he spoke to Young, Stenhouse believed that he had won his prize. Zina was an actress, Stenhouse a dramatic critic, with a popular journal in his hands. More pretty things, according to Sister Fanny, were said of her than any artist in the world deserves. Zina was happy in this praise. Young raised no obstacles to the match, but he insisted that the mother and her child should not be separated after Zina's marriage. They had always lived together, and they could not be induced to live apart.

'You must take them both,' said Young.

'Brigham wants to get rid of the old lady,' jeered Sister Fanny, growing cynical.

'She forms no part of his kingdom, you know,' urged Stenhouse, in reply to his wife's jests and jeers. On Zina insisting that her mother should re-

main beneath her roof, the Elder undertook that Joseph's widow should reside with them in his 'third house.'

But things were not so happily arranged. Stenhouse was slack, and Zina flirted off. Business was bad. Godbe and Walker had commenced the new movement, and the prophet wanted Stenhouse to abuse these enemies of his church. But Stenhouse was dependent on his advertisers, the great and small traders of the city, nearly all of whom were in the movement. He was silent, and his silence was regarded as a crime. Zina refused to see him, and her pouts were very properly supposed to represent her father's mood. Sister Fanny went to Brigham Young, and begged him to let the marriage of her husband and the prophet's daughter take place.

'Well,' said Young, 'if Zina has changed her mind, I have plenty of other girls. Let him take one of them; if one won't have him, another will.'

Stenhouse suspected Brigham of opposing him. He shewed his teeth, and Brigham smote him in his paper, which began to fall in circulation. Losses ensued and bitterness increased. Sister Belinda, seeing that her husband was falling out of

favour, applied to Young for a divorce. Stenhouse consented, and the deed was signed.

A new paper was commenced by the authorities, as an official organ of the Church. Then Stenhouse left—his wife going out into apostacy with him.

'He wanted to have Zina,' says Captain Hooper, 'but the young lady gave him the mitten, and as Brother Brigham would not force his child to marry, Stenhouse has left us in a rage.'

Sister Belinda carried her three children by Elder Stenhouse into another man's harem. Unhappy with her second mate, she got a new divorce. One of her children died. She is now sealed for the third time, to a rich Mormon elder, and the two children of Stenhouse live in her new home.

'She has tried all round,' says the divorced husband, 'I hope she will now rest.'

'Is not your daughter Clara living with Joseph Young?'

'Yes, yes,' says Mrs. Stenhouse, sadly, 'she is with him, in the South of Utah, living in polygamy. We cannot get the child to see her way. Her husband dotes on her. If he were only a bad man, there would be some hope for us. He might

abuse her and desert her; then she could come out of them, and be with us again.'

Such wrecks come after storms. The tempest is not over yet; but there are signs of lull and clearance in the sky. If things are left alone, the end may soon be reached. Polygamy belongs to a state of society in which females do the chief work. When women cease to find their own food, light their own fires, and make their own clothes, not many fellows care to have five or six wives.

'The thing that touches our plural system most,' says a Mormon elder who has recently escaped from polygamy into freedom, 'is an agent over which the carpet-baggers have no control. It is Fashion. Ten years ago, our women were content to dress like rustics. Since the railway brought us into contact with the world, our women see how ladies dress elsewhere; they want new bonnets, pine for silk pelisses and satin robes, and try to outshine each other. All this finery is costly; yet a man who loves his wives can hardly refuse to dress them as they see other ladies dress. To clothe one woman is as much as most men in America can afford. In the good old times, an extra wife cost a man little or nothing. She

wore a calico sunshade, which she made herself. Now she must have a bonnet. A bonnet costs twenty dollars, and implies a shawl and gown to match. A bonnet to one wife, with shawl and gown to match, implies the like to every other wife.'

This taste for female finery is breaking up the Mormon harems. Even Jennings shrinks from the expense of dressing several fine ladies, and Brigham Young may soon be the only man in Salt Lake City rich enough to clothe a dozen wives.

No gathering of the Saints to Zion, no assertion of divine authority, can impede the action of this enemy of Brigham Young. Women who dress like squaws may obey like squaws. The sight of a pink bonnet wins them back into the world, and arms them with the weapon of their sex.

CHAPTER XXII.

INDIAN SEERS.

RED CLOUD is an example, and no more than an example, of a Red Brigham Young. At Green River, in the territory of Utah, we find the details of a recent drama, every scene in which would be a parody on the Mormon pope, if Brigham Young were not himself a parody on these Indian seers.

In March last year an Indian prophet came into a camp of wandering Utes near Tierra Amarilla, in New Mexico, bringing a message to this tribe of Utes from their Great Spirit. The man was known to be a Saint; a Red dervish and magician, with a great repute among his people; a wizard who had passed through many circles and was privileged to talk with God.

The Utes were hunters, living in their tents under Sabeta and Cornea, two big chiefs, and several smaller chiefs. Their camp was pitched in

pleasant places, on a running water, in the midst of grass, shaded by cedar and cotton-wood. Each tent was set apart, the cross-poles peering upwards through the buffalo skins. Each wigwam showed a side of elk or antelope. The winter chase was done, the summer ramble yet unfixed. The younger bucks were eager for a raid: more than the others, Manuel, a restless member of Cornea's band. Manuel aspired to be a chief. Already he was known along the Border as the biggest thief in New Mexico. But he raged and raved in vain. The hunters needed rest, and were enjoying the delights of spring. Cornea, Sabeta, and the other captains, smoked the pipe of peace, while Manuel and the younger bucks lay sprawling in the sunshine, watching their squaws at work, and dallying with their tawny imps. Old squaws were drying skins and pounding maize; young squaws were gathering twigs and lighting fires. The Ute encampment was an image of the pastoral life, as lived by all these pagan tribes.

'Get up, my children!' cried the seer; 'come up with me into the land of the Green River—our ancient hunting-grounds. There you shall see the Great Spirit face to face. There you shall tread

on soft grass, and drink from wholesome springs. There you shall find swift ponies and abundant game. Come up with me into the country of Green River, and see the Great Spirit face to face!'

They listened to his words; not only Manuel and the younger bucks, but Cornea, Sabeta, and other chiefs. Green River is the chief water in the Ute territory; draining the great dip between the Elk Mountains and the Wahsatch chain. Regarding that valley as their ancient home, the bands were not surprised to hear a call from their Great Spirit to return. Their fathers had received such messages of grace. The seer was only calling them, according to their Indian legends, to the happy hunting-fields they had been forced to leave. Cornea listened to the seer, as to a voice from heaven. His tribe was moved, and Cornea, acting on a popular impulse, gave the sign to them to go.

Striking their tents, the Indians packed the jerked antelope and pounded maize. But they were poor in ponies, and the journey to Green River was a long and arduous ride. 'Let us go out and steal,' cried Manuel and the younger bucks. 'No,' urged the prophet, 'you must only borrow what you want.'

So Manuel and the younger men went out into the White settlements and 'borrowed' about thirty horses and as many cows. Then starting for the promised land, they drove their stolen herds in front, and helped themselves to anything else they wanted on the road.

Vexed by their losses, and caring nothing for the Great Spirit, the White men gathered in from ranch and mine, and going into Tierra Amarilla, where the Indian agent, John S. Armstrong, lived, requested that officer to recover and restore their stock. An Indian agent has to answer for his tribe, and Green River is not only a station on the railway, but the chief artery of White settlement in the mountains. Chacen, a half-breed interpreter, was called into the agency and sent out with an order.

'Follow the trail,' said Armstrong, 'and when you catch the raiders bring them back, together with the stolen cattle.' Chacen over-rode the tribe. A mixed blood, high in favour with the Whites, he seemed a great man to these Utes. At any other time, they would have listened to his advice and acted on his warnings, but now, inflamed by holy zeal, they told him to go back. The Great Spirit

had called them; they would bend no longer to the Whites. Sabeta was as full of fight as Manuel and the youthful braves. Chacen rode back, and Armstrong, on receiving his report, sent out for troops, who soon came rattling into Tierra Amarilla, under Captain Stevenson. They had not long to wait for a collision with the 'sacred race.' Aflame with pride, and promised a great victory over the pale devils, the Indians turned back on the settlements. Sabeta pricked into the agency, while Cornea lay in ambush, three or four miles behind, unseen by any of the Whites.

Sabeta meant to take the agency, to scalp the officers, and to secure the stores. To his surprise he found a troop of horse, and was compelled to parley where he had prepared to strike.

'Bring in the stolen stock and yield the thieves to punishment,' said Captain Stevenson, taking an imperious tone. Sabeta, not yet ready for the fray, replied with Indian cunning, that he might be able to restore the cows and ponies, but he could not yield the thieves for punishment, as they were gone into the mountains and were strangers to his band. Some of the worst thieves, as Armstrong knew,

were sitting on their ponies at Sabeta's side, but night was coming on, and he was anxious not to have a fight if he could gain his point without shedding blood. Sabeta's band far outnumbered Stevenson's troop.

'You must encamp, for the night.'

A place was named, with wood and water, near the spot where Cornea lay in secret ambush. The Indians were content, and a squad of cavalry was told off as escort. Stevenson set out, but when they neared the camping ground, the Indians broke, ran out in rings, and yelling to their comrades, whirled into array of battle. The interpreter argued with them, but the day for talk was gone. Two braves laid hold of him and beat him badly, while a third brave drew a pistol from his belt, and boasted that the Utes were now going to whip and scalp the troops.

As soon as Chacen got away, the soldiers opened fire on the Utes, a signal which uncovered the Indian ambush, and brought up their own reserves. The skirmish lasted for an hour, when darkness put an end to firing and pursuit. One trooper fell and two of his companions were unhorsed. The

Indians suffered more, but they retreated in the night across the Rio Charma, carrying off their slain.

Beyond the Rio Charma, these flying Indians met a Mexican herder with his flock. They scalped the man and stole his stock, which served them for a time as food; yet in the country where they sought a refuge, they were harassed by the Apaches, and after starving for five or six weeks, and losing nearly all their cows and ponies, they returned to Tierra Amarilla in an abject plight and spirit.

Armstrong resolved to separate the bands, and send them, not to Green River in Utah, but to the Ute reservations in Colorado. On giving his promise not to plunder any more, Sabeta was allowed to leave for Los Pinos; on a similar pledge, Cornea was allowed to leave for Pagota Springs. In future these Ute bands would have to dwell apart, divorced from each other, for the offence of listening to an Indian seer, and acting on a call from heaven.

Their numbers thinned, their wealth reduced, their pride subdued, the bands set out. The faces of their chiefs were dark. No one save Manuel talked of moving from the track laid down for them to keep. The braves hung down their heads like squaws.

When Manuel offered to lead a band of young bucks in search of prey, Cornea stopped his tongue, for Manuel, more than any other of the braves, had brought them into grief and shame. Nor would the younger men go out. In savage wrath the untameable robber swore that he would go alone.

Manuel had a cousin in the band, who was his nearest chum. He had two ponies also, and he hoped his chum, a matchless rider, would join him; but on hearing his proposals for a new raid, the young man turned away his face. It was not for himself he feared, but for the squaws and little ones of his band. Cornea's pledge was given. If any members of his band were found at large, Cornea would be blamed; if they were caught with scalps and stolen stock, the chief would have to answer for their crimes.

When Manuel was ready to depart, his cousin and some other braves crept noiselessly to his tent, with rifles in their clutch, and finding his two ponies hitched to a tree, fired into them. The ponies both fell dead. Manuel ran out. His comrades sprang to their feet. With cold and haughty gesture, he exclaimed:

'You have shot my ponies, you may now shoot me.'

Without a word, his cousin drew a pistol, faced the intending raider, and shot him through the heart. He fell without a groan, and instantly expired; on which the broken band covered up his face with dust, and then resumed their march, utterly broken and impoverished by their holy war.

Red Cloud, like Brigham, is elected to his office by the acclamation of his people; like Brigham he may be deposed by popular vote; but while he keeps his throne, he reigns by grace of God and is divinely aided to fulfil his task. The Indian legend runs, that when the tribe, divine in origin, assemble for a pow-wow, every one is touched and led by an invisible and unfallible guide. 'Let us have Red Cloud for our chief;' a warrior cries, on which the bucks and braves all raise their wild yep, yep. This chorus is the call of heaven. So too, when the Saints are gathered in their church, divine in origin, each Saint is assumed to be fired and guided by the Holy Ghost. 'Let us have brother Brigham for our prophet, seer, and revelator,' cries some elder, and the crowd of male and female Saints respond—Amen!

The voice of the people is the voice of God. Seceders may go out from either Sioux camp or Mormon church, but to depose an Indian chief is no less hard than to dethrone a Mormon seer. Sitting Bull has separated from Red Cloud, carrying with him a thousand lodges of his nation; David Smith has separated from Brigham Young, carrying with him more than a thousand families of his people; yet Red Cloud remains the Sioux chief and Brigham remains the Mormon seer.

Seceders cannot take away the grace which covers an appointed chief. The seer not only talks with the Great Spirit, but executes his judgments on the earth. A buck falls sick—he grovels to his chief. That chief, he thinks, can wither him by a spell. If that magician is not softened, he must die. So thinks the Mormon of his own relation to his pope. An Indian learns that sickness is a sign of sin. He thinks a devil has entered his flesh, and when, amidst the toil and hardship of a hunter's life, he feels the fever in his veins, the ague in his joints, the ulcer in his lungs, he crawls to his sorcerer, who groans and prays, makes passes with his palms, and puts the sinner under spells and charms.

The same things happen to a Mormon, who believes that sickness is a sign of sin, and that a member who appears to be unsound in either mind or body is possessed of a 'bad spirit.' A bishop is a doctor, and his remedies are prayers and invocations; his object in crying to the heavens being to cast out the demon which torments his brother's flesh.

Every one who comes into the Indian country finds these notions on the soil and in the air.

At Santa Clara, Fray Tomas found a medicine-man ruling the people by divine and patriarchal right, as seer and father of his tribe. Fray Tomas took his place, but left the law on which that seer and patriarch reigned untouched. A change of person introduced no change of plan. Each governed with despotic sway. Though chosen to his post, the Indian ruled in the name and with the power of his Great Spirit. The rule was priestly and the kingdom was of God. Fray Tomas governed in the name of his Great Spirit—his Holy Trinity, his Three in One. Such are the methods, such the pretensions, of Brigham Young. The Mormon prophet only goes beyond a teacher like

Fray Tomas, where Fray Tomas fell behind such chiefs as Red Cloud. A Christian friar is chastened in his exercise of power by the remembrance of his vows and by the habits and restraints of civilized life. An Indian seer admits no check on his authority, and a Mormon pontiff admits no check on his authority; yet, like the Franciscan prior, an Indian seer and Mormon pontiff find a limit even to 'divine' commission.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COMMUNISM.

To introduce the Indian doctrine of Common Property in lodge and land, with the village adjunct of Blood Atonement, into a community of White people, is more than Brigham Young has yet been able to achieve, though he has pressed those doctrines on his people in Salt Lake Valley with a sleepless energy, acting through the Indian machinery of secret societies and orders, bound by oaths to carry out his despotic will.

Men who can be persuaded by their bishops to marry a second and a third wife, or seal two sisters for the kingdom's sake, can not be induced by Danite bands, Avenging Angels, and Sons of Enoch, to make over to the church, that is to say the president, as 'trustee in trust,' their shops and sheds, their mines and mills. Brigham is trying to induce his people to abandon their private property, and

live on a common stock, like their Lamanite brethren, the Shoshones and Utes.

Joe Smith tried the same experiment in Missouri. Getting some of his early disciples to put their money into joint-stock banks, he raised a Common Fund, of which he acted as trustee in trust, and bought estates with the money, in a common name—that common name being Joseph Smith. His plans broke down, and personal property was spared, yet Smith reserved his principle by insisting on the payment of tithes. Each Saint had to pay a tenth of what he owned into the church. Each year this tithing was repeated on the convert's income, and the theory was taught in every meeting-house that 'property belongs to God.' A private person might be called a steward of the Lord, but his original and abiding steward was the Church.

Brigham Young, living nearer to the 'sacred race' than Smith, and having Lamanite examples always in his sight, pushes this pretension of his Master home; insisting that a Saint of perfect faith shall place the whole of his earthly goods in trust; and here and there, some ardent follower listens to counsel, gives up his all on earth, and takes from

Young a promise of the highest seat among the gods in heaven. To quicken zeal in sacrifice, a new Order has been created in Utah, called the Order of Enoch, and the men who 'consecrate' their property to God, are made members of this Order—Sons of Enoch, and like Enoch, Heirs of Life. It is a form of aristocracy; a grade in a new order of nobles. Not many persons have yet earned this grade. A convert now and then lays down his all, and wins from his prophet the promise of a seat among the highest thrones; but a Saint grown grey in sanctity is rarely tempted to exchange his fields and barns, his cows and pigs, his wheels and saws, for promises of a heavenly crown. While Fox, a poor disciple, surrenders all he owns, and takes such mite as Young allows him for food and clothes, Jennings, the rich disciple, builds himself a handsome villa in the suburbs, which he furnishes with busts and pictures, books and cabinets, like a gentleman's house in Regent's Park.

Great care is taken that such transfers of property to the Church are made in legal form, and sworn before a Gentile judge.

This Order has a strong attraction for the Sho-

shones, Sioux and Utes. Lame Dog or Flying Deer, according to his Indian legends, understands the Order as a call to come in and share the good things in Main Street and First Ward. Stalking into a shop, the Indian worthy helps himself to what he wants—rugs, paint or potted jam—and then moves quickly towards the door.

'Hillo! guess you'll lay that down, you dirty scamp,' cries his fellow Saint, who has not yet become a Son of Enoch.

'Hi, hi!' whines Lame Dog. 'Me Enoch; you Enoch? me eat your beef, me sleep your wigwam: nice, hi, hi!'

Not being a Son of Enoch and a Heir of Life, the store-keeper hustles Lame Dog or Flying Deer into the street. In practice, it is found that men who have nothing to share with their fellow Saints, fall in most readily with the Lamanite principle of a Common Property in goods and lands.

No principle has drawn more obloquy on the Mormons than their doctrine of Blood Atonement and Blood Retaliation; a doctrine which springs directly from the patriarchal system, and which was borrowed by Joseph Smith from his sacred brethren, the

Lamanites. This doctrine led to the Mormon expulsion from Ohio and Missouri, and was the cause of Joseph Smith's assassination in Carthage Jail. A suspicion that this doctrine of Retaliation animates Brigham Young, involves him in some degree of responsibility for the Mountain Meadow Massacre, for the murders of Brassfield and Robinson, and for many other misdeeds of Rockwell and the Danite band.

This doctrine of Retaliation—eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood—is not only foreign, but abhorrent to the Anglo-Saxon mind. All hunting tribes know the principle, and retain the practice. It is common to Sioux, Apaches, Kickapoos, and Kiowas. It is also common to Bedouins, Tartars, and Turkomans. In every savage tribe, Blood-Vengeance is a necessary act, and the Blood Avenger is regarded as a hero in his tribe. A Pai-Ute who scalps a Shoshone in revenge becomes a chief; a Salhaan who kills an Adouan in revenge becomes a sheikh. Revenge, according to these savage codes, ennobles the shedder of blood. In a Corsican village, the man who has last drawn blood in a great vendetta, struts about in cap and feathers, envied by every village swain, adored by every

village maiden. On the Nile, a fellah who goes into the neighbouring hamlet, and exacts blood for blood, is said to do a royal deed. Oriental lawgivers have usually been forced to admit the principle, even while they were trying to check the practice of Blood Atonements. Moses allows retaliation, though he places it under some restraint. Mohammed treats it in a similar spirit. Solon saw the absurdity of exacting tooth for tooth, and eye for eye, yet the Athenian legislator left the principle embodied in his code. England has the merit of repudiating this savage principle. Once, indeed, an attempt was made to introduce the principle into our legal system; but this attempt was made so long ago as the reign of Edward the Third. After trial of the system for a single year, the theory was rejected and the law repealed.

Among the higher races of mankind the rule has been put down. A touch of the old savagery lingers on the frontiers of civilisation. France finds a remnant of this rule in Corsica, Spain in Biscay, England in Connaught, America in the prairies—each nation on the spot where remnants of her ancient races yet survive.

Every observer in America notices the prevalence of communistic sentiment—a readiness to put the country before the commonwealth, and to replace public justice by private murder. This disposition shews itself in secret leagues—Danite Bands, Ku Klux Klans, Camelia Circles—no less than in the prevalence of Vigilance Committees, and the operations of Judge Lynch.

A farmer named Vancil lives near De Soto, a town on Big Muddy River, in the southern part of Illinois. Old and feeble, this farmer has a quarrel with his wife, who leaves his farm, and goes to live with her friends at a distance. Needing some help in his house, Vancil hires a woman on wages, and puts his pots and pans under her charge. One day, twelve fellows, masked and otherwise disguised, come to his farm, and finding him at home, tell him they have judged his case and settled what he must do.

'You judge between my wife and me?'

'Yes, Sir, we have weighed the facts.'

'The facts! what facts?'

'No matter,' they reply; 'we know the facts, and find you in the wrong.'

'Well,' says Vancil, 'if you know . . .'

'Talk is useless,' says the spokesman of the party; 'we have come to put things square. You send that help away; you fetch the old woman home; you make the quarrel up; and for the future, keep her on the farm.'

'Have you no more commands to lay on me?' asks Vancel, rising in his wrath.

'Yes,' returns the spokesman, who goes on with several things of no great moment, as to what the farmer ought to do.

'Suppose I disobey?'

'Don't try,' the spokesman snarls; 'if you refuse to carry out these orders, we shall hang you like a dog. Beware!'

At once the farmer sends away his hired help, and writes to tell his wife about the strange orders he has got. On all the lesser points, he carries out these orders: but the woman will not come to live with him again. She knows nothing, she alleges, of her champions, and refuses to take advantage of their interference. A few nights after their first visit the band returns, masked as before, to Vancil's farmhouse.

'Where is the wife?' snaps one.

'She will not come back,' sighs the old fellow. 'I have put away the hired woman. I have sent for my wife; I have done everything you bade me; but I have no means of making my wife come home.'

In spite of his entreaties and explanations, this poor old man is pushed from his house, dragged to a tree near by, strung to a branch, and left till he is dead. Next day his corpse is found by a farmer named Stewart Clup.

This Stewart Clup, a farmer living near the place, saw the party of masked men, and recognised two or three of them, through their disguise, as members of a secret society, called the Ku-Klux of Illinois. Clup gave tongue, being roused to anger by an outrage happening at his door. Two members of the league were arrested on suspicion, and indicted at the petty sessions, but before the trial came on, the only witness who could swear against them was no more. As Clup was riding home in his waggon, from the mill at De Soto, a click was heard in the lane, a patter of shot came hissing through the air, and Clup rolled back into the hind part of his waggon—dead. His horses plodded home, with

their load of flour, and turned into the yard, before Clup's family knew that he was killed. This witness gone, the case against the two suspected men was at an end.

No clue has yet been found to the perpetrators of this second murder. Everybody in De Soto swears that those who hung Vancil know who shot Clup; but how are the suspected persons to be arrested, and how are witnesses to be compelled to speak? The sheriff will not act; he is a servant of the commune; and he has to mind his own affairs.

Illinois, the scene of these murders, prides herself on many things. She is a large and populous State, and for so young a country may be called a literary and scholastic State. She has a dozen universities and academies. She has more than thirteen thousand libraries. In 1870 she counted two million five hundred thousand souls; three million four hundred thousand volumes. Barring some ninety thousand natives, and forty-two thousand foreigners, every man and woman in Illinois is supposed to be able to read and write. She is the paradise of pork butchers and whisky distillers; her business mainly lying in dead meat and fer-

mented liquor. Fully one-third of all the slaughtering done in the United States is done in Illinois; fully one-fifth of all the distilling done in the United States is done in Illinois.

Science might find in these occupations of the people a moral basis for Ku-Klux; that wild form of justice which in some Red sections of the country takes the names of Light Horse and Mourning Bands, and in most White sections the names of Lynch Law and Vigilance Committees.

In Europe, Illinois is chiefly known by the tragic story of the Mormon settlement in Nauvoo, from which locality the Saints were driven by fire and sword. A full account of life in the prairie lands, on which the Red and White men are still in contact, would supply a hundred tragedies no less singular in detail than the murder of Joseph Smith in Carthage Jail.

'A law abiding people!' says to me a magistrate of much experience on the bench in Illinois; 'a jest, Sir, and a sorry sort of jest!'

'Your codes,' I interpose, 'seem marked by much good sense, as well as highly liberal sentiment.'

'Oh, the codes are well enough,' he answers with

a jerk, 'if anybody would obey them; but our folks are spendthrifts, who pay their debts with promissory notes. We make more laws and break more laws than any other people on this earth. Abide the law! Sir, we can't abide the law.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHITE VENDETTA.

In Illinois every man claims to be a law to himself, and every second man claims to be a law to other people. Wild justice, as among the Indian wigwams, is the favourite form of punishment; if pure revenge, the rule of eye for eye and tooth for tooth, may be called punishment. Under this Indian system, men of violent instincts assume a right to reject the public code, and even to resist the popular magistrate.

In many parts of Illinois, the public rule is faint and formal; for the officers of justices, whether judge or coroner, sheriff or policeman, are elected by the rank and file, and must obey the men who put them in their seats. Home rule is organised. The pig sticker and whisky dealer read the code in the light of their strong passions, and support their view of its articles with buck shot and bowie knives.

When they agree, their will is law. Judge, sheriff, coroner—chosen by the people—chosen for a short time only—have no option but to serve the power which raised them up, and in a little while may pull them down. Such officers are seldom rich. Their services are meanly paid. Hardly one in five has either sense enough to see, or strength enough to execute, his trust according to the higher principles of public right. An ordinary sheriff is an ordinary man. He lives on the clearing, where he has to watch over his pigsty and his still. His plan is to receive his pay, and let the world go by. 'Our sheriff,' laughs a philosopher in a leather jacket, 'is always square; when any cuss is up, Frank turns his back and lets things slide.'

Sheriff Frank is a typical man. When farmer, butcher, and distiller differ in their views, they fight it out. One party wins, and law becomes again a rude expression of the general will.

On Saturday evening, December 12, 1874, Colonel Sisney, Sheriff of Williamson county, was sitting in his own house, near Carterville, with his brother-in-law, George Hindman, playing a game of dominoes in the fading light. A lamp was lit,

a curtain drawn; the lamp so placed that shadows of the two men inside the room were thrown on the window blind. A shot was heard. Crash went the glass, and both the players sprang to their feet, stung with the pain of gunshot wounds. Two loaded guns were in the room. Each seized a weapon, and prepared to fire. A scurry of retiring feet was heard beyond the fence. Sisney, though bleeding fast, rushed to the door, lifted the latch, and stepped into the yard. Retreating steps could still be heard, though faintly, in the scrub; but in the darkness of night, and with his bleeding wounds, the sheriff was unable to give chase.

When help arrived, Sisney was found to be seriously hurt. One arm was blown to pieces; a mass of squirrel shot was lodged in his side and breast. Hindman was hurt still more, and no one thought he could survive the night. No less than thirteen slugs and other small shot had passed into his chest.

Next morning, Carterville was all astir. On close examination of the fields about the homestead, marks were found, which showed that the assassin had taken off his shoes, and crept through the

scrub in his stockings. By this precaution he had been able to reach the house without being heard, to note his enemies as they sat at play, to cover them with his shotted gun, and dash the charge into their sides. The man had evidently retired in the belief that they were killed.

Every man in Carterville knew the murderer, but no one cared to raise the hue and cry. They said it was an old feud; a family quarrel, like the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline, of Ute and Snake. Last time, the victim was a Bulliner; this time he is a Sisney. If the two families like to have a feud of blood, what right has any one to interfere? What day is this, the villagers ask? Twelfth day of December! Was not Bulliner shot this very day last year? Has any of the Sisney party suffered for that crime? It is but turn about. So reason all the tribe of Sheriff Frank. A murder was committed in the previous year. Who doubts that some of the Bulliner family had marked this day for Sisney's death?

On searching out the facts, I find a story of vendetta in the Prairie lands, which for vindictive passion equals the most brutal quarrels in Ajaccio and the Monte d'Oro; almost rivals in

atrocity the blood feuds of the two Cherokee factions in Vinta between Stand Watie and Jack Ross.

Colonel Sisney and George Bulliner were neighbours, living on adjoining farms, near Carterville. Sisney had a farm of three hundred and sixty acres, Bulliner a farm, a saw mill, and a woollen mill. Sisney, a native of the country, had served in the war, and gained the rank of captain. How he obtained the grade of colonel, no one seems to know; he may have been commissioned in the way of Colonel Brown. Bulliner was a new comer, who had left Tennessee, his native state, during the civil war. Sisney had three sons, the eldest of whom, John, was married. Bulliner had sons named Jack and Dave, and a younger brother, David, who had a son called George. Sisney and Bulliner were more or less intimate with all the settlers living round them; Sisney with the Russells and Hendersons, Bulliner with the Hinchcliffes and Cranes.

Not far off lived a family named Stocks, in which were three young and pretty girls, sisters and first-cousins, who were objects of attention to the youngsters in all these parts. Illinois is one of those

States in which White women are in great demand, the White males being nearly a hundred thousand in excess of the White females. A house in which three or four pretty girls are growing up, is a centre of much resort, and the scene of many jealousies. Sallie and Nellie Stocks were sisters, and the elder sister, Sallie, was a great coquette. Sallie kept company with Jack Bulliner, while Nellie was adored by his brother Dave. So far, these strangers from Kentucky seemed to carry the field; but things were not so smooth as they appeared. Sallie, liking to have more than one string to her bow, began to flirt with Tom Russell. Tom was her cousin. People said he was her 'choice,' and though she smiled on Jack Bulliner, shrewd gossips held that she would end by marrying her cousin Tom.

A question rose between these neighbours as to the ownership of a parcel of oats. Sisney had these oats in his barn; Bulliner asserted that he had paid for them. A reference to the local courts supported Sisney's claim. Soon after the decision, Dave Bulliner dropped into a blacksmith's forge which stood on Sisney's farm, and finding Sisney there, he accused him of having won his cause by

swearing what was false. The Sheriff's blood fired up, and snatching a spade, he ran at Dave Bulliner, and cut him in the arm. Dave bolted home, and told his father, his brother Jack, and three other men, that a murderous attack had been made on him by Sisney. The Kentuckians seized their shot-guns and revolvers, and set out in a body for Sisney's house. On seeing the five men coming up his lane, Sisney, taking his rifle with him, slipped through the back door, and made for a fence, behind which stood some trees. As he crossed the fence, his enemies fired, and he was badly hurt, yet running to the shelter of a tree, he raised his piece, and called on them to halt. The Bulliners drew up, for Sisney was a dead shot. A parley took place, when the Kentuckians agreed to leave the farm, if Sisney would promise not to fire as they filed off.

Actions were brought on both sides for assault with deadly weapons, but the local judge, accustomed to such scenes, induced the parties to withdraw the pleas, and pay a fine of one hundred dollars each into the county fund.

But blood is not appeased by words. Each party drew their friends and neighbours into the

quarrel; Sisney the Hendersons and Russells, Bulliner the Hinchcliffes and Cranes. One Sunday morning, Sisney and his son met some of the Cranes at church, in Carterville, and when the service ended, they came out of church and fought in the public street. Clubs, stones, and knives were used. No lives were lost; but Sisney and his son were banged and bruised. Appeal was made to the magistrate in Carterville, and on the day of hearing, the parties mustered in the town. Dave Bulliner and Tom Russell met. Tom Russell swore that no Bulliner should have his cousin, Sallie Stocks. The youngsters fought; the elders joined them; and the riot act was read. Each party rode away from Carterville, swearing they would have the other's blood.

George Bulliner, father of the two swains, was the first to fall. He was riding to Carbondale, his horse plodding lazily along the road, when he was shot from a tree. Some neighbours found him in the mire, his body riddled with slugs. Tom Russell was suspected of the crime, and an indictment was served on the sheriff; but the sheriff took no steps for Tom's arrest, and two or three days after the

murder, Russell left the place. No one attempted to pursue him, and people soon had reason to think he was not far off.

Some twelve weeks later on, a farmer sitting on his bench in Carterville Church, on Sunday night, observed the face of Tom Russell peering through a glass window at the folks inside. A second farmer, sitting in another part of the church, observed the face of Gordon Clifford, a wild fellow who was better known as Texas Jack, peering through a glass window at the folks inside. Dave Bulliner and his brothers were in the church, with their aunt, who was staying on a visit at the farm. After service, as the Bulliners were returning with the lady to their farm, a volley crashed among them from the bush. Dave fell. Monroe, a younger brother, drew a pistol from his vest, and fired. The party in the bush replied, when the old lady screamed—a slug had passed into her side. Dave lived two days. On his death-bed he made oath that among the party who had fired on them from the bush, he recognised Tom Russell, his brother's rival in the love of Sallie Stocks.

Tom was arrested, and the evidence against him

looked extremely strong. He had a deadly quarrel with the murdered man; he had been seen prying through the church window, as if to mark his victim; and his face had been recognised in the bush by his rival in love, his enemy in a family feud. Worse remained behind. An officer, kicking about the bush, picked up a piece of wadding, and on smoothing out the paper, found it had been torn from a copy of the *Globe*, a newspaper published at St. Louis. Hinchcliffe, the post-master of Carterville, testified that no one except Russell received that journal. The officers arrested Russell, found a shotted gun in his room, and, on drawing the charge, they pulled out a piece of wadding, which was found to join and fit the paper picked up, in the shape of wadding, in the bush. Yet Tom escaped conviction. This escape was due to another cousin, a girl named Mattie, who swore—first, that she was paying a visit to her uncle Russell on the day when Dave Bulliner was shot; and second, that her cousin Tom was at home the whole day and night; and third, most positively, that about eight o'clock in the evening, he bade them all good-night and went to bed. Squire Strover, who heard the case, was of

opinion that this evidence was enough. The prisoner was discharged.

Disgusted with such law as they found in the Prairie lands, the Bulliners snatched their guns and marked their victims. Sisney was reserved for the anniversary of George's death, but Henderson, his chief supporter, was taken off at once. Jack Bulliner, with two companions, lay behind a heap of logs in Henderson's field, and as the farmer turned his plough, they fired into him a whole round of buck-shot. Henderson lived a week. Before he died, he made a statement that, according to his true belief, Jack Bulliner was one of his assailants. In a neighbouring field, a man named Ditmore was at work, and heard the assailing party fire. Within a week, Ditmore was shot.

Hinchcliffe was the next to fall. Hinchcliffe, a physician, as well as a postmaster, was often out at night, attending on his patients. He was riding home one evening in the dark, when spits of fire came out of a copse, near the lane, and struck him dead. His horse was also killed.

Suspicion points to Cousin Tom and Texas Jack, as the assassins of Hinchcliffe, but Cousin Tom

and Texas Jack are ugly customers to tackle. No sheriff cares to undertake the job. Much feeling is excited by this bloody deed, for Hinchcliffe was a favourite in the place; yet, down to this moment, no one has been punished for the crime.

In truth, the deed was ceasing to be a theme for talk, until the anniversary of Bulliner's murder came, and the vendetta was renewed in the attempt on Sisney's life.

Colonel Sisney has removed his family to Carbondale.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RED WAR.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, and the young city of Leavenworth, growing up under her guns, are ruffled by some recent incidents of the Red war; a war which often hides itself from sight, but never wholly ceases, in countries where the Red and White men are contending for the soil.

Bad blood is always flowing on the frontier line which separates the White State of Kansas from the Red Territory of Cheyennes and Osages. The savages are rich in ponies, and the settlers are accused of stealing them; the citizens are rich in cattle, and the hunters are accused of lifting them. Both charges are too often just. A frontier settler helps himself as freely to a horse or mule as to an antelope or elk; an Indian kills his neighbour's ox as readily as he slings a buffalo calf. White men shoot game in sport, on which bucks and braves

go out and kill their enemy's cows. They say it is only sport. When a more deadly raid is meant, they call the Light Horse, the Mourning Band, or some such Indian league, and riding to the settled parts, select a lonely ranch, surround the pales, rush on the doors, scalp every living male, eat up the food, set fire to the farms, and carry off the women to their camps.

In May last year a son of Little Robe, a Cheyenne chief, came over the border into Kansas with his band. His herds, he said, had been driven by White thieves, and in revenge, he stole a herd of cattle from the nearest run. Some cavalry, then patrolling on the Kansas line, gave chase, came up with the marauders, mauled the chief, and recovered the stolen stock.

Unable to meet the Whites in open field, the Cheyennes, in accordance with their custom and the genius of their league, are using the knife. A man at the Agency breaks his leg, and Hollway, a son of the agency physician, is nursing the invalid, when a Cheyenne brave creeps into the sick man's hut, and plunges a knife into young Hollway's heart. The next victims are two Irish herders, Monahan and

O'Leary, who are murdered on the Plains. Will Watkins is killed at King Fish ranch. A government train is stopped, and four men scalped; a crime in which the Osages, neighbours of the Cheyennes, are known to have borne a part. A company of infantry has left Fort Leavenworth, a company of cavalry has left Fort Sill, in search of these murderers; but the line is long, the land is open, and the bands have burnt the grass for many leagues. Who knows whether any of this White blood will be avenged?

Amidst the yell and scream of this Red conflict, two events have seized the public mind; the massacre at Smoky Hill, and the massacre at Medicine Lodge.

A Georgian gentleman, named Germain, living on the Blue Ridge, near Ringold, starts with his family for the west, intending to try his luck in Colorado. His family consists of a grown-up son, an invalid daughter, four younger girls, and an infant too young to walk. They travel in a common emigrant waggon, resting at night, and pushing on by day. Passing the river at Leavenworth, they are driving by the Smoky Hill route for Denver, still

a dangerous road, although a railway runs along the creek, and they are hardly a dozen miles from Sheridan station, when Grey Eagle and his band of Cheyennes come on them in the night. Germain and his son are instantly scalped and hacked to shreds. The wife and invalid girl are brained and chopped to pieces, all the meats and drinks gobbled up, the traps set on fire, and the younger girls carried to the camp; the Cheyenne warriors leaving nothing behind them but a charred wheel and shaft, with four dead bodies beaten out of human shape; nothing, as Grey Eagle fancied, that could either serve to mark his victims, or betray his trail. The deed is done, the murderers lost in space.

When news come into Leavenworth that a fresh massacre has been committed on the Smoky Hill, no one believes the tale. But day by day the story is confirmed, on which a party of men goes out to see the spot. Bones, much picked by wolves and ravens, lie about the Prairie track. Lumps of burnt wood are strewn around. No one knows the victims of this Indian outrage, but that murder has been done no man who passes by that road can

doubt. At length a book is found—a pocket Bible, with an entry on the fly-leaf—

GERMAIN, BLUE RIDGE, GEORGIA.

Armed with this entry as a clue, the White avengers are soon acquainted with the leading facts. They learn that Germain's family consisted of nine persons, so that five of them may still be living in Grey Eagle's camp. Two of the girls, Lucy and Ada, are young ladies, Lucy being nineteen, Ada sixteen years of age. Adelaide is a child of nine, and Julia barely seven. These children must be sought and found.

Grey Eagle makes for the Red Fork of Arkansas River, by which he means to cross into the Public Lands, lying westward of the Indian Nations. Finding the infant an encumbrance, one of the hunters knocks it on the head, and flings it to the wolves. Lucy and Ada are bestowed on the big chiefs; but the pursuers are so hot that Grey Eagle has no time to dally with his prize. Passing the North Fork of Canadian River, he thinks of slipping into Texas, when his band is caught in flank by Colonel Miles, commander of a party on the Red River.

Grey Eagle fights like a Cheyenne warrior, but Colonel Miles has a hundred sabres and a howitzer under his command. After holding to their line five hours, the savage chief falls back. Captain Overton's company pursues him for twenty miles, and then gives up the chase, having secured one part of his prize in the two girls, Adelaide and Julia, who are found in one of the Indian tents. On hearing that these girls are left behind, Grey Eagle turns his horse, and rushes on Overton's troop, meaning to cut a lane through them, and retake the girls; but the American troops close up, and baffle his attacks. Again he turns, and dashes on the line of sabres, filling those hardy frontier soldiers with respect. At length, the savage wheels and flies. Once on the wing, no man and horse armed in American fashion can hope to overtake his flight.

Next morning, a hundred picked men, commanded by Captain Niel, are placed on their trail, with orders to recover the two young ladies, Lucy and Ada, from their savage captors. Leavenworth, Kansas, and America, they are told, expect these ladies at their hands. Looking at their clenched teeth and knitted brows, there is no need to ask a

promise from these volunteers. If they come back alive, Lucy and Ada Germain will be saved.

This tragedy has a counterpart in the massacre of Medicine Lodge. A band of Osages, living on the lands set apart for them, strike their tents, and ride into the Plains in search of grass and game. Some Osage families are tame, men of mixed blood, who till their land, and live in decent huts; but nine in ten of this savage family are wild men, living by the chase. Driving their mules and ponies, and accompanied by their squaws and imps, they wander up and down; but game is scarce, and much of the grass has been lately burnt. They have to spread their wings, and follow distant trails. No buffaloes are found, the herds appearing to have crossed the frontier line into Kansas.

One of these bands of Osages, numbering nineteen hunters, ten squaws, and about eighty ponies, are encamped near the frontier, looking in vain for game. Two White men ride into their camp. These persons come from Medicine Lodge, in Barber county, Kansas, and are members of Captain Rickers' troop of horse. 'Have you seen any buf-

falo?' ask the Osage hunters. 'Yes, plenty—over there,' reply the White men, pointing to a sandy plain, a little to the north. The hunters start, and they are soon among the herds.

A few days serve to kill, cut up, and jerk their meat; and, having packed their skins and food, called in their scouts and ponies, they are turning towards the south, when clouds of dust arise in front of them. Hillo! A company is riding hard and fast, and from their arms and horses the hunters know that they are White men, forty or more in number. To fly is ruin, to resist is death. Tents, skins, provisions, ponies must be left behind. The Osages stand and wait for the storm to break. When the white line arrives within a hundred yards, a halt is called, a council held. Two Osage bucks, armed with rifles and six-shooters, ride out to meet them. Two White men advance to greet these heralds, shake hands in sign of friendliness, and ask them to come in as guests. The Indians slip to the ground, give up their arms and ponies, and are led to Captain Rickers, who tells them that he and his friends are citizens of Medicine Lodge, looking out for bad

Indians, such as Kiowas and Cheyennes, who are committing robbery and murder in the White settlements. On seeing their friends received so well, two other bucks, carrying two rifles, but no six-shooters, ride out; the four rifles and two six-shooters being the only weapons of these savages. They are received with smiles and drinks. A fifth and sixth Osage now come in, and then a seventh and eighth, each Red-skin dismounting and disarming the moment he arrives. The White men stand about, chatting and smiling, but with rifles ready for a sign. When Rickers sees that no more bucks are coming in, a word is given, a line is opened, and a volley fired. Four of the eight Osages fall. The other four, springing to their ponies, and leaving saddles, clothes, and arms behind, strike wildly through the sand and grass. Rickers gives tongue, and his followers charge into the camp. Not waiting their attack, the Osages scatter in a ring. Dusk only puts an end to the pursuit.

At midnight two of the Osages creep back, and finding the White men gone, search the rifts and ridges for their wounded brethren and their cap-

tured stock. Three of the dead are found, two of them scalped, and otherwise hacked and slashed. Fifty-five mules and ponies, which they left behind, are gone. Their skins, their tents, their buffalo meats, are either taken or destroyed. Cast down by their misery, the Osages seek their trail, recross the frontier, and return to their proper camp, the hunters almost naked, and the squaws and little ones on foot.

An Indian Agent, much excited by this massacre, rides to Medicine Lodge, a stockade on the Prairie, where he finds Captain Rickers and sixty border men, acting as militia under a regular commission from Governor Osborn.

'Who killed the four Osages?' repeats Captain Rickers, in high contempt, 'we killed the Osages; and we mean to kill the vermin whenever we catch them in our State.' Rickers refuses to give the Indian Agent details of the fray. The captured ponies are at Medicine Lodge; the agent sees them there, and knows them by their Indian marks. Appeals are made to Governor Osborn in Topeka, but the governor will not interfere with his militia. Rickers, he says, is captain of a company of State

militia, properly enrolled, and out on service in the field. 'The terms of his commission are, to treat all bands of Indians found within the State as hostile.' The Indian Agent finds a flaw in this defence. 'Tell me, governor,' he answers, 'the date of this commission. Is it not the fact that Captain Rickers' commission is dated ten days after the massacre near Medicine Lodge?' Osborn only smiles.

Who cares for dates and signatures when they are dealing with such savages as Grey Eagle? Adelaide and Julia Germain are safe within the lines of Fort Leavenworth; but their elder sisters, Lucy and Ada, are still in their savage captor's hands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHEROKEE FEUDS.

'WHAT is about to happen?' we enquire of a settler at Olathe, a city with six log shanties, a church, a school, a drinking bar, and a fringe of maize. Olathe is suffering from a scare.

Three weeks ago, five men with masked faces, stopped the train running from Fort Scott to Kansas City, in open day. Two of the five men kept guard, their rifles cocked, while their pals entered the cars, and rifled the express of thirty thousand dollars. No one interfered, for who could tell how many passengers were members of the gang? Why should a man expose himself to fire and steel? The thieves got off. But that affair is three weeks old; the present scare arises from events to come.

'A gang of Cherokees, under Billy Ross, their savage chief, are coming up the country,

swearing they will burn out the White men and carry off the White women from Vinita, that is what's going to happen,' growls a settler on the Kansas plain.

'But surely,' I venture to put in, 'those Cherokees under Billy Ross are civilised people, not wild animals like Cheyennes and Osages. Are they not settled on the land? Have they not farms and sheep-runs, schools and chapels? Are they not dressed in caps and coats, and called by Christian names? Billy Ross does not exactly smack of tomahawk and scalping-knife.'

'Ha, ha!' roars the Kansas settler, 'bully for you. I see you'll bite. Then tell me, stranger, what is the difference whether you call a savage Flying Hawk or Billy Ross? Will a name wash off war paint, or turn the Indian's yep-yep into Home, sweet Home? Guess Billy Ross is a savage, like the fathers of his tribe.'

'Vinita is a Cherokee town. Why should the Cherokees burn their own cabins and sack their own farms?'

'Because they are some cuss. Look at this news from Texas. They are expecting an attack by Ross. The women and children are aboard the

train, ready to pull out at a moment's notice. Two thousand armed men, mostly full-bloods, are about the place. Spies report them within twenty miles of Vinita—guess you'll say that's not a sort of news to make a scare?'

'This news, you say, comes in from Texas. Is not Texas a long way from Vinita?'

'Guess they're smart boys, those Texas reporters. Sure as Grey Eagle scalped poor Germain, and stole his daughters, Billy Ross will scalp the boys of Vinita, and bear their women to his camp. The boys will fight, but one would like to hear of that train of women and children being safe under the guns of Fort Scott.'

Vinita, as we find on reaching it, is a camp or town of the Cherokees; the chief place of this Indian nation, though their paper capital is at Tahlequah. Vinita is a nest of sties and shanties, lying among a few patches of maize and weeds. Here the Cherokees have a school, a chapel, and a secret grog shop; secret because Cherokees are not allowed to buy and sell whisky, otherwise than on the sly. Blood has been shed, and may be shed again in Vinita; but not, we find, the blood of White men

and women. In spite of smart reporters, no White women live in Vinita; and no White men, except seven or eight railway servants, and a dozen fellows who have married squaws. The only White men who have got into trouble at Vinita, are two scalawags, who brought whisky to the place, and tried to sell it, contrary to law. Some braves got drunk; a row began, and while this row was on, the two whisky vendors got hung. No one can tell me how it happened. No one but myself enquires. Who cares about a scalawag more or less? Dead men collect no bills.

But a more serious fray than a whisky broil threatens the prosperity of Vinita. These Cherokees are cursed with a tribal feud; a feud which has a counterpart in every Indian camp.

When the Cherokees were being ousted from their ancient hunting-grounds in Georgia and Alabama, and were offered their present lands—given to them in exchange, to be their own 'as long as grass should grow and water run,' the Indians were divided in counsel as to what they ought to do. A cunning chief, who had assumed the name of Ross, became the leader of such Cherokees as wished to

treat the Pale-faces as enemies—to reject their offers of an exchange of lands, and stand out against them as long as his braves could draw a bow and pull a scalp. A second chief, who had assumed the name of Adair, became the leader of such Cherokees as wished to try the Pale-face customs—to accept the new homes, to give up hunting game, and cultivate the land. One party was feudal, the other party radical. Ross was for war paint, cattle lifting, common property, and despotic chiefs; Adair for soap and water, settled homesteads, personal property, and equal laws.

Two brothers, named Strong Buck and Stand Watie, were the active radical chiefs; Strong Buck the thinker, Stand Watie the soldier of their band. Adair was but a nominal head. Strong Buck had been sent by Elias Boudinot, a "kindly French planter, to a good school, where he had learned to read, become a Catholic, adopted the name of his French patron, and married a woman with White blood in her veins. While the tribes were moving to their new grounds, Ross and his friends were all for fighting, Boudinot and his friends were all for parleying with the Whites along the roads. As they

approached Fort Gibson, further differences broke out. Ross wished his men to live as Cherokees had always lived, in tribal order, holding common property under a reigning chief. Boudinot proposed a change. He wished to live like White men, under law, and to divide the tribal lands among the heads of families. Words led to blows, and blows to murder. Thirty of the Ross party stole to Boudinot's ranch, and finding him absent in a field, sent four of their body to beg him, as a favour, to mix some physic for a sick squaw. On his turning back with them towards his cabin, they led him into a snare, when a dozen fiends sprang on him, and with yells and curses plunged their knives into his heart.

Stand Watie took up the mission of avenging his brother's blood, and in the Cherokee fashion he raised a band of avenging braves. He chased the murderers, fighting them day and night, till nearly all were slain, and he was weary of his great revenge. From that day forward, the Cherokees have been ranged in opposite camps; one side adhering to Stand Watie, while the other side have adhered to Ross. All those who wished to settle down,

divide the land, adopt White customs, and prepare for citizenship, rallied round Stand Watie and Adair. All braves and hunters who preferred to roam and thieve, and keep their ancient order, rallied round Ross. These factions were now divided, not by opinions only, but by cries for blood.

Ross formed his chief adherents into a secret brotherhood, called the Pin League. The members of this secret league are known to each other by a pin fastened in their hunting shirts. They have their signs and grips, their rules and oaths. They swear to put down radical opinion, and support the customs of their tribes, as well as to avenge their slaughtered partisans. A branch of the Pin League, with functions very much like those of the Danite band, is known as Light Horse. Well-armed, and mounted on swift ponies, the captains of these Light Horse scoured the country, firing lonely ranches, and murdering helpless enemies, on a secret sign from Ross.

Except Stand Watie, every man among the radical party was afraid of this Pin League and these Light Horse. The Cherokee Ironside was never molested; but their hands lay heavy on less

warlike members of the tribe. One day, seven of the Light Horse, led by Bear Paw, one of Ross' warriors, broke into Adair's house, and finding the chief sick in bed, dragged him into the open yard, and shot him in the presence of his squaws. His son, according to the Indian rule of Blood Atonement, was also taken out and shot.

For these black deeds Bear Paw was made a captain in the Light Horse, and his example spurred on other braves to imitate his heroism. One party caught a lad named Webber, a nephew of the murdered Boudinot, and, for his uncle's sins, hacked him to pieces with their knives. A party followed Ridge, an uncle of Boudinot, into Arkansas, and shot him from his horse; while another party rode to the ranch of another Ridge, a cousin of Boudinot, dragged him out of bed, and in the presence of his wife, plunged no less than twenty-nine daggers into his chest.

Jack Ross has been succeeded by his son Billy, a cunning fellow, who contrives to keep his hold on the conservatives of his party—thieves, polygamists, and communists, who wish to keep their ancient ways. The leadership of his opponents, the

radicals, who wish to imitate the Whites, has fallen to Colonel Adair, a son of the murdered chief, and Colonel Boudinot, a son of Strong Buck.

Dressed in English attire, Colonel Boudinot might pass for a southern White. This young Mestizo speaks with force and writes with point; but his accomplishments are causes of suspicion to the ignorant Cherokees, not one in five of whom can understand an English phrase. It is a saying in Vinita, that the son of Strong Buck is rather White than Red.

The scare of which we heard at Olathe, on the Kansas frontier, is an incident in this tribal feud. Colonel Boudinot is in Washington, but Colonel Adair is living with his nation near Vinita. On Christmas Day, Lewis, a son-in-law of Colonel Adair, invited some of his friends to a carouse. Ross tried to spoil their sport. Consena, a deputy-sheriff, and three other Indians of their party, rode to the place, pretending they were sent for to assist in keeping order; and as the radicals arrived they took possession of their arms and whisky-flasks. Some yielded readily; but two of Adair's party, Tom Cox and Jack Doubletooth, refused to give up

either flasks or pistols. On Consena threatening them with force they fired into his party, and a fight began. One of the deputy's friends was killed. The deputy was scratched, but managed to retreat. Tom Cox and Jack Doubletooth were both disabled by their wounds, and nearly twenty of the Cherokees were badly hurt.

The Pins turned out, swearing they would raze Vinita to the ground, converting their poor copy of a White hamlet into a real Indian camp. They have not done so yet. The feud is likely to go on, until the causes which produce it shall have ceased to act. Ross will not readily give up his power; nor will his chiefs give up their common property in the tribal lands.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A ZAMBO VILLAGE.

'WHAT here — what dar? Lib here, paper dar. What place? Hi! hi! dis place Caddo; colour genl'men lib in Caddo—hi!'

Caddo, a village in the Choctaw district, thirty-two miles north of Red River, thirty-seven miles south of Limstone Gap, is a Zambo settlement, one of the most singular hamlets in a country full of ethnological surprises. A scatter of log-cabins, standing in fenced fields, surrounds a little town, with school and prison, chapel and masonic lodge, main street and market-place, billiard-room and drinking-bar. A line of rails connects this little town with Fort Gibson, in the Creek region, and with Denison city, in Texas. Caddo can boast of a printing-press and of a weekly sheet of news. Yet neither school nor prison, railway plant nor printing-press excites so much attention as the

marvel in the ruts and tracks. The people of Caddo are the sight of sights; these cabins in the fields and nearly all these shanties in the town being tenanted by the new race of mixed bloods known to science as Zambos—the offspring of Negro bucks and Indian squaws.

According to Tschudi's List of Half-castes, a White father and a Negro mother produce a Mulatto; a White father and an Indian mother produce a Mestizo; an Indian father and a Negro mother produce a Chino; a Negro father and an Indian mother produce a Zambo. These four hybrids are the primary mixed breeds of America.

A Mulatto is coffee-coloured; a Mestizo is ruddy-gold; a Chino is dirty-red; a Zambo is dirty-brown.

A White father and Mulatta mother produce the Quadroon; a White father and Mestiza mother the Creole. Quadroons and Creoles, though dark and coarse, are sometimes beautiful, and in a state of servitude young females of these families always fetched more money than a Turkish pasha gave for his Georgian slave. A Negro father and Mulatta mother produce a Cubra, and a Cubra is an ugly

mongrel. In another generation the original Negro type returns. Not so with the Indian family. An Indian father and a Mestiza mother produce the Mestizo-claro—often a handsome specimen of the human animal. But Indian blood appears to mix imperfectly with Black. The Chino is a lanky and ungainly fellow, and his half-brother, the Zambo, is uglier still. Nature, one imagines, never meant these families to mix. A breed so droll in figure and complexion as the Zambo imps who sprawl and wallow in these ruts is hardly to be matched on earth.

Yet these ugly creatures are said to be prolific. Every cabin in Caddo shows a brood of imps; and if the new school of ethnologists are right, they may increase more rapidly than the ordinary Blacks. What sort of mongrels shall we find at Caddo in a hundred years? If she is left alone, Caddo may yield a family on the pattern of Los Angelos and San Jose, and give a line of heroes like Tiburcio Vasquez to the ranch men of Red River and Limestone Gap.

At Caddo, then, we have some means of studying the two questions of Colour and Servitude in

their most primitive stages—each in a phase not seen at Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans.

Before the war broke out, all Negroes living on the Indian soil were slaves. They were the property of Creek and Choctaw, Seminole, Chickasaw, and Cherokee — the five nations which are said to be 'reclaimed from their savage state.' Their lot was hard, their suffering sharp; no harder lot, no sharper suffering, known on earth. In other places servitude is softened by some tie of race, of language, or of creed. At Pekin the slaves and their masters are of one colour; at Cairo they speak the same language; at Rio they worship a common God; but in these Indian wastes, a Negro had neither the same features, the same phrases, nor the same covenants with his savage lord; no common interest in the present world, no common hope in that which is to come.

Can mind of man conceive a lot in life more wretched than that of being a Red man's slave?

To be a White man's thrall was bad enough; but on the worst plantation in Georgia and Alabama there were elements of tenderness and justice never to be found in the best of Cherokee and Seminole

camps. In Georgia and Alabama ladies were always near, and children constantly in sight. A civilised and Christian society lay around. People lived by law, and even where cruel masters abounded most, the forces of society were on the side of rule and right. No Negro in Virginia lived beyond the sound of village bells and of the silent teaching of a Day of Rest. No slave in Louisiana was a stranger to the grace and order of domestic life. What sacred sounds were heard in a Choctaw lodge? What charm of life was seen in a Chickasaw tent? In every Indian camp the squaws behaved in a harsher manner towards the Negro than their brutal spouses; and instead of an Indian child acting as a check on cruelty, his presence often led to the slave being pinched and kicked, so that the young brave might learn to gloat over the sight of men in pain. A slave in Tennessee might have a careless master, but this master was a man of settled habits, and amenable to public courts. He was no wandering savage, living by the chase, and governing his household with a hatchet and a scalping-knife. A White owner might be hasty, his overseer vindictive; but the men were citizens sub-

ject to the law, and Christians subject to the censure of their Church. On every side some limit to abuse was drawn. But where, in Seminole tent or Cherokee lodge, was an injured slave to find a limit to his wrongs? A Seminole had no judge to fear, a Cherokee no pastor to consult. Within his tribe and territory, an Indian chief might glut his anger on a slave as freely as if he were a king of Ashantee. No sheriff asked of him his brother's blood. No public sentiment restrained his arm. When he was roused to wrath, an Indian cared no more for what men might say of him than a tiger thinks of public opinion in the jungle when he makes his spring. A Red savage had more freedom to ill-use his slave than any Pale-face has to hurt his dog.

Yet, while Red men and Black men were left alone, these Negroes seemed doomed for ever to serve the masters who were but a shade less dusky than themselves.

While sauntering in and out, among the stores and yards at Caddo, we chance to kick an ant-hill, and disturb the small red warriors in their nest.

Like all the South and West, this dry and sunny spot is rich in ants—red, black, and yellow ants—

among them the variety known as Amazon ants. All ants appear to live in tribes and nations, under rules which never change. Like Indians they have their ranks and orders—patriarchal, military, servile; and like Indians they hold their property in a common lot. The patriarchs, set apart as fathers and mothers, live an easy life, and pass away when they have done their part. These chiefs among the ants are winged. They soar and pair, eat up the choicest food, and die with mandibles unstained by vulgar toil. Next in rank come the soldiers; ants with strong mandibles, but no wings. Lowest in order stand the serfs or bondmen. Food must be sought, and chambers bored; wherefore a majority of ants are serfs, and all these servile ants are squaws. No male ant ever earns his bread. Scorning to delve and spin, he asks his female architects to build his cell, and sends his female foragers to seek his food. These servile squaws, arrested in their growth, and having neither wings nor ovaries, are content to drudge and slave. But Amazon ants have souls above these ordinary squaws. The Amazons would rather fight than drudge, and, like all fighting creatures, they become the owners

of such poor species as would rather drudge than die.

A colony of black ants usually settles near a colony of red. Does Nature mean her duskier children to be seized and made to labour for the fairer kinds? The red ants hunt them down. A red ant is no bigger in body, no stronger in mandible, than a black ant; yet the Amazons always beat their duskier sisters and enslave their brood. Is this result a consequence of their coats being red?

Who knows the mystery of colour? By consent of every age and country black has been adopted as a sign of woe and servitude. 'All faces shall gather blackness,' cries the prophet, 'in the day of wrath.' In Spain the unpardoned sinner was arrayed in a black robe. In England the judge who passes sentence of death puts on a black cap. A Russ peasant called his lord the White Tsar, and his old fellow-serfs the Black People. In Turkey a Jew had to wear a black turban. In Bretagne, Navarre, and Connaught the remnants of darker races scowl in hate and fear on their more civilised and prosperous countrymen of a fairer race. A common mode

of thought suggests the presence of an underlying law.

What law? Are shades of colour, grades of power?

In every part of Europe people in the upper ranks are fairer than people in the lower ranks. In Spain and Sicily, countries mostly occupied by a swarthy race, the leading families are fair. One rule holds good on the Danube and on the Dneiper. Nearly all the Muscovite princes and princesses are blonde. Venice is the home of raven hair, yet this artistic city has an upper class with blue eyes and golden locks. In Styria, in Bavaria, in Switzerland, the better blood is almost always wedded to the lighter skin. All through the South of Europe, where the masses are dark, the kings and emperors are pale. The kings of Spain, Italy, and Greece are fair. The emperors of Austria and Russia are fair. The royal families of England, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden are exceptionally fair. The conquerors of Sadowa and Sedan are very fair. The Pope is fair. The Sultan is fairer than the ordinary Turk. The Shah of Persia, and the Khedive of Egypt, are comparatively fair. The Emperor of

Brazil is fair. No white people serve a dusky ruler, and no aristocratic class is black.

As in the sphere of men, so in the sphere of ants — colour appears to be an outward sign of sway. A red ant makes the black ant toil for him, but no red ant has ever yet been found, except as an invader, in a black ant's nest. A red ant may be slain in fight, but he will rather fall in war than live in the position of a slave.

The Creek and Choctaw yoked the Negroes, as the red ants yoke the black. When a colony of Amazons need more serfs to drudge for them, they organise a foray, march into a black ant-hill, overturn and scatter the defending force, and carry off the eggs and grubs. Old ants, likely to give trouble, are left behind. So happened with Seminoles and Creeks. The Indians stole or bought the Negro child. A Negro who was used to a plantation could never fall into Indian ways. He missed his meeting-house and village inn, his cane-brake and his evening dance. If he were taken young, a Negro might be trained, as a black ant is trained, to be a useful drudge.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SAVAGE SLAVERY.

To own a batch of Negroes was the aim of every Creek and Seminole chief. Negroes, like squaws, were evidence of his wealth and rank; more grateful in his eyes than squaws, as being a property which he held in common with the Whites. In early days he had lived in Georgia or Carolina, where the society was divided into free men and bondmen. He and his brethren of the tribe were free, and only the less martial and more dusky race were bond. Acquainted with the Pale men's ways, he paid them the moral tribute of walking in their steps, but, with the instinct of a savage, he only bought his slaves when he could not carry them off by stealth.

When a Creek or Seminole chief was driven by the White planters from his hunting-grounds in

Georgia and Tennessee, he took the Negroes in his camp along with him, compelling them to share the misery of his long march, and brave the perils of his new and distant home.

Such ills as fell on the Red savage fell with sevenfold fury on his slave. A Negro was no better in an Indian's eyes than a mule. In rain and wind he had to lie outside the tent. When game ran short he had to feed on garbage and to starve. All base and menial offices were thrust on him. A squaw is seldom kind to any creature weaker than herself, and every Negro slave was governed by a squaw. With gibe and curse she sent him to his task; with pinch and cuff she lashed him to his yoke. Herself a beast of burden, she had no compassion for the servile drudge who, bought or stolen like herself, could hardly say his lot was heavier than her own. She made him moil and sweat. In her poetic idiom he had to march in his sleep, and bruise his feet against flint and rock. If he rebelled in either word or glance, a cudgel made him leap and grin. If he returned the blow a hatchet sliced his poll. A White man rarely killed his slave. A Redskin, when his anger rose,

would slay his Negro just as readily as he brained and scalped his foe.

Yet such is the fecundity of men in servitude, that the Negroes grew in numbers under all their wrongs; and that so rapidly that in twenty or twenty-five years they promised to out-count their savage owners. No attempts were made to breed them, as in Carolina and Virginia, for the markets. Young and pretty Negresses were swept into the wigwam; old and ugly women, whether Black or Red, were handed over to these dusky swains. Yet while the hunters brought plenty of food into the camps, the Negro race increased in all the Indian nations. When war broke out, the Seminoles had a thousand slaves; the Cherokees and Chickasaws had each about fifteen hundred slaves; the Creeks and Choctaws had each about three thousand slaves.

In these Red nations there were less than fourteen thousand full-blooded Indians to ten thousand Negro slaves. The Indians were fading fast, the Negroes were increasing fast.

These Negroes were a danger and a curse to each of the five Red nations. A sentiment was growing up on every side, which the Redskins were

unable to repulse by tomahawk and scalping-knife. Kansas, their immediate neighbour on the north, was Free Soil. The settlements in their rear were rising into Free States. From time to time Free Soilers came into their hunting-grounds, sniffing the air, glancing at the slaves, and threatening the savages with a war of liberation.

Long before war broke out, such chiefs as Jack Ross, White Catcher, and Lucy Mouse were exercised in mind about 'the great institution of African slavery.' From Richmond and New Orleans they heard that one object of the North was to annul this institution in the Indian lands, to make these Indian lands Free Soil, and in the end to plant free cities on the site of Indian camps. Catcher and Mouse talked big, and Ross, an older and shrewder chief, advised his braves to secretly whet their knives.

War came. The solution of a great and difficult social problem was committed to the sword. Then Jefferson Davis sent an agent to the Indian lodges, with the object of exciting Creek and Choctaw fears, and drawing the Indian chiefs into a league with the Confederate States.

Albert Pike, this agent, was in figure and repute

adapted for his work. A man of portly frame and rosy face, he wore a veil of silver hair, which hung about his neck in clouds; giving him the jovial look of youth combined with the aspect of a sage. A clerk, a poet, an attorney, a scout, a trapper, a school teacher, a cavalry officer, a journalist—Pike had tried all trades and seen the world on many sides. In riding hard, in drinking deep, in talking big, few men were equal to Albert Pike. Some verses from his pen have won repute, even in England, notably his Ode to the Mocking Bird and his Hymns to the Gods. Having spent some years of his life on the Red River and the Arkansas, he knew the Light Horse and the Pin League, and was a master in all the arts and artifices necessary for the seduction of savage tribes.

Riding from camp to camp, Pike told the warriors that the old Union under which they had lived was gone; gone like the old Indian League of the Six Nations, never to be renewed on earth. The flag was rent to shreds, the flagstaff snapt in two. The gentry of the South could never again join hands with the hucksters of the North. He bade them choose their side. Slavery, he said, was the corner-

stone of the new Confederacy; and pointing to a group of Negro slaves, he asked them whether they would not cast in their lot with the planters of Georgia and Louisiana, rather than with the traders of Boston and New York. 'You may have had some cause in former times to rail against the planters,' he remarked, 'but in this new war your interests and your destinies are inseparably connected with those of the South. The war is one of Northern cupidity and fanaticism against African slavery, commercial freedom, and political liberty.'

To gain his ends, Pike had recourse to other means. Cavour had the merit of seeing that his countrymen wanted two good things—a common banner and a cheap cigar. His offer of Italian Unity might have failed without the 'Cavour' cigar at five cents. So with Albert Pike. When argument failed him with the Redskins, Pike threw his whisky-flask into the scale.

No want is so imperious to the Indian as a free market for intoxicating drink. A right to buy and sell slaves affected a few chiefs only, while a right to buy and sell ardent spirits is the desire of every man and woman in the Indian camps.

By offering to secure the Indians free trade in slaves and whisky, Albert Pike secured a great majority of voices for the South.

Opothleyolo, a Creek chief, tried to stem the tide, believing that this Slave Commissioner was drawing his people into a snare—that is to say, into a conflict with the stronger power. He spent his eloquence in vain. A cry of 'Slaves and Whisky' filled his camp; and when the chief withdrew to Bushey Creek, near Verdigris River, he was followed by a cloud of warriors yelling for free trade in slaves and whisky, and was driven to fall back for safety on the White settlements of Kansas.

Article ninety-seven of the treaty of alliance signed by Jack Ross on behalf of the Cherokee nation, and by Albert Pike on behalf of the Confederate States, contains this clause:

'It is hereby declared and agreed that the Institution of Slavery in the said nation is legal, and has existed from time immemorial; that slaves are taken and esteemed to be personal property; that the title to slaves and other property having its origin in the said Nation shall be determined by the laws and customs thereof; and that the slaves and

other personal property of every person domiciled in said Nation shall pass and be distributed, at his or her death, in accordance with the laws and customs of the said Nation, which may be proved like foreign laws, usages, and customs, and shall everywhere be held binding within the scope of their operation.'

Even from the pen of Albert Pike such passages come as a surprise. Slavery in the Indian nation legal! Why, the Indians had no code, and slavery had never been sanctioned by a public Act. Slavery existing among Red men from time immemorial! Why, slavery was absolutely unknown to any Indian tribe in the days of Ross's grandfather.

No such falsehoods were inserted by Confederate agents in the Acts which from their nature must be read in Europe. Davis was extremely cautious in his words. He spoke of slavery as a fact—but only as a fact. Stephens, a bolder man, advancing from the sphere of facts into that of principles, asserted that Negro slavery 'was based on a great physical, philosophical, and moral truth'; but Stephens never ventured to proclaim that Negro slavery had existed

from time immemorial on the American continent. In fact, this fervid orator, convinced that the rule proposed by him had no historical basis, actually announced his theory of the corner-stone as a 'new truth,' the latest 'development of time,' which his Government was 'the first to write on a national flag.'

Inspired by love of drink and lust of slaves, five thousand Indian warriors, armed with knife and hatchet, rallied to the flag set up by Pike, who dropt his civil rank as Indian Commissioner, and put on hat and feather, lace and sword, as General Pike. Two armies, acting under Curtis and Van Dorn, were on the frontier—an army of the North under Curtis, an army of the South under Van Dorn. By orders from the War Office in Richmond, Pike led his warriors to the aid of Von Dorn, which movement threw a touch of comedy into the fierce and indecisive battle of Pea Ridge.

So long as the Redskins lolled on parade they liked their business well. Their pay was high, their food good, and Pike was not too pressing on the score of drill. Whisky was plentiful in camp. But when the enemy drew near and opened his big guns,

these children of the forest broke and ran. Brave as they are in fight, the Indian cannot face the roar and wrack of serious war. They made a rush; but, met with volleys, they recoiled. All sounds and sights were new to them. Hardly one Indian in ten had heard a cannon fired. Not one Indian in fifty had seen a rocket. Shells appeared to them shooting-stars. Their whoop could not be heard for noise; their foes could not be seen for smoke. Even when they dodged behind oaks and pines they were not safe. Shells burst among the trees, and splinters crashed about their heads. What could these children of the forest do but crouch on the ground, cover their bodies with sand and stones, and wait until the night came down?

At dusk they stole into the field, and passing through the sleeping soldiers, scalped the dying and the dead, and carried off their trophies to the camp. These were the only blows the Indians ever struck for the possession of their Negro slaves.

Next day the scalpless men were found by burying-parties, and a cry rose up from both American camps against employment of such savages. Curtis sent a message to Van Dorn, and to avoid

retaliation, the Confederate General was obliged to order his Red contingent to go home.

Pike lost his lace and feathers, and his Creek and Cherokee warriors had to stand aside, solaced by whisky, till the White men who were quarrelling among themselves over Black rights and wrongs, had settled under the walls of Richmond whether a Redskin living on the Arkansas should, or should not, continue to hold his Black brother in a state of servitude.

When Richmond fell the slaves in fifty Indian camps were free.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN CADDO.

THE Negro slaves were free; but free in a separate Indian country, in the midst of savage Indian camps!

In President Lincoln's proclamation not a word was said about the ten thousand Negroes who were then living as slaves on Indian soil. This country lies beyond the Pale. Only ten months after the battle of Pea Ridge the proclamation of freedom came out, but the heat and burthen of the strife had been so great on other fields, that people had forgotten how the war-whoop and the scalping-knife had been employed on Pea Ridge. In fact, the Red man's slaves were overlooked.

Alone with their late owners, and beyond the reach of help from Washington, what were the liberated slaves to do? In theory they were free; in substance they were only free to starve. They had no tents, no guns, no ponies. Not an acre of

the land belonged to them, nor had they now a place within the tribe. While they were overlooked on the Potomac, these Negroes found no change in their condition on the Arkansas and Red River. They are a feeble folk, these coloured people; and their masters, though unwilling to face small bodies of White men, are ready to fight any number of Blacks. When news arrived at Fort Gibson and Fort Scott that the war was over and the Negroes emancipated, the Cherokee and Choctaw masters yielded with a sullen fury to their loss. They kicked the liberated Negroes from their camp.

Beyond the reach of help from Boston and New York, even if Boston and New York had means of helping them, how were the Blacks to live? In theory they were now free; but having neither tents nor lodges, where could they find a shelter from the snow and rain? Without guns and ponies, how were they to follow deer and elk? They had no nets for taking fish, no snares for catching birds. Having no place in any Indian tribe, they had no right to stay on any of the tribal lands. Nor were they dowered with the invention and resources of

men accustomed to the fight for life. Brought up with squaws, they had the ways of squaws. Set to dig roots, to cut wood, to pitch and pack tents, to dry and cure skins, they might dawdle through the day, sulking at their toil and muttering oaths below their breath. But with the task imposed on them they stopped. From labour of a larger kind, and from adventure with a dash of peril, they recoiled in laziness and fright. A Negro seldom rode a horse. Not many Negroes knew the use of firearms. Slaves were never trained by Indians to the chase; for hunting was the trade of freeborn braves, the pastime of warriors, seers and chiefs. A Negro rarely marched with the young braves, and never learnt to lie in wait for scalps. In Creek and Seminole creeds, a Negro was a squaw, and not a brave.

A life of servitude unfits a man for independent arts. Helpless as a pony or a papoose, the Negro was now cut adrift. While he remained a slave he had a place in tent and tribe, as part of a chief's family; having ceased to be a slave, he lost his right of counting in the lodge, and sank into the grade of outcast. He belonged to no one. As an

alien he had no place in the system, and the country spewed him forth, a waif and stray, whom any man might chase and kill. For him there was no law, no court, no judge. In every other part of the United States a Negro was protected in his freedom; but the Indian country is a separate commonwealth, in which the White man's law has no effect. A Redskin has his rules; and while the Black men linger on his soil they must submit, even though the Redskin's rule should be enforced with poisoned arrow, pony-hoof, and salted fire.

The Creeks and Cherokees have borrowed some of the forms of civilised communities. They have assemblies, more or less comic; they have schools and justice-rooms, more or less comic. Some of the chiefs are hankering after private property in land. A few seem not unwilling that their boys should learn the English alphabet and the Christian Catechism. But none of these good things are open to the liberated slave, who still remains on Indian territory. A Negro casts no vote. He may not send his child to school, or ask a hearing in the justice-room. He never owns a rood of soil. When kicked from the Indian lodge, as an in-

truder, he is left to find such food and shelter as the waste supplies. Naked and free he wanders into space; he and the poor old squaw whom they have given to him as a wife. He dares not squat on Indian ground, for though the President pronounces him a free man, his recent master has the power to kill him as before, and neither judge nor sheriff would attach that master for his blood.

What wonder that the liberated Negroes melt from the Indian soil, much as a herd of ponies turned into the waste might melt from the soil?

Some hundreds of these emancipated slaves have fled across the frontier into Arkansas and Texas; trusting to the White man's sense of justice for protection in the commoner sort of civil rights. But as a rule the poorer people in a district cannot seek new homes. Like plants and animals, they must brave their lot or sink into the soil. To many fugitives from Choctaw lodges and Chickasaw tents, Caddo has become a home.

The site on which these outcasts have squatted is a piece of ground abandoned by the Caddoes, a small and wandering tribelet, who in former days whipt these creeks for fish and raked these woods

for game. Reduced in numbers, the Caddoes have moved into the Washita region, leaving their ancient hunting-fields to the coyotes and wolves. In theory the district lies in Choctaw country, but the Choctaws never occupied this valley, and the coming in of railway men, with teams and tools, induced the nearer families to move their lodges farther back. Caddo, abandoned to the iron horse and liberated slave, became a town. A Negro has no legal right to squat in Caddo, but squatting is the game of folks who stand outside the ordinary law. Others, besides unemancipated slaves, show a taste for squatting. Have we not here the 'Oklahoma Star,' edited by a man who is neither Choctaw, Negro, nor Zambo, but a free rover of the waste, a literary Rob Roy?

Barring accidents, the 'Star' comes out once a week. On asking for last week's issue we learn that no paper appeared last Friday morning, 'owing to the illness of our printer.' Some experience of the press having taught me that press faults are always due to the printer, I enquire no further, but on turning to the current sheet my eyes rest on a paragraph which explains the matter. Gran-

ville McPherson appears to be editor of the 'Star,' and Granville McPherson was at Fort Washita last week, on his wedding trip. These facts I find announced to the people of Caddo, and to all the happy hunting-fields between Red River and Limestone Gap:

'When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for the editor of a public journal to chronicle to an anxious and waiting world the glad tidings of his own nuptials, modesty would dictate that it be done in as few words as the solemnity of the occasion will admit. Adhering to this principle, we will simply say that on the eighteenth instant, at Fort Washita, C. N. Granville McPherson, of the Indian Territory, and Mrs. Lydia Star Hunter, of Oskaloosa, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. . . . Well, strange things will happen sometimes, and why not with us as well any?'

Strange things will happen! Yes, strange things indeed. To gain a right of settlement in the Choctaw country, Granville McPherson should have taken to himself a Choctaw bride, instead of whom he has married Mrs. Star Hunter, of Oskaloosa, Iowa. Granville has fallen to his fate. How could an

editor of the 'Oklahoma Star' escape being run down, when a widow called Mrs. Star Hunter was in chase?

Caddo, as might be expected from her origin, is radical, not to say revolutionary, in her politics. The Negroes and their Zambo offspring not being Indians, and having no part in the Indian system, the people of Caddo wish to change the whole existing order of things—the separate Indian nationality; the distribution of Indians into tribes and families; the exclusion of strangers from the Indian country; the abolition of Indian blood-feuds, despotic chiefs, and the common property in land.

'What do you want to have done by way of change?' I ask a Negro politician.

'By way of change?' replies the Black radical. 'Let us change everything. We want to put down tribes, to found a regular government, to open the Territory to labour and capital, to abolish the rule of chiefs, the sale of squaws, and the common property in land. That's what we want for others; but we want a few things also for ourselves. Well, hear me out. As yet we have acquired no rights. You find us here in Caddo, but we are living here by sufferance,

not by right. We have no title in our fields. At any hour we may be driven away, without being paid a cent for the improvements we have made.'

'Some of the Choctaw chiefs tell me they will act justly towards you.'

'Yes; so they may; but who will make them? We require a good deal more than promises from chiefs. We want the right to vote, the right to hold offices, the right to own land, the right to sit on juries, the right to send our lads to school. We should like to have these rights secured to us by Acts of Congress, not by promises of Choctaw chiefs.'

Such are the politics of Caddo, a hamlet peopled by Negroes and Zambos; such the principles of the 'Oklahoma Star,' a paper edited by a journalistic Rob Roy.

CHAPTER XXX.

OKLAHOMA.

OKLAHOMA is the name proposed by Creek and Cherokee radicals for the Indian countries, when the tribes shall have become a people, and the hunting grounds a State. Enthusiasts, like Adair and Boudinot, dream of such a time. These Indians cannot heal their tribal wounds, nor get their sixteen thousand Cherokees to live in peace; yet they indulge the hope of reconciling Creek and Seminole, Choctaw and Chickasaw, under a common rule and a single flag. Still more, their hearts go out into a day when tribes still wild and pagan—Cheyennes, Apaches, Kiowas, and other Bad Faces—will have ceased to lift cattle and steal squaws, will have buried the hatchet and scalping-knife, and will have learned to read penny fiction and to drink whisky like White men.

That day is yet a long way off.

A 'new policy' has just been adopted by President Grant towards the Red men, with a view to their more speedy settlement and conversion. This policy is founded on Franciscan experience, but adapted to the principles of a secular state, and the existing order of things. In future, the Indians are to be received and marked as 'wards.' Driven by bayonets into nooks and corners, they are now placed under the guidance of certain sects, who feed and teach them, and under the inspection of certain captains, who watch and shoot them, should they be caught roaming across the paper lines. The teachers, anxious to please the sects and 'justify the ways of God,' have created an ideal Indian country, smiling with imaginary ranches, gardens, schools, and churches. Every Indian reservation has a 'school fund' on paper, and in some settlements there are actual sheds called schools. The captains tell another tale. These captains have no theories to support. When a white ranch has been violated, as at Snake River, or a white family scalped, as at Smoky Hill, they have to chase and fight the savages. Illusions find no place in a frontier post. Now, it is the short and simple truth to say that—so far as my ex-

perience reaches—no officer who has served on the Plains believes that any full-blooded Indian can be civilised.

A Red man cannot understand a White man's law.

Take the last decision of Chief Justice Waite and his learned brethren of the Supreme Court, and ask how either a Creek or Cherokee, not to say an Osage or a Kickapoo, is to comprehend such law? Years ago the Indians, as the weaker party, became subject to a general law of removal by the State from one point to another. If their hunting grounds were wanted by White farmers, they were forced to move; but their right and property in the soil were not denied, and something like a fair exchange of lands was always offered to them. On quitting Georgia, the Cherokees obtained a better country on the Verdigris. In place of their old home, the Creeks and Choctaws got hunting-grounds along the Arkansas. The Senecas got the Alleghany; the Oneidas, Green Bay. The Omahas received lands on the Missouri, the Crows on Yellowstone, the Shoshones on the Snake. No tribe was ever driven from home, except on promise of a finer camping-ground elsewhere. From Penn and Ogle, therefore,

to Story and Chace, no one has denied that the original title in the land lay with the Red men.

But Waite and his learned brethren have wrought a sudden change. These magistrates have decided that the Indians are not owners of the soil, generally, or even holders of the fee in their own lands. The true proprietor, they assert, is the Government of the United States!

No Creek, no Choctaw can be made to seize the maxims on which Waite proceeds, but the most benighted Indian can understand that his field is not his own, that he is only a tenant on the land, and that he must no longer cut and sell a pine.

Under the 'new policy,' which turns the Red war into pious idyls, and confiscates the whole Indian country to the Government, the Indians are displayed for public approval in four great classes:

'First. Those that are wild and scarcely tractable to any extent beyond that of coming near enough to the Government agent to receive blankets and rations.

'Second. Indians who are thoroughly convinced of the necessity of labour, and are actually under-

taking it, and with more or less readiness accept the direction and assistance of Government agents to this end.

'Third. Indians who have come into possession of all lands and other property in stock and implements belonging to a landed estate.

'Fourth. A class of roamers and vagrants.'

The first class in this division is said to contain ninety-eight thousand souls, including, amongst others, Sioux, Utes, Apaches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Comanches and Arapahoes. The second class is supposed to contain about fifty-two thousand souls, including, amongst others, Osages, Kickapoos, Pai-Utes, Shoshones, Pawnees, and Navajos. The third class is believed to number a hundred thousand souls, including, amongst others, Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, Seminoles, and Chippewas. The fourth class is more difficult to estimate; but it is guessed at twenty or thirty thousand souls, including, amongst others, Winnebagoes, Sacs, Pottawatomies, and such broken up bands of Shoshones and Utes as those of Labeta and Cornea. Such classes and figures may amuse the sectaries, who are now trying on the Plains the great Christian experiment

which the Franciscans tried in California. But the classification is too vague and weak for practical life, and is thrust aside by men who have to deal with living facts.

These practical men know two Indian classes only—

I. Wild Indians.

II. Half-wild Indians.

All the great families and tribes are wild: Sioux, Utes, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Navajos, and the like. These are the Red men who have never been subdued and fixed. Pagan, predatory, and nomadic, these Indians count about two hundred thousand souls; and are the true Red men, unmixed with alien blood, untouched by alien creeds.

The second class contains the smaller Indian families, who, from contact with White men, have been half-subdued and fixed: Mission Indians of California, Pueblo Indians of Arizona, Senecas in New York, Chippewas in Michigan, Winnebagoes in Nebraska, Choctaws, and Cherokees in Oklahoma, and their fellows everywhere. These Indians, mostly surrounded by White settlers, count about

a hundred thousand souls, the salvage of mighty nations which have passed away. They have been tamed a little, and thinned off very much. In fact, an Indian fears White 'customs,' chiefly because he finds that the first step taken in our civilisation is a step towards his physical ruin and moral death.

Colonel Stevens, an officer with much experience of savage life, tells me he was employed on the Plains, as Government engineer, to build a number of stone houses for the Indian chiefs. These tenements were designed as baits to catch their tribes. In six months all his tenements were gone, sold to the White men for a few kegs of whisky. One big chief, Long Antelope, kept his house, and Stevens rode to see their chief as being a man of higher hope than others of his race. He found Long Antelope smoking in a tent pitched near the window of his house.

'Why living in a tent, Long Antelope, when you have a good house?'

Long Antelope smiled. 'House good for pony, no good for warrior—ugh!'

Stevens went in, and found Long Antelope's pony stalled in the dining-room.

'A house,' says Stevens, 'is too much for a full

blood Indian's brain. The only notion you can get into such a fellow's head, is, that to settle down means to wrap his shoulders in a warm blanket instead of in a skin, to loaf about the Agency instead of going out to hunt, and to spend his time in smoking and drinking instead of in taking scalps.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

RED AND BLACK.

'You fear the full-bloods cannot be reclaimed?' I ask Colonel Stevens.

'I never knew a pure Indian settle down to any kind of work. He is a hunter and a warrior, and to touch a spade or plough is to soil his noble hands. The Mestizos have a chance; though they are weighted by their savage blood. They start well, for their father is, in almost every case, a White.'

On crossing from the Creek country to the Choctaw country, by way of the Canadian river, we arrive at a store and mill, kept by a brave Scot, named McAlister. A rolling prairie spreads around, with pines and cedars on the heights, and rivulets trickling here and there. McAlister came into the Indian land by chance. The country pleased him, and, unlike his countryman, McPherson, of Caddo,

he settled down legally on the soil by taking a Choctaw wife, and getting himself adopted by the tribe. McAlister, like a brave Scot, has bought and sold, scraped and saved. From flour to whisky, everything that an Indian wants to buy, McAlister has to sell. By adding field to field, and farm to farm, McAlister is getting nearly all the land of this Prairie into his own hands. In time his ranch will be a town; that town will bear his name.

'These White intruders have no trouble in marrying Indian wives?' I ask a friend in the Chickasaw nation.

'In marrying Indian wives! You talk of marriage like a White. Marry—ha, ha! Not many of these fellows go to church. An Indian's notion of marriage is the theft or purchase of a squaw. Put down your money, and you have your pick of his lodge, without the blessing of a parson or the signature of a clerk. For twenty dollars you can buy a girl, and claim, through her, adoption by the tribe.'

'Is the adoption easy?'

'Very easy. As a rule, the adoption goes with the Indian girl. If any Bad face makes a row, a

keg of whisky sets things straight. Whisky is King.'

Nearer to Red River, in a green bottom, with a wooded ridge on either side, we find a White ranch; a house with fence and garden, in which a Pale-face lives with his Indian bride. The man is Bob Reams, a brother of the American sculptress Vinnie Reams. Bob came into this valley, bought a Chickasaw wife, and settled in the tribe, where he has managed to annex no little of the soil. The valley bears his name. His wife, whom he delights to call the Princess, is a tall, lithe woman; and his Mestizo son, Young Bob, has wild antelope eyes. Squaw Reams is said to put on war-paint now and then. Some months ago Bob got into trouble at a whisky bar, and was lodged in jail, on which his Princess went out, morally, on the war path. 'Bob in jail? Then he's a failure!' cried his squaw, and no little force had to be used by her kith and kin to prevent her from quitting his ranch, renouncing her allegiance, and returning to her savage life.

'Only one man in four among the Cherokees is now of pure blood,' says Boudinot. Billy Ross, though representing Indian legends and traditions,

is a mongrel. Frank Overton, the Chickasaw chief, is a mongrel, and a handsome fellow. In these half-wild tribes the chiefs are nearly all of mongrel blood. The Indians hate these chiefs, but fear them more than they detest. Not so with the Chino and the Zambo. These poor creatures are both hated and despised. No living creature can be held in greater scorn than a Black man is held by a Red.

'Not many weeks ago,' says the son of Strong Buck, 'I went up to the Capitol, in Washington, to hear a grand palaver on the policy to be adopted towards my nation, and I found a Negro in the Speaker's chair!' While saying so, the young Red chief is sad; sad, to use his own phrase, as a wood in autumn. He knew the Negroes as a servile race, and the man whom he saw presiding over this debate, of so much moment to his tribe, had been a slave. 'A coloured man,' sighs Boudinot, 'and yesterday a slave!'

That men of the White race, leaders of old and mighty States, should sit under a Black fellow and obey his nod, seems to the son of Strong Buck very strange. Yet this strange sight was not so galling to the Cherokee as the fact that a coward and a slave

should be seen ruling, even for a moment, the councils of an assembly which has the power of dealing with the rights of a people like the Cherokees —a people untameably brave and immemorially free. 'Everyone,' sighs the young Cherokee, 'appears to have rights in this republic except the original owners of the soil.'

The son of Strong Buck and nephew of Stand Watie cannot see that this new position of the Negro is an accident, not a growth, having no better foundation than the quicksands of a party vote. Even if the Cherokee intellect could grasp the situation as a whole, such contrasts as those presented at Washington and in Talequah would still be great. A contrast in the Negro's position lies at his gate, and startles him on passing his frontier line.

To the south of Red River, a Negro may be anything for which he possesses brain enough—from sweep to senator, from newsboy to Chief Justice, from railway porter to President. To the north of that river, in the Indian country, he can never rise beyond the condition of a waif and stray, even though he have the brain of Newton. He can obtain no more right in the soil than a bear or

buffalo. South of Red River he is the pet of a great party, an object of attention to all parties, who desire to have the benefit of his vote. North of Red River, he is the scorn of every buck and squaw, who still regard him as a beast to be cuffed and spurned, though he has ceased to be a chattel to be bought and sold. South of Red River, no man can hurt a Negro's dog without being answerable to the law; north of Red River a man may take the Negro's scalp without being called to answer for his crime.

What wonder that the Negro moves into the South, and tries to put Red River between his scalp and the impending knife?

Texas is not a model country; in respect of public order many things may be improved; yet, in Texas, since the war, a Negro has the same right as any other citizen to a settlement on the soil. A member of the body politic, he votes, gives evidence, serves on juries, sends his imps to school. He owns property and holds office. In brief, so far as law can make him equal, he is a White man's peer.

The Red man seeks in vain to understand why

the great Father in Washington, who takes away his own lands and forests, made over to him by treaty, in exchange for other lands and forests, to be his own, according to Indian usages, 'as long as grain grows and water runs,' should give the Black man so many rights and privileges, that he is everywhere equal, in many places superior, to the White men. Creeks and Cherokees give up the puzzle. In Taliquah, chief camp of the Cherokees nation, a little sheet of news is printed by a mixed blood editor, from which I cut this paragraph—a summary of the Red Question, as the matters strike an educated Cherokee:

'As a people we are *not* prepared for American citizenship. Not that we are not sufficiently intelligent, or honest, or industrious, or lack much of any of those substantial qualities which go to make a person fit to be free anywhere. But that we have not that training in and experience of those arts of guile which a condition of freedom authorizes, if it does not encourage, to be employed against the unsuspecting—both being equally free to cheat and be cheated—as a national right.'

In answer to this hint of a perpetual separation of the Red community in America from the White, a company of White men are building a town, a frontier post, from which they threaten to invade, acquire, and annex the Red man's land.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FRONTIER TOWN.

FROM Caddo to Red River is a bee-line of thirty miles. A clearing in the jungle has been made near the river-bank, and the name of Red River City has been printed on local maps; but not a single shanty, not even a ticket-office, or landing stage, or a drinking crib, has yet been built. The city consists of a rock cutting and a trussle bridge. Red River city is not even a ghost of a city, with imaginary squares and roads, like those unborn paradises on the Bay of San Francisco, which are waiting for 'the good time.' As yet the Chickasaws and Choctaws lie too near. In time a town may look across Red River into the Chickasaw country, but the time will not arrive until the Redskins shall have ceased to live in tribes, to hold their lands in common, and obey the orders of despotic chiefs.

Yet, as a town was needed on the frontier, not

for local traffic only, but for the security and supply of a long chain of Indian posts, including Fort Sill, Fort Griffin, and Fort Richardson, a town was ordered to be built, and has accordingly been built.

The story of Denison City is as curious, in its way, as the story of Salinas City; for Denison in Texas, like Salinas in California, is built by English enterprise, with English gold.

Five miles from the bridge over Red River, Colonel Stevens, engineer of the Texas and Kansas railways, found a safer and better site. The Colonel (in whose company we have the great advantage of seeing these countries) is a man of vast experience in the ways of savage life. No one in the service knows the Redskins better, or the land on which they live so well. A town was needed on the frontier, and he chose the site, instead of leaving the locality to chance. A rolling prairie, with a grove of ancient oaks, arrested his attention, and on finding the plateau drained by a pretty runnel, fed by many living springs, he paused, and looked about. At points, the rock cropped out, and here and there, outside the grove of oaks, lay strips of open country, dotted with single trees. Around the plateau rolled a rich and level country,

with a soil adapted for the growth of cotton, rice, and maize.

A sheet of paper was produced; streets, squares, roads and lines were marked. The grove was set apart for public use. A school was marked, and the young city being named Denison, a day was fixed when corner lots were to be sold. Stevens assured the first bidders that a railway depôt would be built. Denison was to be the magazine of Fort Richardson, Fort Griffin, and Fort Sill. A line of telegraphs was to connect these posts. Ice-houses, slaughtering-yards, and cotton-compressors were to follow. Such were the promises held out to speculators in main streets and corner lots, and as the railways are owned in England, and the promises were made on English good faith, the Jews who came up from Dallas and Shreveport to look on, were satisfied that the town would prosper. Sheds began to rise. But logs for building purposes were scarce. Oak is too hard for use; the yellow-pine country lies a hundred miles off; yet lumber-teams soon began to hail in Main Street. Finding a market opening for planks, three firms in St. Louis sent down several loads of white pine. These planks and boards had to come nearly six

hundred miles by train. A good market seldom fails to find supplies, and when the lumberers heard that pines were wanted in Denison, they sent in teams, though Denison was a place unknown to maps and charts. Work went merrily on. The Nelson House was roofed, the Adams House begun. Shanties here and there sprang up. Negroes from Caddo and Vinita, Jews from Dallas, Shreveport, and Galveston, rowdies and gamblers from every quarter of the compass, flocked into the town. A bar, an auction mart, a dancing room, were opened. In six months Denison had a thousand citizens of various colours and persuasions, and was famed from Dallas to Galveston as 'the livest town in all Texas.'

Twenty-eight months have hardly passed since Colonel Stevens drew his plan on that sheet of paper, and Denison is now a town of four thousand five hundred souls. The railway depôt occupies a quarter of the town and near this depôt stand the slaughtering-yards, two vast ice-houses, the cotton-compressor, four churches, five taverns, and an unknown number of faro-banks.

Denison can already boast of a mayor, eight aldermen, 'all honest democrats;' a recorder, who

is 'a terror to evildoers,' and a Board of Trade. In strolling about the town, we notice a Masonic lodge, a Good Templar lodge, and a Base Ball Club. But the chief glory of Denison is the school-house, a red brick edifice, in the American Tudor style, so common in the Southern States. This pile cost forty-five thousand dollars, every cent of which was raised on loans in Capel Court. What singular corners of the earth are fertilized by English gold!

If Denison prospers, the money-lenders may receive their own again, and feel that they have helped in a good cause. Rough, noisy, profligate, Denison is a very 'live place.' Much drink is put away in little time. The day is Sunday, yet bars are open and billiard-balls click at every turn. Gay women flaunt about the streets, and hucksters quarrel in their cups on every kerbstone. Yet how near the pastoral nature seems to lie! Trees grow in Main street, and stumps of trees choke up the avenues right and left of Main street. Antelopes are tethered in yards. Cows wander up and down, and hang familiarly about the gates. Girls fetch in water from the creeks, and mustangs, still unbroken to the collar, tear across trackless leas of grass.

Judging from the streets, the Negroes must be half the population of this frontier town. Not a single Chickasaw or Choctaw can be seen. No Redskin lives at Denison; yet Denison is something more than a depôt for Fort Sill and a refuge for emancipated slaves. It is a camp of enemies to the Red man.

Before we had been ten days in America, a gentleman in a Potomac steamer, seeing me mark some passages in a morning paper, with a view to future use, came up and said to me:

'Guess you're a correspondent of the New York press?'

'No, sir; I am a visitor from the old country.'

'Ha! an Englishman! You know Ulysses S. Grant?'

'I have that privilege.'

'Guess you can tell me what he is going to do with the Indians? I'm Texas-born, and represent the *Spread Eagle*; guess you've heard of the *Spread Eagle*? No! That's strange. Well, I've come out East to learn what the President means to do with the Indian territory. If he is going to open up the country, we are ready at the gates. All Denison

will move across Red River. Caddo is nearer to Fort Sill than Denison, and would suit the Government better as a magazine of arms and stores. Two words along the wires, just 'Go ahead,' would bring ten thousand men to Denison, Caddo, and Limestone Gap in less than a week. That country, Sir, is the garden of America. If Ulysses S. Grant will only give the sign, I guess our Texan horse will soon be picketed on the Arkansas.'

I fear that editor is right. Five years after the Indian countries are opened up to capital and labour, as every part of a republic must be opened to the citizens of that republic, the Creeks and Cherokees will own no more soil in Oklahoma than they own in Massachusetts and New York.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TEXAS AND TEXANS.

A TEXAN is a mounted man; a knight, who rides and carries arms. The air is hot, and swells in mortal veins. Under Sam Houston, there was a Texan boast that every White settler in the land had killed a Mexican and scalped a Redskin. Later on, the saying of the country ran that every White man owned a mustang and a slave. The slave being gone, the sense of lordship takes another shape. Now, the legend runs, that every Texan owns a horse, a dog, and a gun; a horse that never slackens speed, a dog that never drops his scent, a gun that never misses fire.

Like his Red neighbour, the Kickapoo, a Texan is a hunter; but, unlike his neighbour, the Kickapoo, a Texan never hunts. At every ranch we find a mustang hitched to a rail; on every track we meet

armed and mounted men; yet nowhere have we seen much evidence of devotion to the chase. Wild game abounds. On every side, except the side-board, we see elk and antelope, snipe and quail, leveret and prairie-fowl. Nature has done her part, and done it well; but man has not found time, as yet, to use her gifts. The fight for life is still too hard for men to ask for anything more dainty than campaigning fare.

'Game!' cries a comrade in the dining-room; 'guess the only game we Texans care about is poker.' Dine where you may—at prairie ranch, at roadside inn, at railway restaurant—the beef is all leather, the bacon all fat; and when you ask for another dish, you are served with more beef all leather, and more bacon all fat. From Denison to Hearne, from Hearne to Galveston, the plains of Texan are dotted with cattle. Steers browse on every knoll, heifers make pastorals at every pool. 'Here now,' you whisper to yourself, 'is a country of wholesome food—fresh meat, pure milk, new butter, native cheese; here, after courses of jerked antelope and alkaline water, we shall have a chance of growing strong on simple meat and wholesome

drink.' Sore is your surprise on asking the Texans for this simple meat and wholesome drink.

A cut of beef is laid before you. Beef! What kind of beef? 'Is not this buffalo steak?'

'No, Sir,' explains your host, 'this beef is cow meat, or it may be bull meat. If it were only fresh it would be good enough.'

'Why is it not fresh?'

'You see it has to come a long way, and must first be dried and packed. We have to fetch our beef from St. Louis, seven or eight hundred miles by car, seventeen or eighteen hundred miles by boat. We have no time to grow our own food. Texas is a grazing country; in the future she may supply America with beef and butter; but she is still dependent on the North for what she eats and drinks.'

You ask for milk—a glass of fresh, cold milk. Some warm and greasy stuff is poured into your cup: 'This is the only milk we have.' It is New England milk, prepared in cans, and warranted to keep in any climate. If you ask for butter, you get a mixture of grease and brine.

Living in a wild country, with Comanches on

the north and Kickapoos on the south, the Texans have not yet acquired that solid hold of the soil which lends a platform to domestic arts. A chain of military posts runs through the land, from Fort Richardson, Fort Griffin, and Fort Worth, in the upper counties, to Fort Concho, Fort Ewell, and Fort Clarke, in the lower counties. Every season, some portions of the State are overrun by savages from Mexico; not such gentle savages as those who stream into Shefelah and Sharon, eating the grapes, drinking the water, and fighting the peasantry, but monsters in human shape, who steal into the settled parts in search of cows and ponies, scalps and girls. There are no milking-maids and dairy-maids in Texas. If the farmers had such girls they would not dare to send them out into the cattle-runs. The Kickapoos would whisk them off into Mexico. Men with rifles and revolvers have enough to do if they would mind their cows and keep their scalps.

A settler here and there has introduced domestic arts, but only for his family use. The mass of settlers keep their pails and churns down East. They find dried meat from Illinois, canned milk from Vermont, and salt butter from Ontario cheaper than they can

maké them on the spot. Some farmers lay the blame on climate, soil, and water, as unfavourable to the dairy trade.

'A fine country, Sir, but wild,' says a stock-raiser, with whom we swap drinks at a roadside bar; 'everything is wild. You can only keep a cow tame for a year or so. All herds go back on nature. I brought some short-horns out from Essex; in three lives they have all gone back to long-horns.'

A Texan builds no cattle-sheds. Once he has turned his herds into the grazing lands, he lets them run wild, and stay out all the year. Who knows what happens with such herds?

If left alone all animals go wild; a steer but some degrees faster than a lad. The son of a White man who had been stolen as a child by Kickapoos and mated in their tribe has been found as savage as an ordinary Kickapoo.

Some persons blame the Negroes as the evil demons of this country, charging them with a propensity to acts of violence, a disposition to abuse whatever favour they obtain, and an extreme antipathy to family order and domestic arts. Some grains of truth there are in what these critics urge.

The Negro, as he lives in Texas, is a savage, but without the virtues of a Cherokee. Unbroken to the yoke, he hardly understands the meaning of a moral code, a social compact, or a family law. To him domestic arts are figments of the brain, and family order is a vision in the clouds. In moral sense he rises no higher than a Kickapoo; in personal rectitude he sinks below the Kickapoo.

In Texas, three races are in contact and conflict; each race against the other two races; Red men against White and Black; Black men against Red and White; White men against Black and Red. The calendar of crime in Texas is a fearful record, and the darkest portion of that record is the list of Negro crime.

At every ranch we hear of Negro frays and fights, beginning for the greater part in drink, and ending for the greater part in bloodshed. Since the Negro became a citizen he has acquired the faculty of buying whisky and getting drunk, a gift of liberty denied to his Red brother; and one more precious in his sight than that of voting for a village justice or even for a member of Congress.

White people, as a rule, pay no attention to these Negro quarrels, White people caring no more

whether a Black fellow kills his comrade than they care whether a Redskin scalps his neighbour. We learn, on good authority, that there were three thousand murders in Texas last year, and that nearly all these murders were committed by Negroes on their brother blacks. A few were Indian outrages, committed by the Kickapoos and Kiowas who swarm across the border out of Mexico in search of cows and girls; but these few Indian murders were not enough in number to affect the main results. But though the White men stand aloof, in pity and contempt, as they might stand apart when street-dogs or wild bulls are fighting, such offences help to keep Texas a savage country, and to stop the growth of villages on plains, which at the best are only one remove from desert wastes.

But when a Black man kills a White man, blood is certain to be shed; for neither race has yet acquired much confidence in the courts of law. In a society so young as that of Texas, courts of law are swayed by every storm of public passion, and the judges, chosen by a popular vote, feel bound to rule as the majority dictates. Hence verdicts are the sport of party victories. An Asiatic Greek believes he has some chance of getting justice from

a Turk; a Kabyle in Algeria thinks he has some chance of getting justice from a Gaul; a Tartar in Kazan imagines he has some chance of getting justice from a Muscovite; but a Negro in Texas never dreams of getting justice from a Conservative judge, and a White man in Texas never leaves the duty of revenge to a Republican judge. In case of a collision, there is not much difference in the mode of settling matters. Whether fair or dusky, men whose friends have been injured by the other party are ready to enact the parts of sheriffs, jurors, judges, and hangmen, on the shortest notice.

Take the latest case, as an example. On Sunday last, Zete Fly, a stalwart Negro, trudging on the road near Moulton, a village in Gonzales County, passed a White boy, named Dick Dixon, who was hardly fourteen years of age. Some words arose. Fly whipt out his pistol, fired at the lad, tearing his arm from elbow to shoulder, and left him bleeding in the road. Tom Dixon, elder brother of the boy, ran after Zete, and finding him shut up in his shanty, challenged him to come out and fight. Instead of coming out to fight Zete barred and logged his door.

'Come out!' cried Tom. Zete skulked behind

his logs and bars. Then Tom began to beat the door and threaten to smash the planks. Zete slid his bar, opened his door, and fired his pistol. Tom fell dead.

Four or five settlers, hearing the shot, came up from Moulton, and were soon aware how matters stood. Brief parley led to stern resolve. Dead or alive Zete must be arrested on the spot and carried to Sheriff De Witt, in Gonzales, the county town, together with the witnesses of his guilt.

They summoned Zete to yield himself a prisoner; he defied them to come in and take him. To attack a desperate fellow was to risk a second life, and perhaps a third, and no one cared, in such ignoble quarrels, to be shot. The settlers thought of fire. It is an easy thing to burn a fellow in a log cabin, and Zete himself caved in as soon as he perceived their drift.

At four in the afternoon, as the sun was setting, two settlers started with the prisoner for Gonzales. The night was closing in, when they were met by seven or eight mounted men, who called a halt. The darkness hid the features of these persons, but their purpose was apparent in their acts. They took the

murderer from his escort, strapped his legs under his horse, and placing him in their centre, struck into the open Plains.

Having lost their man, and thinking the affair over and their duty done, the two settlers jogged along the road. Nobody at Gonzales seemed to care for 'Zete. The night was Sunday, and the people were at evening service. What was there to say? Zete had committed murder, and a murderer's doom is death. If he were hanged by the rescuers substantial justice would be done. So thinking, the citizens in Gonzales drank their whisky and went to bed, giving the criminal and his captors no further thought.

Next day intelligence reached Sheriff De Witt that Zete, though sorely wounded, was still alive. A second party had appeared. A fight had taken place, another rescue had been made, and Zete, exalted in Negro eyes by his double crime, was lying at a ranch on the Plains, guarded by forty well-armed blacks.

This tale was true. When the White captors, having no confidence in public justice, were about to hang the murderer, a much stronger Black party, having no confidence in public justice, were gathering to save him from the rope. These parties met.

Forty against seven are long odds. The seven fell back, and Zete, though injured by a gunshot, was released and carried off by his Negro partisans.

On Tuesday morning Sheriff De Witt rode out with half Gonzales at his side. As they approached the ranch where Zete was lying, they looked and listened for sign and sound—none came; the ranch was silent as a tomb. On peering through the door, De Witt perceived two corpses, and on touching the bodies he found they were still warm. One corpse was that of Zete Fly; the other that of an unknown Negro. Both bodies were riddled with shots, so were the wall and door. A short and bloody fight had evidently taken place, but who the combatants were no sign remained to tell. The work of death was done—the ministers of doom were gone.

Later in the day, some Negroes who had aided in the fight and rescue came before De Witt and told him that a party of White men had come that morning to the ranch and summoned the Negroes to surrender Zete Fly. The party being too strong for the Negroes to fight, many of them ran away; but one man, braver than his crew, had raised his gun, and standing in front of Zete, had challenged his enemies to come on. A White volley struck them dead.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE THREE RACES.

SUCH conflicts are the curse of Texas; yet one sees no end of them till the country has been settled, the roads have become safe, and the courts have been purged of party spirit. The White settlers are gaining ground, but they are still too near the Indian lodges for security, and too near the day of Negro rule for peace and confidence.

'Our blood is hot,' says an English settler, who tells me he has learned to like the country very much, 'but we are mending day by day, especially in the towns. We drink less liquor, and invoke more law. Remove the whisky-shops, and we shall show as few white crimes of violence in Texas as they show in Georgia and South Carolina. Whisky is cheap and every one drinks hard. Such crimes as stain our name, apart from drunken rows, are the results of fear, and have their source in our

unsettled state. We are not strong enough to overlook offences. Why do we carry arms? From fear of an attack. Why do we fire so readily? In order to forestall a blow. When people feel secure, they cease to shoot each other in the street.'

'But in the country—in the cattle-runs, and on the cotton plantations?'

'In the cattle-runs we are rather wild; knowing hardly any ministers of justice save the hatchet and revolver. But remember where the cattle-runs lie: within an easy ride of Kickapoo tents. The cotton-yards are better than the cattle-runs; the Negro being less brutal, if more vicious, than the Kickapoo. I cannot say that in Texas a fellow thinks it wrong to kill his creditor, his wife's seducer, and his tipsy comrade.'

It will be long ere Austin and Indianola are as tame as Norwich and Yarmouth, but the Anglo-Saxon blood is there, with all its staying power. A few English ladies would assist the progress of refining much. A lady never feels her sceptre till she finds herself the empress of some frontier State.

At Dallas, a gentleman from Missouri is good

enough to offer me a fine estate, if I will only take it off his hands. 'My land,' he says, with a sad humour, 'lies on the upper reaches of the Brazos, in a lovely country and a healthy climate. There are woods and pastures, water rights and fisheries. It is not so large a place as Kent, yet a swift rider would hardly cross it in a day.'

This fine demesne is the owner's big elephant: a source of cost and trouble which destroys his life. He has to pay the public tax on land. He has to hire men to guard his timber. Yet the place has never yet yielded him a cent. 'The ruin of the war,' he says, 'added to the raids of Kiowas and Kickapoos, prevents the march of settlers towards the upper Brazos. But for the Negroes and Indians, Brazos would be a paradise. When these two plagues are gone, all parts of Texas will be as free from marauders as the neighbourhood of Dallas.'

My friend has reason to believe that Kiowas and Kickapoos hunt game in his preserves, that Mestizo herdsmen crop his grass, that White foresters cut and sell his wood. Yet how is he to charge them rent? His title to the land is perfect; but once, on going to see his place, he tells me, he received a notice to

return the way he came, unless he wished to see strange sights. This message brooked no fencing; and he rode away that night, leaving his protest with some district judge. An agent whom he afterwards sent out was shot.

'It is a good thing,' says my friend, 'to have a fine cattle-run, but a man who owns a good cattle-run on the upper Brazos, ought to live out West, and keep things square.'

'What do you think of us now?' asks a citizen of Galveston county.

'You seem to have a big estate—wood, water, grass.'

'Grass is a cuss. You see these fields near the creek: they're under cotton. Cotton is king. You think we might have meat and milk? We might; but then who cares to throw away his chance? No man ever got rich on meat and milk. Dollars are what we want; dollars from St. Louis and Chicago; dollars from Boston and New York; and neither St. Louis nor Chicago, Boston nor New York would send us a coin if we began killing our own calf and milking our own cow. If we had no need for Eastern dollars, we'd divide.'

'Divide? You mean that you would break the Union?

'Yes; most Texans hereabouts are ready to divide. The case of New Orleans warns us. Having lately passed through fire, we feel the anguish of Louisiana in our hearts. Look at our case, and tell me the sort of justice we are likely to obtain from the republicans of Boston and New York.'

In Texas the brief period of Negro supremacy was a bitter trial for the Whites, some of whom saw their former menials sitting over them as judges, legislators, and tax collectors. Many of these Negro judges, legislators and tax-collectors could barely read their letters and sign their names. Confusion then seemed chaos. Crime increased, income decreased. Rates were raised, till property was taxed beyond the power to pay. Houses fell empty. Land became a burthen and a curse.

Instead of keeping within the law these ignorant rulers trampled justice under foot. Under the lead of carpet-baggers—a low class of adventurers from the North—and covered by the presence of Federal troops, they seized the ballot-boxes and drove White

voters from the polling-booths. A White citizen could hardly cast his vote. Unless some friendly Negro led him up and vouched for him as a scalawag, he could hardly reach his balloting-urn. The Blacks were mostly armed, the Whites were all disarmed. In every village row White blood was shed.

'Thank God those shameful days are gone for ever,' says a planter of more moderate vein. 'The Black tyranny and the Black legislature have vanished, never again to blight our cities with a curse.'

'Gone without violence?'

'Yes, by natural causes; gone as all bad things should go: by means of natural law. Europe has saved us from the curse of Negro rule.'

It is the immigration, chiefly flowing in from Liverpool to Galveston and Indianola, that has restored the balance of White power in Texas. Except the runaways from Red River, few Negroes have entered Texas; while, since the war, more than a hundred thousand Whites have come in from English ports. Untainted by secession, these settlers get their votes the moment they apply, and they have nearly always cast them on the Conservative side. Race counts. A clown just landed from an English deck

will take his part, without a word being said to him, in favour of his White brother against the Negro and the Kickapoo. A White League starts up in opposition to a Red League on one side, to a Black League on the other side. Ku Klux is but a White counter part of the Cherokee Light Horse.

Last year, by help of these in-comers from Europe, the White Leaguers of Texas beat the army of Black Leaguers and their partisans at the polling-booths, carrying all their candidates for the Executive—Coke for Governor, De Berry for Secretary of State, Roberts for Chief Justice. Six Conservatives are going to represent the State in Washington. The scalawags are routed, and the White citizens have recovered the full control of their affairs.

In riding towards the South we overtake a party of the new legislators on their way to Austin, where the Chambers are about to meet. They are attorneys, planters, doctors, and the like; a natural aristocracy in a frontier State; a jovial set of fellows, with a spice of rough old English humour in their talk.

'When you get to Austin as masters what will you do?'

'Do?' laughs one of them. 'We mean to have a good time. We shall revise the new Scalawag Constitution, and give the poor down-trodden Whites a chance.'

'And then?'

'Guess then,' he laughs still more, 'we'll fill our trunks. What should we go to Austin for? You see these gentlemen. Every man among the lot has an empty box in the luggage van. Hish! When we come back these boxes will be full. Why else is Coke made Governor, De Berry Secretary of State? Have not we as much right to rob the Treasury as those scalawags? On my return from Austin, I bet you'll not be able to lift this trunk!'

We laugh and tell some jest about our way of doing things in London when one party is going out and the other party coming in. A fellow with the manner of a ranting preacher creeps behind and whispers in my ear, 'You smile, Sir; by the eternal heavens it's true.'

'Do you expect to have any more Black trouble in Texas?'

'None,' snaps one of the members, merrily; 'no more Black trouble, except what springs from the

Black women. These women are a curse. Squaws are bad enough, heaven knows, but Negresses are ten times worse. We frontier folk aren't angels, but these coloured women have no souls at all. Five Negresses in six will go any lengths to get a drink.'

At Houston we notice that the hotel servants are White; a thing we have not seen, except in one house at San Francisco, since we left New York. Here the advertisements run: 'all the servants White and polite.' A Negro with a vote is always lazy and often saucy, and this laziness and sauciness are threatening to deprive him of his daily bread. Pat and Karl fetch higher wages than Sam, but managers of big hotels must please their customers, even though they drive the Negro from a market which was once his own.

A gentleman of good position and large experience says to me in Galveston:

'In Texas there never was a majority of coloured people. When our slaves were freed, we counted more than two fair heads for every woolly head. Living in a republic, with the weight of numbers on our side, we had a right to choose our rulers, magistrates, and tax assessors. If our brethren at

the North were minded to deny our wealth, intelligence, and enterprise, they could not rob us of our majority of votes, except through treason to the first principle of a Republic. Such was their case and ours. Forget our common origin—our blood, our history, our literature, our civilised life—things which we hold in common from our English ancestry; and in the absence of all ties of memory and affection, we demand, as members of a free society, the right of settling things by a majority of voices.'

'Such a claim is hardly to be denied in a Republic.'

'Yet that claim was set aside by President Grant. For what? Because he hankered after a second term, and needed Southern votes. A gang of dollar-hunters swarmed into Texas, not to settle in the country, but to eat it up; fellows having no stake in the soil, no knowledge of the people, no concern with planting towns, no interest in promoting order. Backed by Federal officers, they organized Black clubs, and convened private meetings of scalawags. Seizing our electoral lists, they put in names and struck out names, according to their

secret orders, till the Negroes had majorities of votes in hamlets where the coloured people were not more than two in five. We chafed, you may be sure, and have no wish to see that game played over again at our expense. If we divide, we may have peace; if not, who knows where we shall stand? These Negroes want to rule and reign once more. Do you suppose that men of English blood will stand *that* sort of thing? We Texans were the last to cave in; we'll be the first to head out. You bet? If Phil Sheridan comes to Austin — we'll divide.'

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE GULF OF MEXICO.

Moving at sunrise out of Galveston harbour we sail into a thick and golden mist, which hides the low-lying shores of Saline Pass and the adjoining country from our sight. The waves are long and smooth. A flock of snow-birds flutter in our wake, and swoop with easy undulation on their prey. A semi-tropical languor lies on every face.

As day comes on the mist clears off, and through the vanishing haze we catch along the shores a fringe of cypress and cotton-wood, with roots in swamp and pool, and branches hung with vegetable filth—the noisome and funereal weed called Spanish moss.

Our vessel, plying between Indianola, in Texas, and Brashear, in Louisiana, skirts two of the rich Gulf States, and connects the port of Galveston with the river at New Orleans. She carries few natives,

either Mexican or American. Her passengers, like her crew, are mostly Scotch and English; for the ports and towns in Texas are nearly all built by British capital and settled by British families. It is the old, old story of our race. Who planted Virginia and Massachusetts? Who peopled Georgia, Pennsylvania, Maryland? The seventeenth century only saw at James Town and Plymouth Rock what the nineteenth century beholds in the Gulf of Mexico. The English race is moving on the West. London and Liverpool are pouring out our wealth and population on these coasts—our surplus capital, our adventurous sons.

This power of drawing on the parent country for supports is the chief mainstay of White America.

Apart from passing politics, the Conservatives hold that time is always fighting on their side. White men increase in freedom. In a hundred years the White family has increased in North America from less than three millions to more than thirty millions. Who knows whether the Black family will increase in freedom? Every fact appears to point another way. The Whites are recruited from Europe, the Blacks are not recruited from

Africa. One force expands, the other wanes. Yet what a power of mischief this low and waning branch of the human family possesses; a power which wounds and weakens every section of America; setting brother against brother, North against South, the disciples of Brewster against the comrades of Raleigh, and the children of Oglethorpe against the descendants of Penn.

This question—'How, in our advance towards a higher plane of freedom, culture, and refinement, shall we treat those races on our soil which stand on the lowest stages of freedom, culture, and refinement?'—has already wrecked a third part of America, putting back for unknown terms of years the noble work which the Republic inherited from her English founders—that of planting and peopling this continent with Free States.

'Born in the South, and trained to look on slavery as a domestic system, I was always of opinion that the Slave Question was a passing evil,' says a companion of the quarter deck.

'A passing evil? You think it would have passed away?'

'It would assuredly have passed away.'

'Without the civil war?'

'Assuredly, without the civil war. Yea, more. If we regard the question as a whole—the Negro's life in freedom as well as his life in bondage—the problem might have been solved sooner without the war than with the war. Neither the Black League nor the White League need have troubled the United States. Moral emancipation would have come through moral means, and in a time of peace, with all good men disposed to make the best of it. Military emancipation came on us as a shock, occurring in a time of war, and sending up, in sullen rancour, some of the blackest passions of the human heart. What has the war done?'

'Destroyed slavery.'

'Excuse me—the war has destroyed freedom. Where is the Republic now? Where is the commonwealth conceived for us by Franklin, left to us by Washington? Shall we seek it in New Orleans, in Vicksburg, in Richmond? Where is our boast of local self-government justified to-day?'

At day-break, starting to my feet and peering through my cabin-window, I see a trail of land in the distance, with a fringe of forest trees, funereally

draped in Spanish moss. Hollo, what's here? A bank of sand lies bare and dry under the paddle-wheel. Are we ashore? Is that white bird a crane? Are we at sea—is this a phantom ship?

On coming to the fore, I find that we are pushing through a sea-canal, marked off with boles of trees. This work is seven miles long, and twelve feet deep, running between Marsh Island and the swamps of Terre Bonne, in Atchafalaya River, on the eastern bank of which lies the port of Brashear: a place created out of chaos, by the necessity which has sprung up since the settlement of Texas for a shorter and safer route from Galveston to New Orleans than that by way of Pass à Loutre. The voyage is reduced by half the time. By boat and car a man now runs from Galveston to New Orleans in little more than twenty-four hours.

Is Brashear land or water? Slush and mud, gutter and pool, basin and drain, all meet in Brashear; a dismal swamp and fever-den, enclosed on every side with jungle, in which every tree is hung with Spanish moss. This ghastly parasite clings in cobwebs, of dull mouse-colour, from every branch. 'Observe this weed,' a resident in Brashear says

to me, when showing us the lions of his hamlet. You see it in a place—get off as quickly as your horse will trot. We call it fever-moss. It is a sign that chills and fevers hang about.'

'The weed seems widely spread; we see it everywhere along the Gulf.'

'Along this Gulf disease and death are widely spread. It grows in every marsh and pool, round every lake and bay. You find it in Eastern Texas and Southern Louisiana, in Western Florida, and among the inland waters of Alabama.'

This parasite is ugly, fœtid, and of little use. Negroes rake it down and bury it in the earth. In ten or twelve days the stench dies out, and then they dig it up and dry it in the sun. When crisp and hard, they stuff it into mattresses and pillows in place of straw. Negroes are said to like sleeping on this dried fever-moss.

Brashear is a colony of Negroes, and a stronghold of the Black League. Setting aside some dozen officers connected with the boats and trains, no White inhabitants dwell in Brashear. Every doorway shows a Negro, every gutter a dusky imp. Grog-shops, billiard-rooms, and lottery stalls reek

with Negroes—most of them having the thick lips, the woolly hair, the long faces, and the ebony skins of their Fanti and Mandingo fathers.

Glancing through the lanes of Brashear, you perceive that, unlike Texas, Louisiana is a country in which the scalawags and carpet-baggers may chance to find a majority of voters on their side. Since every Negro is a citizen and every citizen has a vote, what is to prevent this mass of coloured people from choosing a Black lawgiver and framing a Black code? United they might carry any chief and any bill. They might have a Fanti sheriff, a Mandingo judge. Acting as one man, like a mass of Celtic voters, they might legalise in America the 'customs' of Yam, Dahomey, and Adai.

The African brain is limited in range.

'Oranges, massa! Hab oranges?' cries a stalwart Negro in the street.

'How much a dozen, eh?'.

'Four for a quarter, massa, four for a quarter!' Yes, the fellow asks no less than threepence each; though oranges are so plentiful at Brashear, that if he fails to sell them in the cars, he will hardly take the trouble to carry them home.

'A quarter for four, Sam! Why, when you have sent them all the way to London you will only ask a quarter for twenty-five.'

'Eh, massa! Dat all true? Den dose are planter oranges—dat planter trade.'

Sam cannot grasp the methods of a large and complex commerce. He walks two or three miles, and spends an hour or more in gathering twenty oranges from a tree. The time and cost are much the same as though he were to gather a thousand, but his brain has no conception of scale.

In Louisiana, the Negroes count a clear, though not a large, majority of votes, and claim to have a clear majority of members in the Chamber. They are backed by Federal troops. Their nominee, William P. Kellogg, is recognised by President Grant as Governor of Louisiana. Yet see the train in which we are going towards New Orleans! By law, a Negro is the White's man's equal; by the railway company he is charged the White man's fare. Is he allowed to exercise the simplest of his rights—to travel in which car he pleases? Never.

An Irish navvy, a Mexican pedlar, may take a seat in any car; but not a man or woman of the

African race. His scalawag champion cannot help him in a train. Here ladies rule. All ladies are Conservatives, and in America nothing can be done if ladies object. You see these fellows huddled in a front car, next to the engine, smothered by the smoke of burning logs. Some of them are merry, others sullen; yet, in spite of their many discomforts, not a soul amongst them dreams of straying into the better cars.

'The Negro never comes into your company?' we ask a passenger.

'Never,' he replies, a curl of scorn on his thin aristocratic lips; 'a Negro sit among our wives and sisters!'

'Has he not the legal right?'

'Such right as rules and articles can give him,—yes; but he knows his place a good deal better than the scalawags. If Kellogg and his crew were gone, we should have no more trouble with the coloured folk. They know us; we know them. It was a crime to give them votes; but we could live well enough with coloured voters, if the Federal troops were called away.'

'You have no fear of their majorities?'

'No, none; unless those majorities are guided by a military chief. The thing we have to execrate is Cæsarism—that government by the sword, which takes no heed of liberal principles. For what purpose has General Sheridan been sent to New Orleans?'

After a moment's pause, during which I make no answer—having none to make—he adds: 'Who knows whether we shall not find the city under martial law, the side walks running blood, the public offices on fire?'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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